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CONVERSATIONS.

First Series.



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PHILADELPHIA:
H. & C. McGRATH,
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TO OUR HOLY AND LOVING MOTHER,

THE CHURCH,

This little Book is dedicated

AS A

TRIBUTE OF GRATEFUL AFFECTION FROM ONE,
WHO, AFTER YEARS OF ANXIOUS WANDERING, WAS
CALLED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR, AND WHO WOULD
EMPLOY THE REMNANT OF HER DAYS IN HELP-
ING HER POORER BRETHREN INTO

THE FOLD

WHERE SHE HAS FOUND REST AND PEACE.

MARY MONICA.



COTTAGE CONVERSATIONS.

DIALOGUE I.

Cottage. Mary Hartwell and her daughter Jane at work. Enter Lucy.

Mary. Why, Lucy, where are you going so early in the morning, dressed in all your best?

Lucy. I am going to the Hall, aunt; mother has heard that Mrs. Godwin wants a girl in the nursery.

Jane. Why, Lucy, they are all Papists there; surely your mother would not like you to live with Papists!

Lucy. I don't know about that: mother has heard that they are very good, kind people; and she says I must get a place somewhere, for poor father gets weaker and weaker, and can't do more than half a day's work now.

Jane. Well, I am sure, if I was starving, I would not go and live with Papists. Why,

they are idolaters ! Mother, you would not wish me to do it, if you were ever so poor ?

Mary. No, my dear child ; you have been brought up a Protestant, and a Protestant I hope you will always remain ; and I should be sorry to see you living with people of other principles.

Jane. Well, then, mother, Lucy had better not go.—Come, Lucy, take off your bonnet, and sit down with us.

Lucy. No, I cannot do that.

Jane. And why not, pray ?

Lucy. I cannot disobey my mother, Jane.

Jane. If your mother tells you to do something wrong, you *should* disobey her, should she not, mother ?

Mary. Yes ; if a parent commands a child to do something absolutely *wrong*—something that is *sinful*—the child must disobey, because we must obey God rather than man.

Jane. There, Lucy, you hear what mother says ; and she is your godmother, you know.

Lucy. Yes ; but *is* it wrong for me to go and live with Mrs. Godwin ? Do you think it is *wrong*, dear aunt ? It is a good place, and I shall get good wages, and be able to help my mother.

Mary. I can't say I think it is a wise thing, my dear ; but I can't say it is really *wrong* ; and as your mother wishes you to go, I think you *ought* to go ; and if you go in a right spirit, and with the wish to do your duty, I

hope God will bless you, and keep you from being deceived; though they say Papists are very deceiving people. But you must take care and not talk about religion to any body; only mind your business, and do your own duty. Will they promise to let you go to church on Sundays?

Lucy. Mother thinks they will; if not, I am not to engage with them.

Jane. Well, I am sure I hope they will not promise; and then you can't go. I am sure no good can come of going to live with idolaters. I wonder you can like the idea, Lucy!

Lucy. I don't like the idea, Jane; but perhaps after all, *that* is not true; you know how many falsehoods people tell, and especially about strangers, as the Godwins are. Mrs. Morley, the housekeeper, told mother that Mrs. Godwin is a very nice lady, and very kind to her servants; and particularly that she takes great care that the young girls are not overworked; and that is one reason that mother wishes me to go there. You know, I am not strong in the back, like you, Jane; and I could not lift great weights, or carry heavy things up and down stairs.

Jane. That is what nursery maids do in general, though. What are you to do, Lucy?

Lucy. I am to set the tea-things, and help to make the beds, and do needlework, and go out with the nurse and the children.

Mary. Well, that sounds very nice, cer-

tainly; and I don't wonder that your mother wishes to get you into such a place. I hope, if you do get it, you will be a good girl, and be steady and honest, and try to do as you are bid, in all but what concerns your religion.

Lucy. Oh, aunt, I don't think any thing would ever tempt me to give up my religion! But do you think they really are idolaters? do they really worship images?

Mary. I don't rightly know; for I don't think I ever spoke to a Papist in my life, thank God! But I have always heard that they worship images, and crucifixes, and dead men, and women too, whom they call saints.

Jane. Oh, and candlesticks too, Mother! And you know, at the Reformation meeting, Mr. Gowans said that the priests took all the Bibles away from the poor people, and would not let them read them: how shocking! Ah, Lucy, you wont be allowed to have your Bible there!

Lucy. Then I wont go, Jane. I am glad you told me; for now I will ask about that, as well as about going to church. But there's eleven striking, and I was to be at the Hall before twelve.

Jane. Oh, don't be frightened—our clock is a quarter fast—you will be in plenty of time; and mind you look in as you come back.

Mary. Yes; and don't run, my dear, and make yourself in a heat.

Lucy. Thank ye; good bye—good bye: I

will be sure to call and tell you. Good bye—good bye. [*She runs out.*]

Jane. Mother, I think it's very shocking of Lucy, to like to go and live with such sort of people. Only think, if she should turn Papist herself!

Mary. I hope there is no fear of that. Lucy has been well brought up; and Miss Benson has taken great pains with her at school; and I should think she knows her religion better than most girls.

Jane. Yes; and she is a very *good* girl, too.

Mary. We must hope that God will take care of her. And, after all, she is going from a very good motive—to help her parents. I am sure it is high time that she and John too were out, and getting something for themselves; for my poor brother will not be able to work for them much longer, I fear.

DIALOGUE II.

Mary at work. Jane weeding the garden.

Jane. Here she comes, mother.—[*To Lucy, coming in.*] Well, Lucy, what's the news?

Lucy [*joyfully.*] Oh, very good! I've got the place, and I am to go on Monday,—at least if Miss Benson gives me a good character; and I am sure she will.

Mary. Well, my dear Lucy, I hope it will all turn out for the best.

Lucy. I hope so, I am sure. [*A pause.*] Jane, you look quite unhappy.

Jane. I *am* unhappy, Lucy, very unhappy. I can't bear to think of your going to live with such people.

Lucy. "Such people," Jane! If you had seen Mrs. Godwin and her nice little children, you would not speak of them in that way. They were so kind to me, when they saw I looked hot and tired (for after all I *did* make haste—I was so afraid of being late.) Mrs. Godwin made me sit down, and she told the dear little boy to give me some of the strawberries that he had just gathered. Oh, they were so kind that I could not be frightened!

Jane. Oh, yes—oh, yes—honey to catch silly flies! That's all put on to catch *you*, Lucy.

Mary. Oh, Jane, that is uncharitable; you have no right to misjudge your neighbours so! Now, Lucy, sit down here, and tell us all about your visit.

Jane. Yes, from beginning to end, tell us all about it; and I will listen, and try not to be uncharitable, because, as mother says, that is very wrong. There, sit down on this stool; but let me first go for my work. [*She fetches her work from the cottage, and they all sit down.*]

Lucy. Well, then, I walked fast, for I was

sadly afraid lest I should be late ; but I was in very good time. When I got to the door, I asked for Mrs. Morley ; and a nice, kind-looking maid took me into her room. She was not there ; and I waited, and I waited, till I was tired.

Mary. Well, that gave you time to cool.

Lucy. Oh, no, aunt. I was in such a fright I could not get cool.

Jane. Ah ! I don't wonder. I remember when I was sitting waiting for the doctor to come and pull out a tooth ; it was something like *that*, I suppose ?

Lucy. Almost as bad ; really I felt quite sick. However, I looked about me a little ; and in one corner of the room I saw—what do you think, Jane ?—a bookcase, with ever so many books in it ; and on the lower shelf, a large book, larger than any of the rest, and the name was on the back, in larger letters, so that I could read it easily ; and what do you think it was, Jane ?

Jane. I am sure I don't know ; how should I ?

Lucy. No ; and you would not easily guess. It was “Holy Bible !” So you see they *have* Bibles at least, Jane !

Jane. Yes ; one in the bookcase ; but you did not see them read it. Oh, I suppose you will say that is “uncharitable.”

Lucy. Well, I think it is ; because it is not likely that Mrs. Morley should be sitting down to read her Bible at twelve o'clock in the day.

Jane. Well, that is true. Go on, Lucy.

Lucy. After some time, Mrs. Morley came down, and she spoke very kindly to me, and told me that Mrs. Godwin would see me as soon as she had finished hearing Miss Godwin's lessons, and she bid me not be afraid. Presently a dear little boy, with blue eyes and curly hair, came in, and said I was to go to his mamma, and he was to show me the way. So he ran skipping and jumping before me, and I followed with a sad heavy heart.

Jane. Poor thing! No wonder you were in a terrible fright. But go on, what next?

Lucy. I went through several passages, and out into the hall; and then, as I passed by a large open door—half open—I got a peep into the chapel.

Jane. The chapel! oh, what did you see there? was it full of images?

Lucy. I had not time to see much. I did not see any images; but over the altar, opposite the door, there was a large picture of the Crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ; and as we passed, the little boy made a bow; and when he saw me look at it, he stopped, and said, "Do you know what that is?" And when I told him, he said, "Yes. And do you know who that is that looks so sad, standing on the ground?" I said, "The Virgin Mary, I suppose." "Yes," he said; "doesn't she look sad? Ain't you sorry?" And then we went on, up the great staircase, to that little room

where poor Mrs. Welbere used to sit (do you remember, aunt?) when she could not get up and down stairs.

Mary. The room looking out into the balcony? Oh, yes, I remember. Well, and what did Mrs. Godwin say to you?

Jane. No; tell us, first, what is she like? Is she nice-looking? Is she old, or young?

Lucy. Yes; very nice-looking. Not very old, nor very young, nor very tall, nor very short, rather thin. But what struck me most was her gentle soft voice, when she told me to sit down, and when she asked Master Edward if he would not like to give me some of his strawberries. Dear little fellow, he came so willingly! He seemed quite pleased to give them to me.

Mary. I have not seen any strawberries yet; there are none ripe in our garden.

Lucy. Nor in ours.

Jane. Go on, Lucy, with your story, and never mind the strawberries.

Lucy. But I *do* mind the strawberries very much, Jane; because it was so good of the child to deny himself to give them to me.

Jane. Oh, yes, to be sure; but I want to know what Mrs. Godwin said. I suppose she asked you heaps of questions.

Lucy. Oh, yes; how old I was, and whether I had good health, and whether I could make a shirt neatly, and whether I liked running about and playing with the children, or

sitting still at work best. And then, what do you think little Master Edward said? He ran up to me, and said, "I think you would like to play with me." Dear little fellow, I longed to take him up in my lap and give him a kiss; but I remembered what Ann Morris said, that she was never allowed to kiss Master Welbere, and so I didn't dare.

Mary. Yes, I remember Ann told us so; and I told her I would not undertake to nurse a baby upon that condition. It is so hard and so ungrateful when a nurse spends herself night and day, as one may say, upon a baby, not to be allowed to love it, and kiss it. A baby's kiss is the nurse's best reward.

Jane. I hope Lucy will be allowed to kiss Master Edward, and let me have a kiss too, sometimes.

Lucy. Oh, yes, no fear of that; for when I went away, Mrs. Morley told him to give me a kiss, and say good bye; and he did it so prettily, and added of his own accord, "If you will love me, I will love you." But to go on with my story. Mrs. Godwin told me all I was to do. How I was to get up early in the morning; and that would not be hard, she said, because I should go to bed early. Then, first, I was to make my own bed, and then come down and help put the nursery in order, and dress the children, and get the breakfast; oh, no, put the nursery in order *first*, and then make my bed, and then go out in the

park with Mrs. Rocker the nurse, and the children, and then to come in and work, and then—oh, dear, I forget—but she told me all I should have to do—I cannot remember half now—but it seemed all very easy, I thought.

Jane. Yes, yes, very easy till you come to try. But doing and saying are very different things; and then I heard that Mrs. Rocker is very cross, and very particular. Did you see her, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes; I just saw her coming in with the young ladies; and she certainly looked rather grave, but not cross, I think.

Jane. Oh, Lucy, you are determined to see all on the bright side.

Mary. And Lucy is right. It is best to look on the bright side of things; only she must be prepared for the other side too; because in every place and situation in the world there will always be some disagreeable things to put up with.

Lucy. Yes, aunt, Mrs. Godwin said something like that; and she asked me if I was good-tempered, and if I could bear a sharp word patiently without giving an answer, even if I were reprovèd unjustly.

Jane. Oh, that is being good-tempered. I don't think I could do that. Did you say you would, Lucy?

Lucy. No. I said I would try.

Jane. That was modest, at least. Well, and then?

Lucy. Well, and at last, after she had told me all, she asked me if I thought I could undertake the place ; and whether I should be happy to live with persons who were of a different religion from my own. She said she knew it would not be so comfortable for me ; and she was very sorry it was not now as in old times, when all held one faith ; but it could not be helped ; and however we did not all think alike, yet we might all be kind and charitable to each other ; and in time we must hope that the truth will prevail, and bring us all once more to agree in the right faith.

Mary. Ah, that would be a beautiful thing indeed ! But I see little chance of our all agreeing in religion any more. However, as Mrs. Godwin says, that need not hinder us from being kind and charitable to one another.

Jane. Don't look at *me*, mother.

Mary. Nay, Jane, a cat may look at a king.

Jane. Yes, mother, a cat may look at a king ; but *you* must not look reproachfully at *me*, for I don't mean to be uncharitable in future. But go on, Lucy.

Lucy. When Mrs. Godwin said this, it made me think about the Bible and going to church ; and I wanted to speak about it, but I could not tell how to bring it out.

Jane. And did you really come away without saying anything, Lucy ?

Lucy. No, no, Jane ; Mrs. Godwin herself helped me ; for, as she saw me puzzling, she

said, "Now I have asked you all the questions that I wish to ask; is there any thing *you* wish to ask *me*?" and as she said this, she looked so kind and so gentle, that I felt I was not afraid; and so I said, "I hoped I should be allowed to go to church every Sunday;" and she said, "Yes, certainly; that all the servants were allowed to go once a-day at least. We have service *every day* in our own chapel," she said; "but you will not be required to attend *that*, of course; and, I believe, in Rowton church there is service only on Sundays,—and on Sunday you may always go, morning or afternoon."

Jane. Well, that is fair. But what about the Bible?

Lucy. Oh! about the Bible; I was almost ashamed to say any thing, when I had seen the great Bible in Mrs. Morley's room.

Jane. Ah, Lucy, Lucy!

Lucy. But I *did*; for she asked me again (oh, so kindly!) whether there was any thing else; and then I said, "I hoped there would not be any objection to my bringing my Bible with me, and reading it."

Jane. Well done; and what did she say?

Lucy. She said, "Not in the least, my child; only I shall wish you not to lay your Bible about, for my children or the other servants to read; because Catholics are not allowed to read the *Protestant* Bible. We have a translation of our own, and we do not consider yours

to be correct ; and therefore we are not allowed to read it." And then she smiled, and said, "I dare say you have heard that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible, and that we worship images, and many other strange things ; but don't believe all you hear. By and by, if you come and live with me, you will see what is the truth about these matters." And then she asked me again if I wanted to ask any thing more.

Mary. And did you not ask anything about wages, Lucy ?

Lucy. No ; she said she would settle that with my mother, after she had seen Miss Benson to inquire into my character.

Jane. And when is that to be ?

Lucy. To-morrow ; and Saturday I am to go again and receive my answer, and mother is to go with me.

Mary. Well, my dear Lucy, I must say the place does seem a very nice one ; and yet I can't quite wish you to get it.

Lucy. Oh, dear aunt, don't say so ! Only think what a good thing it would be for me to be quite off mother's hands ; and Mrs. Godwin will, perhaps, be kind to father too ; for Mrs. Morley says she is very charitable to all the poor.

Jane. *Popish broth* won't do any body any good, Lucy.

Lucy. Oh, fy, fy, Jane ! I thought you were not to be uncharitable any more.

Jane. Pooh, that's not uncharitable ! I was not speaking of Papishers, but only of their broth.

[*Lucy shakes her head and runs off, saying,*] I must make haste home to mother ; she will be so glad.

DIALOGUE III.

Martha Peters' House. Martha with a child on her lap. Enter Mary Hartwell, who says :

Well, Martha, how are you, and how is the baby ? It looks very thriving, I think.

Martha. Yes ; it is getting on now. But how are you, Mary ? You don't look over and above well. It is a long walk for you, this warm afternoon ; come, sit down, and I will get you a cup of tea to refresh you.

Mary. Thank you kindly, my dear sister ; but I would rather talk to you quietly a little, before William and the children come in, about Lucy.

Martha. Yes ; we have got a nice place for her, I hope, up at the Hall. Don't you think we are very lucky ?

Mary. Why, to tell you the truth, I very much doubt whether you are doing a right thing in sending a young girl like her among Catholics ; and as I heard that Mrs. Godwin had not seen Miss Benson yesterday, and so the

matter could not be settled for a day or two, I thought I would come over, and talk to you about it. You know I *must* care about my godchild.

Martha. Oh, yes, to be sure; and I do wish it was a Protestant family; but we can't have every thing; and really, in all other respects, it seems to be a most comfortable place. Old John, the gardener, tells me that Mrs. Godwin is a sweet-tempered lady; and the children are well brought up; and the head-servants are all very respectable, and have lived a long time in the family. All that looks well.

Mary. So it does. But then, the better they are, the more danger there will be of their enticing Lucy, you know.

Martha. Oh, Mary, you don't think there is really any danger of Lucy's turning Catholic?

Mary. Why, I hope not; but they say the Catholic religion is very enticing.

Martha. Miss Benson said that; but her uncle laughed at it, and said, "He did not think that Lucy was such a fool as to be taken in by their nonsense."

Mary. Oh, you did ask Mr. Lowe, then? I am glad of that. But Miss Benson did not approve of the scheme, did she?

Martha. Why, no, she did not; but when her uncle advised me to send Lucy, she would not say any more against it; but she told Lucy she would give her a new Bible, and mark all

the texts for her that go against the Catholics ; and Mr. Lowe said he would give her some tracts about Catholics. So, you see, she will be pretty well prepared ; and Lucy is a sharp girl ; I'll be bound she will give them an answer if they begin.

Mary. I hope they won't begin ; for I think it is a very bad thing for young girls to be disputing about religion ; and it is not likely she could be a match for older persons.

Martha. Suppose, after all, she *should* turn Catholic ; I don't know that there would be so much harm in that. I believe Catholics are as good as Protestants ; and I dare say they will find their way to heaven as well as we.

Mary. Oh, Martha, don't talk so lightly ; a change of religion is an awful thing ! If it is not *very right*, it must be *very wrong*.

Martha. Well, I don't know ; but it seems to me that the best people and the most religious are often changing their religion, if not quite, yet very much. Look at Miss Benson—I don't think there is a better young lady in the country, and see how she is changed since she went last summer to stay a month with her brother. I declare to you she is quite another thing from what she used to be, and has different books in the school, and talks quite different to the children. And then that good old Mary North—why she has quite left the Church and is become a Wesleyan, and goes to meeting with the best of them.

Mary [*with a sigh*]. Yes, it is very sad.

Martha. I don't think it is sad ; I think it is the best way, and the most comfortable, to let every body go their own way. Surely they may take different paths, and all come to the same end at last.

Mary. No, Martha, no. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to life eternal." We hear only of *one* gate and *one* way, and that only a few shall find it. What an awful thought !

Martha. That is a sad thought surely ; but it will be because people *do* wrong, and not because they believe wrong, that they will miss heaven. So Mr. Lowe said in his sermon last Sunday ; and that we were not to be uncharitable and judge our neighbours, because they could not see things in the same way that we do.

Mary. That may be all very right in other matters, but I don't think it can be right in religion.

Martha. Why should it be so different in religion ?

Mary. Because religion comes from God. We know nothing in religion but what it has pleased the Almighty to make known to us ; what *He* has taught us must be true,—He is the God of truth.

Martha. Yes, to be sure ; what the Almighty has taught us must be true ; and if we could know exactly what He has taught us, of

course we ought to believe it ; and so in all great things I suppose we do. But then in things of little importance, there surely we may differ.

Mary. Can any thing be of little importance that Almighty God has thought fit to teach us ? Oh, no, Martha, that cannot be ! The creed says, “ Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.”

Martha. Mary, that is not in the Belief, I am sure ; I don’t recollect it, at least.

Mary. Not in the common Belief ; but it is in the long Creed that is read on Trinity Sunday,—“ the Athanasian Creed,” as they call it.

Martha. It may be so. Mr. Lowe never reads *that* Creed ; so I don’t know it as I do the others.

Mary [*with surprise*]. Do you mean that Mr. Lowe never reads that Creed, neither on Christmas-day, nor Easter Sunday, nor Whit Sunday, nor Trinity Sunday even ?

Martha. I never heard him ; and I think he would not like it, from what you repeated just now, because, as I told you, he is very charitable, and does not like condemning people for their opinions. And after all, Mary, if you think one way right, and I another, how can I be sure that *I* am right and *you* wrong ; so why should I condemn you ? Why should we not agree each to hold our own opinion ?

Mary. In every thing but religion, Martha ; but in religion there must be one thing true and right, and every thing else wrong ; and in religion it is a fearful thing to go wrong.

Martha. But how are we to find out what really is right and true ? that's what puzzles me.

Mary. Why, we must read the Bible with care, and pray to God to give us grace to understand it.

Martha. That may do very well for you, Mary. You were sent to school and well taught by those good ladies when you were young, and now you have only two children to look after, and your husband is in a good place, and you have nothing to do but work in the day and read your Bible in the evening. But look at me, who had but little schooling, with my poor sick husband and seven little children, and this poor little dear always ailing too ; I must work all day to earn a penny if I can, and in the evening I must mend the children's clothes. What time have I to read my Bible, even if I could understand it ? And I declare to you that when William reads out a chapter to me of a Sunday evening, and when I hear Mr. Lowe read the lessons at church, when I can get there, I really don't understand it above half.

Mary. Those chapters out of the Epistles that are read in an afternoon are certainly very hard to understand.

Martha. And it is only in the afternoons, worse luck for me, that I can ever get to church.

Mary. Well, if there is some part of Scripture very difficult to understand, there is at least a great deal that is easy,—enough to teach us our duty.

Martha. Ah, yes, not to lie, and not to steal, and all that; but we seem to know *that* without Scripture. It seems put into us at school; but we are talking of what we are to *believe*, Mary. How am I to know that the Church of England is right and the Church of Rome wrong? That is what I don't see. You don't answer, Mary; and you are stopping to consider, but I don't think you will easily find me an answer.

Mary. No; I confess I am puzzled.

Martha. Well, then, is it not better, as I said, for us poor unlearned people not to trouble ourselves with those things, but to do our duty as well as we can, and leave the faith to the book-learned folks?

Mary [*thoughtfully*.] No, that cannot be right. Our Lord came to preach the Gospel to the poor; and why should He have done *that* if it did not matter what they *believed*? They had the ten commandments before; and that was enough to make them good, and honest, and sober, and dutiful.

Martha. Yes, yes; and those are easy to *understand* at least, if not to *keep*. But you

won't be content with that, Mary. And I will tell you another thing, Mary: if, as you say, our Lord came to preach the Gospel to the *poor*, there ought to be some *easy* way of finding out what the right Gospel is, such as the poor could understand. I am sure there is a vast difference between what our Mr. Lowe and what your Mr. Evans preaches, and from what your dear good old Mr. Worth used to preach; and that again differs quite from what Mr. Long the Wesleyan preaches, and I suppose from what the Catholic priest preaches. But then, I ask you again, Mary, how are we to know who is right and who is wrong among them all?

Mary. Indeed, Martha, I confess I cannot answer you that question.

Martha. Well, then, really I do not think that it is worth while to deprive Lucy of a good place merely because she may chance to change one religion for another, and we clearly don't know which is the best after all. Well, Mary, am I not right?

Mary. No, Martha, I don't think you are. Somehow I *feel* that you are wrong, though I cannot explain *where*. I should like to ask Mr. Evans about it.

Martha. Well, do then; and if you get any light, you shall come and explain it to me. But mind, I don't promise to wait till then to settle about Lucy. And now let us get our cup of tea ready; for poor William will be

coming in from church directly, and want something after his walk.

DIALOGUE IV.

Mary Hartwell and Jane working.—Martha Peters comes in, and says :

I just called in, Mary, to tell you that I have been to the Hall, and it is quite settled ; and Lucy is to go the day after to-morrow ; so give her your best wishes, sister.

Mary. I *do* give her my best wishes and my prayers ; but I cannot give her good *hopes*.

Jane. Aunt, won't you come in and sit down, and tell us all about it ?

Martha. I will just come in for five minutes, but I must not stay ; for I shall have plenty to do in getting Lucy's things ready. Mrs. Godwin wishes her to have a comfortable change of every thing ; and she has given us some calico and things to make up for her. She says she doesn't give high wages at first, because she likes to give clothes, such as she approves of—she likes her servants to be always neat and clean, and never fine.

Mary. I quite agree to *that*. Servants may be clean and tidy, even in their dirty work, if they like ; but they too often spend their wages in buying finery, and then the finery must be worn out in doing their dirty work ; and so

they are sometimes fine and sometimes slovenly, but never nice, after all.

Martha. Yes; and it is a good thought of Mrs. Godwin's to give the young ones clothes instead of wages at first; and indeed she seems to have a capital notion of managing them.

Jane. Mother we are not very busy just now, we might help to make some of Lucy's things.

Mary. Yes, very willingly.

Martha. Thank ye, sister; thank ye, Jane. You are always willing to lend a helping hand.

Mary. We must do as we would be done by, you know. But tell me what you think of Mrs. Godwin. You seem to like her as well as Lucy did.

Martha. Well, one cannot help it; she is so gentle, and so thoughtful and kind. She asked me all about my husband, because Lucy had said that he was ill; and she said she thought "kitchen physic" would do him most good.

Jane. Ay, Dr. Black said poor uncle wanted nourishing things more than medicine.

Martha. Yes; but I am sure it's out of my power to get them for him; and so I told the good lady. And what do you think she said? She ordered me some slices of beautiful cold roast beef, to carry home for William's dinner, and there's enough for supper too; and she gave me an order upon the butcher for three

pounds of meat every week for a month ; and that was not all.

Jane. Oh, aunt, she wanted to bribe you, to get Lucy.

Martha. It doesn't want much bribing, Jane, to make one jump at a good place ; but, as it happened, this was after we had settled all about Lucy.

Mary. But you were going to tell us something else that Mrs. Godwin gave you.

Martha. Is to give me, and that is best of all : a little cask of their home-brewed beer. Oh, I know that will be the very medicine for poor William. He often talks of the nice beer you used to brew at home, Mary, in his young days, and how much better and wholesomer it was than that washy stuff one buys at the beer-shops.

Mary. Yes, those were happy times, when the poor brewed their own beer now and then ; that's true enough ; and I should not wonder but the beer might do William great good, though it is Popish beer ! Eh, Jane ?

Jane. Oh, mother, I begin to be ashamed ; she *does* seem to be such a good lady, if at least it is not all put on.

Martha. For shame, Jane ! for shame ! If once you saw her, you could never think that.

Mary. Oh, Jane is only joking. But tell me whether you said any thing about religion.

Martha. Yes, indeed, a good deal ; and funnily enough, something that came very pat to

what we were saying on Sunday, about the way to find out the true religion.

Jane. Oh, Catholics won't be puzzled about that, because they believe in the Pope, you know; and all that *he* says and does must be all right! So Mr. Gowans said at the Reformation meeting. He said, if the Pope did any thing ever so wrong, the Papists are bound to believe it all right.

Martha. I am not sure, Jane, that all that you heard at that Reformation meeting was true; but whether it was or not, Mrs. Godwin said nothing about the Pope; the reason she gave would suit a Protestant as well as a Papist.

Mary. The reason for what, Martha?

Martha. The reason that the Catholic must be the true religion.

Mary and Jane [both at once.] Oh, Martha! oh, aunt!

Martha. You may say "*Oh*," as long as you like, and both of you together; but I can tell you she made out the matter much clearer than you and I did on Sunday, Mary; and so you would say, if I could explain it all as nicely to you as she did to me.

Mary. If it was all so clear, Martha, and you understood it all so well, you ought to be able to tell us something about it, I think.

Jane. Oh, do try, dear aunt; we don't expect you to make a fine speech like Mr. Gowans.

Martha [laughing.] No, I suppose not.

Well, I will try. Let me see; how did it come about? After we had talked about Lucy, and her being so tall for her age, and her being good-tempered, and always telling the truth, and all that; and about her having always been kept regular at school, I said I hoped she would be allowed to attend her church regularly; and that nobody would tamper with her and try to make her change her religion.

Jane. *Nobody, nobody*; that's right, aunt: not soft Mrs. Godwin, nor cross old nurse Rocker,—no, nor that sly old Father Evelyn, whom I met to-day walking under the park-palings, with his eyes upon the ground, meditating nothing but mischief, I would lay any wager!

Mary. Oh, Jane, how you interrupt your aunt! don't be so giddy, child.

Martha. Yes; really, Jane, you put it all out of my head. Where was I?

Jane. Why, about *nobody* trying to make Lucy change her religion.

Martha. Oh, yes, I remember. And Mrs. Godwin said, "I am glad that you have mentioned that subject, because it is very important, and we must come to a clear understanding about it."

Mary. Yes, indeed, *very* important. Well?

Martha. She went on: "I will promise you, Mrs. Peters, that no improper influence shall be used with your child to make her a Catholic. She shall never be prevented from going

to her own Protestant place of worship, nor from reading her own Protestant Bible, and other books; and she will never be required to attend any of our services."

Jane. If they will abide by *that*, there won't be much fear of Lucy turning Papist, after all, mother.

Mary. I am afraid there is a *but* to come, Jane.

Martha. Yes, sure enough, there is a *but*, Mary; "but as Lucy must live with Catholic servants, and Catholic books will be always within her reach, I cannot promise you that she won't become a Catholic; on the contrary, I think it fair to tell you, that if Lucy is as good a girl and as sincere in her religion as I suppose her to be, I must expect that Almighty God will reward her by calling her into His own true Church."

Jane. A pretty reward indeed for her piety, to make her a Papist!

Mary. O, hush, Jane—don't interrupt so.—What did you answer, Martha?

Martha. I said, "I hope, ma'am, we are all in God's Church, and that we shall all get to heaven at last, though we don't go the same road exactly." Mrs. Godwin shook her head; and she said, as you did, Mary, "No; there is but *one* way—Almighty God has taught us only *one*. Think for a moment, my good friend, and you will see that only *one* thing can be true. This table (and then she laid her hand

upon the table at which she was sitting), this table is round, is it not? Then it can't be square, can it? Nor three-cornered, can it? No; it can be *only* round. One person may say it is round; and one may say it is square; and another may say it is three-cornered; but after all, it is round;—and the person who says *that* will be the only one that is right. Is it not so? And it is just the same in religion."

Mary. Why, to be sure; *that* is clear enough.

Martha. And yet I did not see it clearly on Sunday, as I do now.

Mary. But now comes the question: How are we to know who says right among them all?

Jane. I am not interrupting, mother; I am listening with all my ears.

Mary [*smiling*]. Yes, so I see.—Well, Martha, go on—I think you remember it all wonderfully.

Martha. Yes; I am surprised at my own cleverness; but first she made it very plain, so that I seemed to take it all in; and secondly, I listened very attentively, because of our puzzle on Sunday afternoon.

Mary. To be sure, we always remember what we care a good deal about—go on.

Martha. I stood considering, and she waited a little while and then said, "Do you quite understand me?" I said, "Yes, ma'am; thank ye for the pains you take. I think I do—I seem to see clearly that only one thing can be

true about the table ; but, somehow, it is not the same about religion. I can *see with my own eyes* that the table is round, and not square. But I cannot *see* which religion is the right one."

Jane. That is just what *I* was thinking ; and so, after all, Mrs. Godwin's wonderful reason will not help us much.

Mary. We have not got to the reason yet, Jane. You are always in too much of a hurry. We have only got to there being but *one true* religion.

Martha. You are both so sharp that it isn't fair. I wish Mrs. Godwin was here to fight her own battle ; but as she is not, I will try and tell you myself. She smiled when I said that I could *see* that the table was round ; and she said, " You are quite right ; we cannot see so plainly in religion ; we cannot see with our own eyes in religious matters. In those matters we must see with our *reason* and our *faith*. It would be too long to tell you *all* the proofs that the *Catholic* religion is the only right one. It would take more time than I could give to talk, or you to listen."

Jane. Ha ! ha ! there it is ; I thought when the time came, she would wriggle out of it.

Mary. Indeed, I think so far Mrs. Godwin is right, that it would take a very long while to prove that Popery is the only true religion.

Martha. Mrs. Godwin did not stop, as you have made me do, mind : she went on, " but I

think I can give you one short and easy reason for thinking that our religion is the right one : a reason that you will quite understand too. Tell me ; if there is a right religion, it must be that which our Lord Jesus Christ taught His disciples ; must it not ?”

Mary. Certainly it must.

Martha. So I said, “Yes, certainly, ma’am.” “Then it must be a very *old* religion,” said Mrs. Godwin. “Yes, certainly, ma’am,” I said again. “Then it cannot be any one of the Protestant religions,” she said ; “for you know that they all began at the time of what you call the Reformation, only about three hundred years ago ; whereas the *old right* religion must be more than eighteen hundred years old.” Well, Mary, what do you say to that ? [*A long pause. Martha speaks again.*] Well, Mary, what do you say to that ?

Mary. I don’t know what to say ; I must think.

Jane. But I know something to say ; that may prove all Protestants wrong, but it does not prove the Papists right, though.

Martha. Mrs. Godwin did not say that it would, Jane. She only said she would give me a short and easy reason for thinking that their religion is the right one ; and I maintain that this is a reason. For, if all the Protestants are wrong, who is left to be in the right but the Catholics ? If you will not allow *that*, you will have no right religion at all.

Mary. That cannot be ; because our Lord promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against His Church. But perhaps the Church may be allowed to fall into some *small* errors ; though the powers of hell may never be suffered to overthrow her *quite*.

Jane. Small errors ! But, mother, idolatry is not a *small error* ! It is the very sin for which the Jewish Church was cast off. But is there really nothing but Protestants and Catholics in the world ?

Mary. I have heard your father say that in the Levant and there away there is a different sort of religion ; different quite from our's, and more like the Papists', only much worse. I suppose they are a different sort of Catholics.

Jane. Yes ; but if they are worse than the Papists, they won't help us out of our scrape.

Martha. Scrape or no scrape, I must run away, or poor William will have dined upon his bit of bacon, instead of the dear good lady's nice roast beef ; and then *I* shall be in a scrape. So good bye, Mary ; good bye, Jane. [*Martha goes out, but turning back, says :*] Mary, don't you forget ; you promised to go to Mr. Evans, and ask him about it. Good bye. [*She goes away.*]

Jane. Mother, what do you think ?

Mary. Indeed, Jane, I don't know what to think ; I am fairly puzzled.

Jane. Well, mother, I'll tell you what I

think ; that Aunt Martha and Cousin Lucy are both in a fair way to be Papists before long ; and so, if you think Mr. Evans can give us any help, go to him ; the sooner the better.

Mary. I will try to find an hour this evening, or to-morrow. He ought to be able to help us.

DIALOGUE V.

Mary in the cottage ; Jane runs in.

Mother, there is Mr. Evans going across the long meadow. Shall I go and call him to come in ?

Mary. Yes ; go and *ask* him, Jane, *very civilly*, if he will be so good as to step in, if he is not in a hurry.

Jane. Yes, mother. [*She runs off, and presently comes back, and says,*] Here he is, mother. [*Mary goes out to the gate to meet him. Jane whispers,*] May I stay, mother ?

Mary. Yes, child ; if you can hold your tongue.

[*Enter Mr. Evans ; Mary curtsies.*]

Mr. Evans. Well, Mrs. Hartwell, what is the matter ? Your daughter said you would like to speak to me.

Mary. Thank you, sir. I am sorry to interrupt you ; but I am very uneasy in my

mind, and I would like to ask you one or two questions, if you have time. Will you be pleased sir, to take a seat?

[*Mr. Evans sits down.*] Well; now what is it? I am not in a hurry, but I have no time to lose: we must "redeem the time," you know, Mrs. Hartwell, "for the days are evil."

Mary. Indeed, sir, the times *are* evil; and especially the endless quarrels about religion; it frets me sadly, sir.

Mr. Evans. Is that all, my good woman? Why, this is mere want of faith. Didn't the Saviour tell us that He was not come to send peace upon the earth, "but rather division?" Why, therefore, should it disturb you, that so it should be? "There shall be five in one house divided; three against two, and two against three: the father against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. The mother against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law." All families, you see, Mrs. Hartwell, and all relations; and what are you, that you should expect the Almighty to make an exception in your favor?

Mary. Why, no, sir, to be sure, I don't expect *that*; and indeed, thank God, as far as my own family is concerned, we are all of one mind in matters of religion.

Mr. Evans. Rather too much so, I fear, my good woman. I wish I could see a little

more stir among the dry bones. You and your husband come regularly to church it is true ; and I believe Hartwell is a sober, honest man ; but I am afraid it is only the empty form of godliness, and that the heart is not right before God. I could wish to see you inwardly stricken, and mourning over your exceeding sinfulness ; and then I should hope to see you seeking to the physician in Gilead for the saving balm. " Ask, and ye shall have. Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Mary. I hope so, sir. I hope I do see that I have many sins to repent of ; and I am sure I am very sorry for them ; and I do try to amend them.

Mr. Evans. Oh, my good woman, that won't do. It is not enough to be sorry for your sins, and to try to amend them by your own good works ; that won't do : you must cast away all this self-righteousness, and come to the foot of the Cross, like poor Christian in " Pilgrim's Progress," with your bundle on your back, and look up to the Saviour, and it will fall off ; and you will be free indeed. But, however, what particular quarrels have you got into lately ?

Mary. Oh, no, sir : thank God, no quarrels ; but my sister-in-law has just engaged her eldest daughter (my godchild, sir, whom you have seen at church with me sometimes, sir)—

she has engaged her to go as nursery-maid at the Hall, and ——

Mr. Evans. At the Hall! at the Godwins! Why, then, my good woman, your sister-in-law might as well go and put her child into the devil's hands at once; and so you may tell her from me, if you like; but I suppose she is selling her child for filthy lucre's sake. High wages, isn't it?

Mary. Why, no, sir; the wages are not high; but Mrs. Godwin is very kind to her servants, and takes great care of them; and my sister thinks——

Mr. Evans. “Thinks?” Yes; thinks, as most do, only of this world. “But what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Mary. What I wished to ask you, sir, was about the one true religion. There are so many different teachers, that a poor woman like myself hardly knows which is the right.

Mr. Evans. Surely St. Paul himself has answered that question for you. “Though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” Do you want any thing clearer than that, Mrs. Hartwell? Will not St. Paul's gospel satisfy you?

Mary. Oh, sir, I should be very wicked, and very ungrateful, if I was not satisfied with the teaching of God's holy apostles; but I

find it very difficult to understand St. Paul's Epistles.

Mr. Evans. I dare say you do, Mrs. Hartwell; I wouldn't say that I understand them all myself; and St. Peter tells us that "in them are many things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scripture, to their own destruction."

Mary. That makes one tremble, sir.

Mr. Evans. Yes: it is an awful Scripture, and may well bring proud flesh and blood on its knees to ask for the light of God's Holy Spirit, which alone can reveal to us the mind of the Lord, and the meaning of blessed Paul.

Mary. I have thought, sometimes, that it would be better, perhaps, for unlearned folks, like myself, to read only the easier parts of the Scripture, and leave the rest to learned persons like you, sir.

Mr. Evans. Why one would think, my good woman, that you had been paying a visit at the Hall yourself; that is a thoroughly Papistical notion. No, no: read your Bible daily; and if you don't understand it to-day, read it again to-morrow; and if you don't understand to-morrow, read it next day. What says Jehovah? "Lay up my words in thine heart, and in thy soul, and bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and as frontlets between thine eyes; and teach them to thy children, as thou sittest in thy house, and when thou

walkest by the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This is the way, Mrs. Hartwell, to understand the Bible. Do you remember what the Holy Ghost says of the Bereans? "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." So I would have you like those noble Bereans. After you have been sitting under me, or any other minister of God, when you go home ponder on what you have heard; and "search the Scriptures, whether those things are so." For I am not afraid to be judged by God's word; I am not like the Papists. I do not wish to keep you in the dark, that I may "teach for doctrines the commandments of men." I do not wish to be above the Lord's people; "I would that you all prophesied." But [*he takes out his watch*] it is getting late; I must go. And as for your sister-in-law, I think her very foolish; and I advise you to have nothing to do with Papists in any way. Good evening, Mrs. Hartwell.

Mary. Good evening, sir.

[*Jane curtsies as he passes, and then returns to Mary, and says:*] Well, mother; did I not behave well? I never said a word.

Mary. Indeed, Jane, you were wonderfully silent.

Jane. Do you know why, mother? Because I did not understand what Mr. Evans meant; it seemed to me all a fog, a confusion; I

could not see what he was driving at. It was very different from Mrs. Godwin's reasoning, mother.

Mary. So I was thinking, Jane ; but he is reckoned a very clever man, and a fine preacher ; so I suppose it must be we that must be ignorant and stupid.

Jane. But, mother, I can understand Mrs. Godwin's reason quite well. I seem to see *right clear* through that. I could explain it all to father, as aunt did to us ; and so could you, I am sure. So I don't think it is we that are stupid.

Mary. [*laughing.*] No, no ; trust Jane Hartwell for thinking *herself* stupid. Now go and get supper ready for your father.

DIALOGUE VI.

Martha Peters and children. Mrs. Godwin comes in with a little boy, and speaks.

Well, my good Mrs. Peters, I am come to bring you news of Lucy. I suppose you are longing to hear how she gets on ; and I would have sent her over, but I think it wiser, when a young girl leaves home for the first time, to wean her at once.

Martha. Why, yes, ma'am, I dare say it is best for us both. Be pleased to sit down, ma'am.

Mrs. Godwin [*sitting down*] It is a real pleasure to sit down in your cottage, it is so neat. And so *you* want a little weaning too yourself, as well as Lucy? I don't wonder at that; for Lucy is a very nice girl, and so handy, and so willing, that I am sure you must miss her greatly.

Martha. Thank ye, ma'am [*wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron*]. It does my heart good to hear you speak so kindly of her. But willing she certainly is; and therefore I hope she will soon learn and give satisfaction.

Mrs. Godwin. I am happy to tell you that she *does* give satisfaction already. Nurse seems quite pleased with her; and Lucy told me to tell you that she was quite happy. But I believe Edward has got a little note for you, haven't you, my boy? [*Edward gives her the note, and Mrs. Godwin goes up to the children, and talks to them, to give Martha time to read it. When she has closed it, Mrs. Godwin says:*] And how is your husband, my good friend?

Martha. Oh, thank you, ma'am, and thank God, he is certainly better! He said he felt stronger to-day than he had done for weeks past; and he thought that nice home-brewed beer would make quite a man of him again.

Mrs. Godwin. I think it is very likely to do him good, and I hope it will.

Martha. Thank you, ma'am, you are very kind. He has never been right well since the time of our troubles.

Mrs. Godwin. What troubles, my poor friend?

Martha. Why, about three years ago, ma'am, we were obliged to leave our farm. We were very well off up to that time. My husband had the Chalk Farm, ma'am, which his father had held for years before him, under Mr. Welbere; and we were doing very well then, in spite of our large family.

Mrs. Godwin. And what happened, to oblige you to leave it?

Martha. Why, ma'am, my husband was persuaded to go security for a friend, who assured him that, when the time came, he should be able to pay; but when the time did come, he went off to America, and left my poor William to pay it all. He just managed, by selling some of his horses and cattle, to do *that*; but then he couldn't meet his rent.

Mrs. Godwin. But surely, as he was an old tenant, Mr. Welbere would give him time?

Martha. Yes, ma'am, and so he would, no doubt; but unluckily, at the last election, William had been over-persuaded to vote for Sir John instead of Mr. Welbere's man, and he was very much offended; and he said at the time, that he would take the first opportunity to get rid of him.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, unless your husband had some very strong reason for objecting to Mr. Welbere's candidate, it was a pity, certainly, to go against his landlord.

Martha. Yes, ma'am, and so I told him. But Sir John talked so smooth of what he would do for the farmers, that they almost all voted for him; and, after all, he never did any thing to help them: but poor people don't understand those matters, and so they get taken in.

Mrs. Godwin. Yes, indeed, I often think it is a great misfortune for a poor man to have a vote. It more often brings him ill-will than any thing else. Common people cannot understand much of politics, and so, as you say, my good Martha, they get taken in by the first man who talks smoothly and makes them great promises. But go on with your story. He was obliged to give up the farm, then?

Martha. Oh, yes, ma'am; and I thought it would have broken his heart.) We were obliged to sell off every thing; and the things sold badly too: and then, what with fretting, and what with working hard and living hard (for we did both, ma'am, in the hope of getting through), he quite broke down, and had a long illness after we first came here; and he has never been the same man since that he was before. [*A little pause; Martha seems to wish to speak. At last she says:*] If I might be so bold, ma'am, I should like to ask you a question about what you said the other day.

Mrs. Godwin. By all means, my poor friend; I shall be very happy to tell you any thing I know. What is it?

Martha. When you talked to me so kindly the other day, ma'am, you shewed me, that if there is a right religion, it must be an *old* one ; and that the Protestant religion cannot be the right one, because it is so new. But I cannot help thinking to myself, that perhaps there is no religion quite right in all things. I mean, that perhaps the Protestant religion may be right in some things, and wrong in others ; and so also, if you won't be displeased with me for saying so, the Catholic religion may be wrong in some things, and right in others. I have fortun'd to see a good many different persuasions—for I lived in service with Dissenters as well as Church-people—and I am sure I used to see a great deal of good amongst them all ; and I often think, when I come to die, I should be very happy if I could be as good as one of them. And, on the other hand, I have known some Catholics who were very bad, drinking, swearing, quarrelling men ; and our Saviour says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." I beg your pardon, ma'am, for making so bold ; but I do wish to find the truth ; and ever since you talked to me, I have felt very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Godwin. I am not the least displeased with you, my poor friend ; on the contrary, I am much pleased with your zeal to find out the truth ; and I think I can quite satisfy you, if you will have patience to listen to me ; but it will be rather a long explanation, because you have mixed up several things that don't belong

to each other, and I must separate them again for you, in order to explain matters to you clearly. Shall you have time and patience; are you sure?

Martha. Oh, for patience, it would be hard indeed if I had not patience to learn, when you, madam, are so kind as to find patience to teach me; and for time, I must *make* time to learn my duty, as my mother used to tell me, because I must find time to die.

Mrs. Godwin. Very true. Well, then, let us sit down on this little bench in the garden, and bring your work; and we can watch the children at play while we talk. Here, Edward, my child, run and play with those nice little children in the field, and give them the cakes that you brought for them.

Martha. Oh, thank ye, ma'am; how very good you are! I will bring my knitting, because I need not think of that, and I can attend entirely to you. [*Martha goes in and brings out her knitting, and a chair for Mrs. Godwin: they both sit down.*]

Mrs. Godwin. Well, now we are established very comfortably; and now for my explanations. First, you say you have known good Protestants of all the different sorts, and you have known bad Catholics; and from this you argue that all religions may be partly good and partly bad. Or do you mean, as I rather suspect, that there are good and bad belonging to all religions? These are two different ideas

which you had mixed together: the last idea is quite true,—there are good and bad of all persuasions. Yes, I am sorry to say it, there are bad Catholics; but *that* should not perplex us. There was a Judas among our Lord's apostles, and He tells us Himself that "the tares must grow together with the wheat" till the end of the world. Do you understand that parable?

Martha. Oh, yes, ma'am: and "it must needs be that offences come."

Mrs. Godwin. Now try and understand this. If religion teaches people to do wrong, or encourages them to sin, that is a bad religion; and the bad lives of its professors may be fairly urged against it. But if a religion teaches people to be good, and yet they will be wicked, who is to blame for it? Their religion?

Martha [*looking up from her work.*] No, certainly; they are bad *in spite* of their religion. *They* only are to blame and not their religion.

Mrs. Godwin. The same may be said on the other side. People may be good in spite of a bad religion. [*Martha looks up, apparently much astonished.*] You wonder at this: but think a moment. Most Protestants teach, that men shall be "saved by faith only;" do they not? I dare say you have often heard your preachers preach about "justification by faith only."

Martha. Oh, yes, often and often; but I

don't know that I quite understand what it means.

Mrs. Godwin. It means that persons will be saved by their *faith only*; that is, by believing in Jesus Christ; that He died to save them, and that they themselves *individually* will be saved.

Martha. Oh, yes, I remember; I have often heard Mr. Evans preach that.

Mrs. Godwin. Well; do you think that doctrine will tend to make those who believe it good men, or bad men?

Martha. Why, bad men, I should think; for who would take the trouble to be good, if they can get to heaven without?

Mrs. Godwin. Very true; still I dare say you know many persons who believe that doctrine of justification by faith only, and yet lead very good moral lives in spite of it.

Martha. Oh, yes; there is old Mary North, as good a woman as I know, who used to sit under Mr. Evans a long time, and then joined the Wesleyans; she is always talking of faith, and faith, and faith, and being saved by *faith only*, and not by good works; and yet she is always ready to do a good turn to any body.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, then, now you see clearly that men may be good or bad in spite of their religion.

Martha. Yes; and we must (to be fair) judge the religion by what it teaches, and not what is done by its professors.

Mrs. Godwin. Now, then, let us come to your second notion, that all religions are partly bad and partly good. I think I can prove to you that there *must* be one true and perfect religion.

Martha [*eagerly.*] And can you tell me where to find it?

Mrs. Godwin. Yes, my poor friend ; and I think I can do it for you in your own *Protestant* fashion, by texts out of your own Protestant Bible. I dare say you have one at hand.

Martha. Oh, yes, ma'am, to be sure [*she goes into the cottage, and brings out a nice large Bible.*] That was my mother's Bible.

Mrs. Godwin. And no doubt you prize it very much for her sake. Now let us see if I can make it show you how to find out God's true religion ; then you will prize it doubly. [*Mrs. Godwin turns over the page, and then holds the Bible to her.*] Now, look at the 16th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the 18th verse : "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In this text your version is just the same as ours. You see our blessed Lord says, He will build his Church upon a rock, the firmest of all foundations ; and He will build it so firmly that the gates of hell never shall prevail against it. Do you know what is meant by the gates of hell ?

Martha. Yes, ma'am ; I remember old Mr.

Worth one day telling us, that it meant the evil spirits and wicked men.

Mrs. Godwin. Yes, that is about it. Observe, then ; here is a wonderful promise from our divine Lord himself, that the powers of wickedness shall not be allowed to prevail against his Church, and overthrow it. Then it shall *never* be overthrown, or Christ's promises will be broken (for it was not conditional ;) and you will not say it could be broken, I am sure.

Martha. Oh, no ; God forbid ! if Christ's promises could fail, in what could we trust ? But

Mrs. Godwin. Speak freely, my good friend ; don't be afraid.

Martha. Thank ye, ma'am ; you are very good. I was thinking that though our Lord might not allow his Church to be overthrown, yet He might allow her to fall into some errors, as they say the English Church had done before the Reformation.

Mrs. Godwin. Are you not getting again into your old puzzle between the members of the Church, and the Church ? Before the Reformation, the Catholics might be bad, very bad. There might be, and I am afraid there were, bad Popes, bad Bishops, bad Priests, and bad people ; but, remember my explanation, they were bad *in spite* of their religion. The Church all the time was teaching them right, and trying to make them good, by her

laws, by her services, by her catechisings ; and they were like wicked and disobedient children, who will not obey their wise and good Mother. Do you think you understand me clearly ? So long as the Church held fast the true faith, and taught her children aright, so long the powers of hell had not prevailed against *her*, though they had prevailed against some of her children. Do you see the distinction ?

Martha. Yes, ma'am, quite clearly. But did the Catholic Church never go wrong, then ? not even in little things, nor in great things ?

Mrs. Godwin. No, never ; neither in little things nor in great things ; and I will show you presently, out of your own Bible, why she *cannot* go wrong. But I wish to ask you something first. If the Church could go a *little* wrong, if she could go wrong in little things, would not the power of hell have, *so far*, prevailed against her ? Would it not have prevailed a *little* against her ?

Martha. Why, yes, to be sure it would.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, then, you see we cannot accuse the Church of erring, of going wrong *ever so little* without accusing our Divine Lord of having broken his promise, or mistaken his own power, which would be blasphemy. Is it not so ?

Martha [*thoughtfully.*] Yes, indeed. How wonderful ! I never heard any thing like this before ! Neither Mr. Lowe, nor Mr. Evans,

though they say he is the first preacher in these parts ; no, nor even good old Mr. Worth, who was better than them all, none ever taught any thing like this.

Mrs. Godwin. No, my poor dear friend, none but Catholics can believe and teach this, as you will see presently, with any degree of consistency.

Martha. Pray, go on, ma'am.

Mrs. Godwin. Let us now turn to another text. I told you that I could show *why* the Church can never go wrong. Look at the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the 16th verse : "I will pray the Father, and He will send you another Comforter" (another, that is, instead of myself, because *I* am going to be taken from you)—"He will send you another Comforter that He may abide with you for ever, *even the Spirit of truth ;*" and in the 13th verse of the 16th chapter—here it is [*she points it out with her finger,*] He says, "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." Now, stop a little, and consider what we have got here, and out of your own Protestant Bible, you know. First a promise from our Lord himself, that when He was taken away from his disciples, they should have "another Comforter" sent to them ; secondly, that this Comforter should be the Spirit of truth (God's own Spirit ;) thirdly, that it should lead them into all truth ; fourthly, and lastly, lest we should fear that this

blessed guidance was to the twelve Apostles only, we are told that this Spirit of truth should abide with the Church "forever." Is it not clear, then, that if our Lord's promises are fulfilled (and we know that his promise cannot be broken,) the Church never can go wrong? that she must be—look at me, for I must teach you a hard word—the Church must be "infallible" in matters of faith.

Martha. Yes, I see; the Spirit of truth will prevent her ever teaching what is false. How wonderful! how beautiful! And then to think that I have read those texts a hundred times, and never found out what they meant till now! And I am sure I never should have found it out of myself.

Mrs. Godwin. No, certainly you would not my poor friend. The word of God is like a mine of gold. It is full of precious metal; but how are we to get at it? We cannot go down into the dark depths and seek it out for ourselves. We are too weak, and too ignorant, and too busy. Ought we not, then, to be thankful to that good God, who, when He preached the Gospel for the poor, provided the Church which, like a careful, tender mother, should light the candle and set it on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house?

Martha. Oh, yes ma'am; and you are that good mother to me. You have made light to spring up in the darkness for me!

[*Mrs. Godwin wipes her eyes ; and after a few moments of silence, she says :*] No, my poor friend ; it is your holy mother the Church—the Catholic Church—which you must thank, and not me. I am but a weak instrument in her hand, to teach you her beautiful and comforting lessons.

Martha. Oh, yes, comforting indeed ! How different from my puzzles and confusions with poor Mary on Sunday ! I wished that all might have liberty to go wrong, because I despaired of ever finding a guide to show me the right. I knew not of that blessed promise, and that glorious Spirit of truth. And now I think that the Church that teaches that beautiful doctrine must be the right Church ; for surely no Church could have that Comforter, the Spirit of truth, and not know it.

Mrs. Godwin. Certainly not ; and if any Church, or any thing calling itself a Church, confesses itself to be liable to error, that proves at once that it is not the *true* Church ; for the *true* Church must have the Spirit of truth abiding in her ; and she must know that she has it ; and she must teach her children so, and require from them obedience to the faith. And what Church does this, except the Catholic Church ?

Martha. It is quite true ; and so you have performed your promise, ma'am, and proved to me, out of my *own Protestant Bible*, that

the Catholic Church is the true and only right Church.

Mrs. Godwin. Yes, you are right; what I have said is enough to convince any candid and willing mind. But that was not all that I intended, when I said I would show you, out of your own Bible, that the Catholic Church was the one only true Church. I meant to show you, that what is called in this country the Roman Catholic Church is the one true Church.

Martha. Is not that all the same thing, ma'am? I thought "Romanists," and "Catholics," and "Papists," were all the same thing.

Mrs. Godwin. We call ourselves "Catholics," and we consider the other names, "Romanists" and "Papists," as what are commonly called nicknames. But I am never angry or ashamed at being called a "Roman," or a "Romanist;" for I consider Rome as the mother and mistress of all Churches—certainly of the *English* Church. It was by Roman missionaries that Christianity was established in our country. Neither do I mind being called "Papist;" for I believe the Pope to be Christ's vicar on earth; I think all dutiful disciples of Christ ought to be "Papists." But there are people who say (and especially of late years it has become the fashion to say) that the Established Church in England is a part, at least, of the Catholic Church.

Martha. Oh, yes; Miss Benson told all the children the other day that they were "Catho-

lics ;” and my little Anne came home to me quite puzzled, and told me that Miss Benson wished that they should be “Romanists.”

Mrs. Godwin [smiling]. Well, little Anne was quite right, as your Protestant Bible shall show you. *True Catholics* must be *Romanists*.

Martha. Well, ma’am, that seems more wonderful than all the rest.

Mrs. Godwin. Now look again at that text, the 18th verse of the 16th chapter of St. Matthew : “I say unto thee, Thou art Peter ; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Is it not quite clear that Christ’s Church, against which the powers of hell were not to prevail—the Church that was to be *infallible*—was to be in some way closely connected with St. Peter ? You know, perhaps, that St. “Peter,” in the language that our Saviour spoke, meant “rock.”

Martha. Yes, ma’am, I remember to have heard so.

Mrs. Godwin. So the sense of the passage is : “I say unto thee, that thou art a *rock*, and upon this *rock* I will build my Church.” Now I ask you, in what way is the English Church, or any Church but the Catholic Church—the *Roman* Catholic Church—connected with St. Peter, built upon “*the rock*,” built upon St. Peter ? What has the English Church to do with St. Peter, any more than St. Paul ?

Martha. Not so much, ma'am; for they read a chapter out of St. Paul's Epistles almost every Sunday afternoon; and I remember hearing Mr. Lowe say once, that it was most likely St. Paul that first preached Christianity in England.

Mrs. Godwin. You know, I dare say, that the Roman Catholic Church considers St. Peter as the Prince of the Apostles?

Martha. Oh, yes, ma'am; and that Catholics obey the Pope in every thing, because he is St. Peter's successor. And I have heard that in England, before the Reformation, every body was obliged to pay a penny a-year to the Pope; and it was called Peter's pence.

Mrs. Godwin. Yes; I believe that is true.

Martha. And I have heard, ma'am, that when Catholics are buried, they always put a penny in the coffin, which is to pay St. Peter for opening the gate of heaven to them.

Mrs. Godwin. Oh, what stuff! Surely you don't believe such nonsense, do you?

Martha. I am sure I shall never believe it again, nor any thing else that I hear against Catholics; and I shall never call them "Romanists" or "Papists" any more.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, I am glad that I have been able to give you so much satisfaction. I should like to say a little more to you; but it is getting very late, so I will only just sum up what we have been talking about, and then leave you to put your little children to bed,

and get your husband's supper. I think I have satisfied you of four things. First, that as only one thing can be true, so there can be only *one* true faith. Secondly, that Almighty God has given the Spirit of truth to abide always with his Church, to keep her from falling into error. Thirdly, that this Church must be an *old* Church, as old as the apostles. And lastly, that this one true Church must be somehow closely connected with St. Peter. Do you think you see all this clearly, my good friend ?

Martha. Yes, ma'am, I think I do; but it is so new to me, that I hardly know.

Mrs. Godwin. No doubt you feel perplexed, and almost bewildered; but you must take time to think about it, and pray to Almighty God to give you light to see the truth, and courage to follow it; for after all, it is from Him only that we can get both light and faith.

Martha. Yes, ma'am, that is quite true; and I will try and pray very hard, for I do wish to know the truth, and to belong to the true Church, even if——

Mrs. Godwin [*smiling*]. Even if it should make you a Papist, eh?

Martha [*firmly*]. Yes, ma'am, even if it should make me a Papist.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, I have no doubt that God will hear you; and meantime, I would

advise you to talk over the matter gently with your husband. Is he a pious man?

Martha. Why, ma'am, he is as good a man as ever lived, and a very kind husband and loving father; and likes to keep his church regularly, and reads his Bible of an evening, and never goes to a public-house. But I don't think he would like to be troubled with all these new ideas. I will talk to his sister about it. She has got the best headpiece in the family; and she has had more schooling than the rest of us, and she is very good too. So I always go to *her* when I am in trouble; and I think that if she were to become a Catholic, William would go too, for he has a great opinion of her understanding.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, go and talk it all over with her; *that* will clear your own mind, and help to settle your thoughts. And now will you call my little boy?—Oh, but I had almost forgotten to ask, whether you would like to come and help us to make the hay next week? Perhaps with so many little ones you cannot easily leave home.

Martha. Oh, yes, ma'am, I will come, and thank you too. The two little ones I can leave with my sister-in-law, and the others can go with me. They can play about in the field, and eat their dinner under the hedge. They will do no harm.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, come on Tuesday, then if it is fine; but don't trouble yourself

to bring any dinner ; Lucy will find something for you all, I daresay. She will be in the field with the children, and very glad to see you, no doubt.—Oh ! come, my little Edward ; it is quite time that we should be going home-wards ; so wish Mrs. Peters good bye.

Edward. I wish you good bye.

Martha. Good bye, my dear little gentleman. Good bye, ma'am, and thank you a thousand times.

Martha [alone]. How good and kind she is ! Oh, if all Catholics were like her, the whole world would soon be Catholic, and a happy world it would be. [*She stands pondering a little, and says :*] It is wonderful ! Yes, it is all very wonderful, and very beautiful, and very puzzling. Well, I will go to Mary to-morrow, as I carry Miss Benson's linen to Rowton, and tell her all about it.

DIALOGUE VII.

Mary and Jane, and afterwards Martha.

Jane [training the honeysuckle over the porch, to her mother within]. Mother, I think I see Aunt Martha. She can't be coming back yet, surely !

Mary. If she is, she must have been very quick.

Jane [shading her eyes with her hand]. It

is certainly *her* ; and she is carrying the basket empty in her hand ; so she has been to Miss Benson, and left the linen. I wonder if she saw her : I suppose not, as she is back so soon.

Mary. A little patience, Jane ; she will soon be here, and tell us all.

Martha [*enters*]. Have I not been quick ?

Mary. I am afraid you have not seen Miss Benson.

Martha. Yes, I have, though ; and talked to her for a good quarter of an hour. But I was in luck ; for, just at the foot of the hill, I was overtaken by Mr. Andrews in a light cart.

Mary. The bailiff at the Hall ?

Martha. Exactly ; he very kindly stopped, and offered to carry me and my basket up the hill ; and you may suppose I did not refuse.

Jane. Not afraid of a Popish horse, nor a Popish cart, nor a Popish driver, now, aunt, are you ?

Martha. No, indeed ; in spite of all Miss Benson's sighs and black looks.

Jane. Oh, did she sigh over you, aunt ? She has a way of sighing very often, as if she was very unhappy. But what did she say, aunt ? or what did you say ? who began ?

Mary. Did you tell her all that you told us this morning ?

Martha. Oh, no ; if I had, I should be there now, in spite of Mr. Andrews, and his good nature. No ; I soon saw that I could not put my question, and that she could not give me a

clear, straightforward answer, like Mrs. Godwin, if I did.

Jane [laughing and shaking her head]. There's nothing will go down now but Mrs. Godwin. But tell us who began.

Martha. Why, she began, by asking me how Lucy got on; so I said, "very well," that she seemed very happy, and that Mrs. Godwin seemed very well satisfied with her.

Jane. And did she ask if she went to church on Sunday?

Martha. No; she said she saw her at church herself, on Sunday afternoon. But she asked if I had seen Mrs. Godwin since Lucy went. So that gave me an opening; and I told her that Mrs. Godwin came to see me yesterday evening, and sat an hour talking with me about religion.

Jane. Well, aunt, that was taking the bull by the horns!

Martha. I hadn't time to put salt upon his tail first, Jane. [All laugh.]

Mary. And what did Miss Benson say?

Martha. She looked up very much astonished, and said, "I don't think it can be very safe, Martha, for you to talk of religion with Mrs. Godwin. I have heard that she is a very clever person; and if so, she may easily mislead you."

Mary. Oh, I thought she would not approve of it.

Martha. I said that she seemed very good

and religious ; and if she was very clever too, I thought *that* was a reason why she might be able to teach me a great deal ; and certainly she has told me a great deal that I never heard before.

Mary. Did she look very much surprised ?

Martha. Yes ; she said, “ Oh, she has been tampering with your faith already ! What chance, then, for poor Lucy ? ” And then she sighed.

Jane. And did she not ask what Mrs. Godwin had told you ? Because *that* is what we want to hear about.

Martha. Oh, yes ; she asked me, and I told her that Mrs. Godwin said that there could be but one right faith, and one true Church ; and that was the Catholic Church.

Jane. Didn't she look surprised ?

Martha. No, not at all. She said, “ *That* is quite true ; and *you*, my good Mrs. Peters, and all your children, belong to the Catholic Church.”

Mary. Belong to the Catholic Church ?

Martha. I was not so much surprised as you are, because little Anne had told me, that she said so to the children in the school once. But I said, “ I always understood, miss, that the English Church was a Protestant Church.” “ Oh, no,” she said ; “ the English Church is only *the Church* in England.”

Jane. What does that mean ?

Martha. Well, I was puzzled ; and I sup-

pose I looked so, for she went on and explained. "Our Church," she said, "is a part of the Catholic Church. You know you say in the Creed, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church.'"

Jane. To be sure ; so we do.

Martha. Yes, we *say* so ; but I am sure I never did believe in it, for I never knew any thing about it till last night, when Mrs. Godwin explained it to me ; and so I told Miss Benson ; and I said, "Does the English Church teach the same doctrines as the Roman Catholic Church, then, miss ?" "The English Church teaches the same doctrine as the *Catholic* Church," she said ; "but not the same as the *Roman Catholic* Church teaches."

Jane. Then she makes *two* Catholic Churches, one English and one Roman, and teaching different doctrines. Then what will become of Mrs. Godwin and her three-cornered table ?

Martha. A table on three legs always stands steady, Jane. So I said, as gently as I could, that I might not seem *pert* like my niece Jane, 'I suppose, miss, both can't be right ; which do I mean when I say, 'I believe in the Catholic Church ?'" "Oh, the *Anglo-Catholic* Church certainly. The *Roman* Church is full of corruptions and errors, which our Church threw off at the time of the Reformation ; but which she keeps still."

Mary. Oh, yes ; that is what dear, good,

old Mr. Worth used to say so often, "Our pure, holy, reformed, Catholic Church."

Martha. But, Mary, that seems (and so I said to Miss Benson) as if the Catholic and Apostolic Church was neither pure nor holy before it was reformed.

Mary. Certainly; else what was the use of the glorious Reformation?

Martha. Miss Benson did not say *that*; she only said, "Certainly it wanted reforming." And I said, "But then, miss, it could not be God's true Church, because *that* was to have the Spirit of truth always with it to guide it into all truth." She looked surprised, and she sat thinking for a moment, and then she said, "The wickedness and the perverseness of man often deprives him of the blessings that God had promised him; and I am sure we are so wicked that it is wonderful that God has preserved our Church to us at all, as He has done. If He had taken our candlestick quite away, as He has done from other countries, who could call Him unjust?"

Mary. [*sadly.*] Ah, that is too true!

Martha. Then she sighed again, and said, "My good Martha, I advise you not to talk about religion with Mrs. Godwin, nor any other Catholics. You are not a match for them, and they will only mislead you. Keep to the Church of your baptism, and till you have made full use of all the means of grace that she provides you with, don't set yourself up to blame her,

like a proud and undutiful child." And then she sighed again, and said, "Good bye, Martha;" and so I came away.

Mary. Really I think that what Miss Benson said was very sensible.

Jane. It is not so comfortable though, as Mrs. Godwin's doctrine; because if the keeping God's promises depends upon our goodness, we can never be sure of any thing.

Martha. Very true, Jane; and that would not suit you and me; however, it might suit your dear good mother here. But I must run away, and leave you to make what you can of it; for my part, I like Mrs. Godwin's teaching best. Hark! it's striking twelve; if Thomas comes in, and finds me gossiping here, he will scold me finely.

Jane. And so he will aunt, wherever he finds you; for he is very angry about Lucy.

Martha. Is he, indeed! what will he say, then, if I turn Papist too? Good bye, good bye.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Scene, a hay-field. Haymakers in all directions. In the foreground, Martha and Lucy spreading hay; near them a group of children at play; and at a distance Master Edward and his sisters making hay with their little rakes and forks.

Lucy. Oh mother, what a happiness to be working with you, and chatting about every

thing so nicely. Isn't she a dear, good, kind mistress to think of it?

Martha. Indeed, Lucy, I think she is a very pattern of a good mistress; and therefore you know what you ought to be.

Lucy. The very pattern of a good servant, I suppose you mean, mother; and indeed, so I will, if I can. I do try hard to learn every thing.

Martha. Well, dear child, if you try, I am sure you will succeed. Now tell me something. I have a great desire to go into the chapel, just to look round; do you think I could manage it by and by?

Lucy [*hesitates and says:*] I don't see that there could be any harm in my taking you there. I have been in once or twice, and nothing was said. Suppose I go and ask nurse Rocker.

Martha. No, no; I had rather not. I will ask Mrs. Godwin myself by and by.

Lucy. Let me ask her. She will come into the field presently; for I heard her tell the young ladies she would be with them as soon as she had done her letters. Oh, there she comes. I will go and ask. [*She goes and speaks to Mrs. Godwin in the distance, returns to her mother, and says:*] She will show it you herself presently; when the hay-makers take their afternoon rest, you are to go in and drink tea with me, and afterwards Mrs. Godwin will take you into the chapel

herself. It will be soon, for it is near four. Oh, there is the bell.

Martha. Yes; and there are the men sitting down under the hedge, and the women gathering under the oak.

Lucy. Then come along with me, mother.

Martha. But the children.

Lucy. Oh, never mind them; the young ladies will be sure to take care of them. I'll just tell them we are going, and that they are to be good and quiet till we come back. They won't be hungry after their good dinner. [*She runs up to the children, and then returns to her mother, and both go towards the house. The women sit down together under an oak, and begin to open their baskets, and take out their pieces of bread. Philip, one of the men, brings them a bottle of beer. Mrs. Morley comes up with a bright tea-kettle in her hand; Agnes and Grace Godwin follow her with plates heaped up with good slices of bread and butter. Little Edward brings a basket full of mugs.*]

Mrs. Morley. Who likes beer, and who likes tea?

All the women. Thank ye, thank ye—tea, tea, tea!

Mrs. Morley. Ay, I thought you would like a cup of tea to refresh you, better than any thing else; so I brought you a good kettlefull, as my present to the hay-field.

Women. Oh, thank you, thank you!

Mrs. Morley. Now, Master Edward, you

must give me the mugs, and Miss Grace shall carry them round; and Miss Godwin shall carry the bread and butter. [*After all are served, Mrs. Morley and the children go to the little Hartwells, at a distance. Then Mrs. Morley goes back to the house. One of the women says:*]

I think we ought to drink Mrs. Morley's good health.—Oh, yes—oh, yes—good health to Mrs. Morley, and long live the tea!

DIALOGUE IX.

The women sitting down drinking their tea.

Philip comes up, and says:

I am come to see if you want any more beer, mother.

Widow Somers. Oh, we have got something much better than beer!

Philip. Better than Mr. Andrews' home-brewed!

Kitty Somers. See here [*holding a cup of tea*]; isn't that something to say thank ye for, after a hot afternoon's work?

Philip. How good it looks! Give me a cup, won't you, sister Kitty? [*He sits down in a vacant spot by her side, and Kitty gives him some of her tea.*]

Widow Somers. No, no; that's against the

rules of the hay-field. Go along with you, Philip.

Philip. Oh, mother, let me stay; I hardly reckon a man yet; it is the first year that they have given me *man's* wages.

Mary North. Well, you are growing almost something like a man now, Philip.

Philip. Ay, ay; I could work like a man three years ago; and so they ought to have given me a man's wages then, shouldn't they, Kitty?

Kitty. Don't be so conceited, Philip.

Widow Somers. If Mr. Andrews comes, you'll catch it, Philip.

Philip. Oh, an old Papist! Who cares for what he says? I think that's a Popish rule, about making the men sit under one tree and you under another.

Widow Somers. Popish! why, it is as old as the hills; I remember it when I was a child.

Philip. More likely to be Popish, then; for in old times all England was Popish, they say. But I'll tell you why I think it was Popish; because Mr. Meager, in the new church at Rowton, makes all the people sit so—the men on one side, the women on the other.

Susan. But Mr. Meager is not a Papist, is he?

Mary North. More than half a one, if what people say is true.

Philip. We must never believe half what

we hear they say. But oh, where's Aunt Martha and Cousin Lucy?

Widow Somers. They went away together, just as Mrs. Morley came with the tea.

Kitty [*leans down, and whispers to her brother*]. I can tell you where they are gone—to see the chapel.

Mary North [*overhears her.*] The chapel—the Popish chapel? Ah, she will get no good there, you may be sure. Plenty of holy water, and plenty of images, and no Bibles: that's what she'll see in a Popish chapel.

Philip. As for images, she may see them in the Protestant churches any day of the week.

Susan. What do you mean, Philip? We don't worship images in our Church.

Philip. Whether you worship them or not, there they are. Don't you remember in Rowton Church the ugly old Moses and Aaron that stand on each side of the communion-table?

Susan. Oh, to be sure, I never thought of that; but are they images?

Widow Somers. Well, there are none in our church at least.

Philip. But indeed there are, mother. There are two images just in front of the singing gallery—the Lion and the Unicorn! [*All laugh except Mary North.*]

Susan. Oh, Philip, who thinks of worshipping the Lion and the Unicorn?

Philip [*mimicking her*]. And oh, Susan, who thinks of worshipping the old Moses and

Aaron? And why should you suppose that Mrs. Godwin, or old Andrews himself, worships their images of St. Peter and St. Paul, or the Virgin Mary, or whatever they may be, any more than you do the Lion and the Unicorn?

Susan. Philip, you are very absurd.

Mary North. Very shocking, I think! It is quite awful to hear a young lad talk so! [*She gets up and goes back to her work.*]

Susan. See, Philip, good Aunt Mary is quite shocked at you.

Philip. I think you and Aunt Mary are both very uncharitable. You will have it that Catholics are idolaters, though they tell you, as plain as they can speak, that they are not; and that they only use images, just as you do the old Moses and Aaron alongside of the commandments, to remind you how God Almighty gave them to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Susan. Well, my learned cousin, and what are the Lion and the Unicorn to teach us?

Philip. Why, to be charitable, I suppose; the Lion don't eat up the Unicorn, and the Unicorn don't butt the Lion; and it would be a good thing if we followed their example; and so I shall go back to my work.

Kitty. Oh, Philip, I can find something better than that for the Lion and the Unicorn.

Philip. Can you, my little Kitty? well, I will just stay and hear it. Now, then, what is the Lion and the Unicorn to teach us?

Kitty. Why, to do as the Queen bids us in all things, to be sure; isn't it the Queen's arms?

Philip. So it is. Well done, little Kitty! clever little Kitty! [*He goes out whistling* "God save the King." *They all disperse.*]

DIALOGUE X.

The entrance-hall: Mrs. Godwin and Martha Peters come in at different doors.

Mrs. Godwin. Well, Martha, so you wish to see our chapel?

Martha. Yes, ma'am; that is, if you have no objection.

Mrs. Godwin. Why, Martha, I look upon you as half a Catholic; or else, to tell you the truth, I should have some objection. I should not like to take in a Protestant, who went with no feeling but curiosity. We Catholics believe in the real Presence—the *real Presence* of our Divine Lord in the blessed Sacrament; and therefore, when the blessed Sacrament is in the church (and you may always know when it is, because there is always, in that case, a lamp burning), then we know that our blessed and adorable Lord is there really present; as really present as He was in the House of Martha and Mary at Bethany, only we cannot see Him, because his glorified body is to us invisible. I have not time to explain all this to you now;

so you must take it upon the authority of the Church for the present.

Martha [eagerly]. I do, ma'am ; I believe all that the Church teaches, because I believe that Almighty God will not allow her to go wrong. Blessed be his name !

Mrs. Godwin [wiping her eyes]. My good Martha, I said you were half a Catholic ; but I see (thank God for it !) that you are a whole one. I give you joy. [*She takes Martha's hand and shakes it affectionately.*] Now let us go into the chapel ; now for the first time in your life, probably, you are going into the immediate presence of your Lord ; now ask Him for light, and guidance, and courage ; you will want all ; for after profession comes persecution. [*They enter the chapel. Mrs. Godwin bows low, and takes some holy water, with which she crosses her forehead, saying, "Cleanse me, O Lord."* She then goes up towards the altar, and kneels at the rails. Martha follows her, and kneeling down on the pavement behind, she hides her face with her hands, and seems to pray fervently. After a while they get up. Mrs. Godwin shows Martha the altar, the crucifix, and the pictures, speaking in a whisper ; and they then go back. Martha takes holy water as she goes out, and makes a low curtsy, in imitation of Mrs. Godwin.]

Martha. Oh, ma'am, how holy is this place ! surely it is none other than the house of God ! Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.

[*Mrs. Godwin does not speak, but takes her hand affectionately. Martha kisses her hand, and says :*] Oh, ma'am, my kind, kind friend, will you teach my child, my dear Lucy?

Mrs. Godwin. I will, and gladly; but we must have a long talk about it first.



COTTAGE

CONVERSATIONS.

Second Series.



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COTTAGE CONVERSATIONS.

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DIALOGUE I.

Martha Peters in her cottage, reading; enter Philip Somers, and speaks:

WELL, Aunt Martha, people say that you and Lucy are both going to turn Papists; and I am come to see if it is true.

Martha [looking up from her book]. Oh, Philip! how d'ye do? I haven't seen you since the haying was over.

Philip. Oh, I am well enough, thank ye. But you don't answer my question. Are you and Lucy really going to turn Papists?

Martha. I can't answer for Lucy, Philip. For myself, I think I shall be a Catholic soon, if I am not one already.

Philip. A Catholic! Oh, we are all Catholics now-a-days. At least so says Mr. Meager; so if that is all—

Martha. But that is not all, Philip. If I am to be a Catholic, I will be a downright *Roman* Catholic, a *Papist*; none of your half-and-halves for me.

Philip. Well done. I like your spirit. But—

Martha. But what, Philip?

Philip. But what if these out-and-out Romanists, as you call them, are not the right things after all, but only intruders? Mr. Meager says that they are all schismatics in our country; and that the old English Church is the true Catholic Church in England: and that sounds very reasonable; the English Church in England, the Roman Church in Rome.

Martha. No, Philip, it is not reasonable: it is nonsense to make two *Catholic* Churches. Catholic means every where and always.

Philip. Yes; I know it means *universal*.

Martha. Then is it not nonsense to talk of two Churches every where at once? There can be but one Church every where at the same time; and, more than that, there can be but *one* right faith. So, then, if your two Catholic Churches teach different faiths, one must be wrong.

Philip. Why, yes, to be sure; and if they hold the same faith, they won't be two Churches, but one.

Martha. Yes; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; and therefore one Church belonging to that Lord, whose business it is to teach that *one* faith, and give that *one* baptism.

Philip. Well, and that sounds reasonable, too, I allow. And it is pretty much what Mr. Meager said in his sermon this morning. He was holding forth upon unity. His text was from St. John's Gospel, chap. 17, verse 22 : "The glory that Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one." And then he showed how the Church ought to be *one*; and, as you say, teach one faith: and he quoted a great many texts out of St. John about the vine, and the new commandment of loving one another, and of people knowing by this that we were disciples of our Lord. Oh, it was a very nice sermon, I assure you; and Mr. Meager preaches all without book too.

Martha. It matters little whether he preaches with a book, or without it, provided he preaches the truth. But which did he say is this one true Church, Philip; that is what I want to know?

Philip. To be sure, that is the main question. He said that the English Church was—at least he talked over and over again of our "Holy Catholic Church," and charged us to hold fast by it; and he called the Roman Church that corrupt Church which is trying to intrude herself into our country.

Martha. But then if he called her a corrupt Church, he still allowed her to be a true Church.

Philip. Yes, I think so; oh, yes, certainly

he must think that ; however, he said once, "the Church of Rome, our cruel Mother ;" and he said it was her fault, and owing to her pride and ambition that the Church had been rent in two—Christ's seamless robe he called it. So no doubt he reckons the Church of Rome one half of the Catholic Church, and the Church of England the other.

Martha. Well, then, if he said that, Philip, he preaches nonsense, as I told you before ; and to talk of the pride and ambition of God's Holy Church is worse than nonsense. Our Lord promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against his Church, did He not ?

Philip. Yes : " Upon this rock I will build my Church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Martha. And will you, or Mr. Meager, or any body, say that the gates of hell have not prevailed against a Church, when she becomes so proud and so ambitious that she quarrels with other churches, and even with her own daughter Church, as Mr. Meager calls it ? What should we say, Philip, of a mother who quarrels with one of her own children, and turns them out of doors ? unless, indeed, the child rebels, and is ungrateful and disobedient ; and then, perhaps, the best of mothers may be obliged to turn her out of doors for the sake of the rest ; and that, I take it, is about the true history of the cruelty of our Roman mother to her English child.

Philip. Well, you seem very learned in the matter, Aunt Martha ; I think you had better set up for yourself, and preach down Mr. Meager, and Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Evans, and the whole pack of them.

Martha. No, no, Philip. St. Paul says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches;" but a woman may be allowed to talk in her own cottage to one whom she nursed in his long petticoats, eh, Philip ?

Philip. There is something in that, to be sure ; and besides, to tell you the truth, my dear aunt, I do want you to tell me all about it ; for I have got fairly puzzled. Since the new church has been opened at Rowton I have attended pretty regularly ; for I was right down tired of Mr. Evans and his faith, faith, faith. I like the chanting and the music at St. John's ; and I like Mr. Meager too. He tells us so many new things, and he does so many new things. Every Sunday, almost, comes something new. First came a little wooden cross over the altar ; and by and by some candlesticks ; those, to be sure, were all taken away by the Bishop's order ; then the reading-desk was taken down, and a pretty little open railed place put up instead, for him to read prayers in ; and then, by and by, the clerk was got rid of : and, best of all, the pew-doors were taken away, and the pews turned into open benches.

Martha. Good for the carpenters at least, if not for the parish.

Philip. Oh, the parish is at no expense. Mr. Meager does it all himself; he is rich, they say; and certainly he is liberal, and that is one reason why I like him: and he is very good to the poor. I am sure he is sincere, and so I incline to think him right; and I always go with him in all he says when he preaches. But then a great many people call him half a Papist, and more than half an idolater, because he puts the cross on the altar; and they say positively that the Bishop don't like his ways of going on at all, and that he only puts up with it because he likes to keep all things quiet if he can.

Martha. So, then, you are all at sixes and sevens in Rowton, I guess. It always was a terrible place for quarrelling.

Philip. Yes; and now it is worse than ever; for besides, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Lowe, and the Wesleyans, and the Baptists, and the Independents, here is Mr. Meager and his Anglo-Catholics.

Martha. And the Bishop against them all?

Philip. Well, yes; they do say that he thinks Mr. Evans too Calvinistic, and Mr. Lowe too liberal, and Mr. Meager too Popish; so I suppose he is himself in a happy state of betweenity, which other people are not exactly able to hit off. But he must be very good-natured to get on so well with them all.

Martha [*half laughing*]. Well, to be sure, I don't wonder that you are puzzled. But I should have thought that it was the business of the Bishop to show the clergy what is right, and make them all go *one* way.

Philip. Show them what is right? That would be hard enough; for each thinks himself right, of course; and why should they give up to the Bishop any more than he to them? But as for making them all go one way, that, I am sure, is quite impossible.

Martha. And yet if, as Mr. Meager says, there should be one, *only* one faith—

Philip. Certainly there *can* be only one *right* faith; that he made quite clear this morning.

Martha. Then surely there ought to be somebody to keep order, and to prevent any other than the *right* faith from being taught.

Philip. *Ought*; yes, it is easy to say what *ought* to be. And I dare say that is just what bishops were in the beginning intended for, and not merely to ordain parsons, and to confirm naughty boys and girls in their wickedness.

Martha. Oh, Philip, you should not talk so.

Philip. Well, no. I confess it is wrong; and I won't do it again. But I was saying, it's just impossible to bring every body to agree in religion; and so I think we may as well agree to differ, as I heard Mr. Lowe say once.

Martha. Truly, I believe that is the only way for Protestants. But I doubt, after all, if that will bring peace.

Philip. You are right enough there; for I can tell you what I heard the other day from my brother. His master keeps two curates, as Newton is a large town; and he gets two of different sorts, one a Mr. Simeon, like our Mr. Evans, suppose; and one a Mr. Bernard, like Mr. Meager, only not *quite* such a high-flyer; and then he is himself about like your Mr. Lowe; and he preaches in the morning, and the curates in the afternoon and evening, turns about, and this gives every body a chance of a sermon to their mind. Still this don't satisfy them, and a goodish many of the Gospel Christians, as they call themselves, go to the Dissenters in the morning, and to Church only when the Gospel curate holds forth; and then, you know, the Anglo-Catholics stay at home; and they take turns under the rector and the high-flying curate.

Martha. Oh, Philip, are you telling the truth?

Philip. Yes, really; I am telling you just what Harry told me; and he thought it a very clever contrivance: but when I asked if it answered in keeping the peace, he confessed that it did not; that the whole place was divided. Some were Simeonites, and some were Bernardites, and some, a very few, stuck to the old high and dry, as Harry called his master; and

the only thing they agreed in was quarrelling and abusing one another, and one another's curates.

Martha. Oh, how shocking! how very shocking! I can hardly believe it.

Philip. Well, I don't know; but I think it is much the same here, only there are three churches, and every body can go to which they like; but as for quarrelling and abusing one another, only to hear what Mr. Evans' people say of Mr. Meager, and see how the Meagerites lift up their eyes when they hear of Mr. Evans, and all his Methodist hymns, and cottage-lectures, and queer doings!

Martha. I should like to know one thing.

Philip. One thing; and what may that be, pray?

Martha. You say that Mr. Meager tells you there is but one right faith; now, did he tell you how to find which is it?

Philip. No, I think not; stay, let me consider. Oh, yes, he did; at least something that comes to the same thing. He said the right faith must be that which had been held always, right down from the beginning, from the Apostles themselves; and it was easy to know that, he said, because it had been taught every where, by all the great doctors and saints. I remember that, because, at first, I wondered what the *doctors* had to do with it; but he explained afterwards that doctor was a Latin word, which meant teacher. So then, you

see, it seems sensible enough that what all the holy saints and the learned doctors agreed in teaching must be right.

Martha. Certainly it must; and that sounds like my own good Lady's *Catholic* doctrine. But then still comes the old difficulty—How are we, we poor ignorant people, to find out what the holy saints and old doctors really did teach?

Philip. Oh, I can tell you that; for now you set me to rummage out my memory-chest, I remember a Sunday or two back, when he was talking of these old saints,—fathers of the Church he called them,—he said some very good and learned men at Oxford had begun to put their writings into English, and that they were going even to bring them out in penny numbers, in order that the poorest amongst us might be able to read them.

Martha. Read them? Oh, nonsense! What good can we poor ignorant folks do by reading those difficult books? That is just like the Bible Society scheme, which we were all agog about when I was young. We were all to subscribe pennies and half pennies, and the Bibles were made as cheap as dirt; and then we were all to grow good, and wise, and pious by reading our Bible.

Philip. Well, and one would have thought that it would be so, and that reading the Bible would have made people pious.

Martha. And we did think so; and I well

remember going without a warm shawl one winter, that I might subscribe for Bibles to send out to the Negroes to make them Christians. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Philip; and I think that the world is not better, but worse, than it used to be: I am sure Rowton is.

Philip. I don't know how much good your Bibles did to the poor blackies, and I can't exactly tell what sort of a place Rowton was before I was born; but certainly it is a very bad place now, though you may see plenty of Bibles kicking about in every cottage. So, as you say, the proof of the pudding being in the eating, I incline to vote for a new receipt.

Martha. Try mine, Philip.

Philip. Well, what is it? Let us see.

Martha. The Catholic Church to lay down the truth—the priests to teach it to the people—the Pope to turn out all that don't believe.

Philip. Turn them out and roast them, Aunt Martha; roast all the heretics! Yes, that's a good Popish receipt; but I like Mr. Lowe's "Agree to disagree," and all the rows of Rowton, better than that.

Martha. And so should I; but, Philip, if my receipt is followed, no heretics will ever be roasted or put to death in any way.

Philip. Hulloo! Aunt Martha, this is something quite new.

Martha. And yet, wonderful to say, quite true. All the heretics that were ever put to

death were put to death *in spite* of the laws of the Church; the Church absolutely forbids the putting any body to death for their opinions. [*Philip whistles*]. You may whistle, Philip, though it is not over and above polite; but I am sure of what I say.

Philip. I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha; but really one has always heard of the Papists burning heretics; the “bloody-minded Papists” have become a sort of proverb.

Martha. “Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.” If that saying of our Lord is true, the Papists are truly a blessed people, and very great shall be their reward hereafter.

Philip. Well, Aunt Martha, that’s all very fine, but it’s not very convincing. How do you know that, in this respect, the Papists are falsely accused, and that the Roman Church does really forbid putting heretics to death?

Martha. I know it, Philip, as we poor folks must be content to know every thing, by being told it by a person upon whom I can depend. I was told by Mrs. Godwin. She is a very good lady, very religious, and I cannot believe that she would tell a lie. If *she* would, then I am sure any body else might; and so, then, I must give up believing anything more.

Philip. But, without intending to tell a lie,

Mrs. Godwin might say what was not true; she might be taken in herself, and then take you in.

Martha. I might say the same of you, Philip, and whoever told you about the Church being of a persecuting spirit. *You* may be taken in; but I would rather tell you that Mrs. Godwin is a very clever lady; she is very book-learned, and then she was not brought up a Catholic. She was a Protestant when she was young, and turned Catholic.

Philip. Turned Catholic to marry Mr. Godwin, and drive her carriage-and-four! Yes, I have heard that before.

Martha. Oh, fie, Philip! If you really heard that, you heard a wicked lie; and now I will tell you the truth, as Mrs. Morley the old housekeeper told me; and Mrs. Morley has known her all her life long, and was her nurse when she was quite a little child. Philip, shall I tell you the story, long or short?

Philip [*looking up at the clock*]. Oh, long, if it is amusing. William won't be here this half-hour yet, so we have plenty of time.

Martha. Well, then, when Mrs. Godwin was quite young, her poor mother died, and her father, not liking the trouble of a governess and all that, determined to take the two young ladies to a convent in France, where the nuns keep a school; and that is much cheaper than a boarding-school in England.

Philip. To be sure, then, it is no wonder that

the poor girls turned Papists, because the nuns would be sure to coax or drive them into it.

Martha. You shall see presently about that. When the father went to talk to the lady abbess, she said to him that the young ladies must attend Mass every day, and asked if he would have any objection. He said no.

Philip. Hem! He must have been a queer sort of Protestant, I think.

Martha. Only like a good many others, Philip. He reckoned a cheap education of more consequence than the right religion. But this was not all. She told him that young persons coming to live in a convent, and seeing every thing Catholic round them, often turned Catholics themselves; and that he must be prepared for that.

Philip. Well, I beg pardon of my lady abbess; she seems to have dealt very fairly with the gentleman.

Martha. And that's more than he did by her; for he told her he didn't care whether his daughters were Catholics or Protestants, so long as they were good and dutiful children. Now he told Mrs. Morley all this himself; and when she said she thought it a great pity—for she was a Protestant then herself—he said, “Oh, they won't turn Papists, depend upon it; I am not afraid of that. But if they do, you and I will soon turn them back again, Mrs. Morley.” But he reckoned without his host, as you will see.

Philip. His host being cunning my lady abbess.

Martha. Whether my lady abbess knew by experience, or only guessed how it would be, I can't say ; but it turned out as she had warned the father. Mary Anne—that is, Mrs. Godwin—soon wished to be a Catholic ; but, as she was very young, the nuns told her she must wait a little. So she waited, but went always to Mass with the others, till, after a while, she caught the measles, and she had them very bad, and inflammation came on ; and at last the doctor gave her over, and said she would die. Then poor little Mary Anne begged to be taken into the Church, that she might die a Catholic. So the nuns sent for a priest, and the dear little child was made a Catholic, as she wished ; and then the priest anointed her, as you know they do a person that is going to die.

Philip. Yes, I have heard say so ; but I don't at all understand it.

Martha. Nor I either at present, and I wouldn't interrupt Mrs. Morley in her story ; but some other day I will ask her about it.

Philip. Well, go on now, please ; I want to know how Miss Mary Anne got well.

Martha. I can't tell you that, only she did get well so quickly after the anointing that every body was quite surprised ; and then she wrote home to her father, and told him all about it.

Philip. And what did he say then?

Martha. Oh, he showed the letter to Mrs. Morley, but didn't seem to think much about it. Well, years went on, and Mr. Weston married again, and his new wife couldn't abide Catholics; and so she soon persuaded him to go and fetch the young ladies back again, that she might make good Protestants of them.

Philip. Oh, poor things, a Protestant step-mother! Bad hearing for them. But you have not told me about the other sister. Did she turn too?

Martha. Oh, I forgot. Yes, she became a Catholic too, but she was not so steady as her sister; and, when she came back to England, she turned round again and became a Protestant, and married a Protestant clergyman.

Philip. Or became a Protestant to marry a Protestant clergyman.

Martha. Philip, you seem to think that young ladies' religion is always to go by their chance of getting husbands.

Philip. Well, I do think that is a very persuasive argument.

Martha. It was not so with my Miss Mary Anne, however. She had a very good marriage offered to her—title and fortune and all—if she would only turn Protestant; and it was a very nice young gentleman, Mrs. Morley said, and she saw that Miss Mary Anne liked him; and so she tried all she could to persuade her

to be a Protestant and accept him, but in vain.

Philip. And wouldn't he have her unless she changed?

Martha. A house divided against itself can never stand, Philip; and they were both too wise to try that bad scheme. So she said no: and then her father was quite in a rage.

Philip. And the stepmother did not help to mend matters.

Martha. On the contrary, she made matters worse, and advised him to try severity; and then came persecution, Philip, *Protestant* persecution. They shut her up, and wouldn't let her go out, for fear she should go to Mass, or to a priest to make her confessions; and on Fridays, when, you know, Catholics must not eat meat, they would have no fish for dinner, to make her dine upon a potato, poor thing! and a hundred other mortifications they contrived for her.

Philip. And she stood it all? Well, she must have a high spirit of her own.

Martha. Oh, no, Philip, Mrs. Morley says she was always as gentle as she is now; and when they taunted and worried her so, she never said an angry word, but took it all so meek and patient that it made Mrs. Morley a Catholic. She said that must be the true religion that could make such a saint.

Philip. To be sure there is nothing so win-

ning as meekness, and that is what I like so much in your Lucy.

Martha. Oh, she is very meek, dear child; I hardly ever saw her angry. But to go back to Mrs. Godwin, or Miss Weston as she was then. Meek and gentle as she was, yet she held quite firm to the point; nothing could make her give up her religion. At last her father sent her to a very small, poor convent somewhere abroad, away from every body, and where she had none of the comforts that young ladies are used to have. It was a low, damp place too; and after a time she became very ill, and the doctors said she would die if she remained there.

Philip. So, then, I suppose the father was obliged to fetch her home again. Poor thing! how sad to go home ill to an angry father and a cross stepmother.

Martha. No, Philip; the hard-hearted father would not send for her; but one of her aunts did, and Mrs. Morley went over for her; and when she went and saw what her dear young lady was enduring, and how hard all those good nuns lived, spending all their time and strength in teaching the poor and nursing the sick,—many of them high-born ladies too,—it quite finished her up, and she became a Catholic too.

Philip. Well, really I don't wonder.

Martha. Well, now I am coming to the end of my long story. Miss Weston went to live with her aunt. Her father would not see her,

nor give her any money ; and by and by he died and left her nothing. Bnt her aunt was kind to her, and took care of her till she became acquainted with Mr. Godwin ; and when he heard all the story, and how she had suffered for her religion, he was quite charmed with her ; and she liked him, for he is a very nice gentleman they say ; and so they married. But you see, Philip, the marriage had nothing to do with her conversion.

Philip. Why, no ; it seems not, certainly. And yet I was told so positively. But Rowton is a very scandalous place, it must be allowed.

Martha. And so are all places, I believe. But, Philip, now I have told you my story, won't you allow that if one may believe any body in matters of religion, and one must believe somebody, that one may believe Mrs. Godwin. See how she has suffered for her religion ; so she must be sincere. And for years, while she lived at home, she had to argue about it from morning till night, one while with her father, and then with her stepmother, and then the clergyman of the parish, and then the young gentleman who wanted to marry her.

Philip. To be sure, she had need to understand the matter ; and I dare say she did study it very hard.

Martha. Yes ; Mrs. Morley said, she often used to do nothing but read and cry all day.

Philip. Well, she is happy now; that's a comfort.

Martha. Yes; and she might have been happy long before, if she would have been a Protestant; so she must have wished in her heart that the Protestant religion might be the true one.

Philip. She argued against her interest certainly; and they say it is hard to believe against the wish of one's heart. How little I thought, when she spoke so kindly to me the other night at the harvest-home, that she had gone through so much—she looked so placid. Poor thing!

Martha. Happy thing! God will be sure to reward her. Oh, here comes William; how lucky that I have done my story!

Philip. But we have not settled about the heretics, though.

[*Enter William and his children.*]

William. Oh, Philip here! Why, Philip, you have been quite a stranger here of late; I thought you had given us up quite.

Philip. Oh, no; but during the harvest I have been working very hard, up early and down late; really I was sometimes almost too tired to go to church. Come, Philip, my boy, come and sit upon godfather's knee [*he takes the child up, and kisses him, and places him upon his knee*]; I wonder what Catechism I

shall have to teach you, when you are old enough to learn one.

William. Why, Philip, are you too inoculated with the doubting disease? Is that my wife's doings, or Mr. Meager's?

Philip. Well, I think I am inoculated; but I can't exactly say who did it.

Martha. I think Mr. Meager tied up the sleeve, and I put in the lancet. Eh, Philip?

William. Whoever did it, I think Philip is very little obliged to them. It is monstrous uncomfortable to be doubting about one's religion. Why can't we go on in the simple ways that our forefathers trod before us? I am sure there couldn't be better people in the world than my father and mother: and they never troubled themselves about all these new-fangled notions.

Martha. But, William, I have heard that your good mother, when she was young, used to run after Wesley and Whitfield, when they came preaching in these parts; and that she was first converted by John Wesley.

William. Well, if so, I am sure he made her a good woman; at least she was a good woman; sober, industrious, willing to work hard for her family, and always ready to help the poor.

Philip. I have heard that in those times people who were inclined to be more pious than their neighbours were generally Wesleyans.

William. Yes; and then when I was young, it was the Evangelicals that were in fashion; and now it seems to be —— Philip, what do you call your sect? Meagerites, I suppose.

Philip. No, no; we have a better name than that—Anglo-Catholics, if you please.

William [*pronouncing slowly.*] An-glo-Ca-tho-lics—Ro-man Ca-tho-lics. Well, if I were to be a Catholic at all, I would rather be one of the old-fashioned ones. There is a something in setting up the old Protestant Church to be Catholic that strikes me as ridiculous.

Philip. But surely the English Church is a part of the Catholic Church. In the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men we pray for “the good estate of the Catholic Church.”

William. Oh, yes; “that all who *profess and call themselves Christians* may be led into the way of truth.” If you mean by Catholic Church, all who “*call themselves Christians,*” then I allow the English Church is Catholic; and so are the Baptists, Wesleyans, and Quakers. But if I go into the market at Rowton, and ask where I can find a Catholic Church and a Catholic priest, I shall be directed to the Hall, to ask for Father Evelyn.

Philip [*laughing.*] Well, I think that is true. Nobody would send you to St. John’s to Mr. Meager.

William. And if I were to ask a poor Irishman what that building is? he would tell me it was the Protestant Church. Well, then, why

make a bother and confusion by changing names at this time of day? Let us be content to call *our* Church the "Protestant Reformed Church of England;" that's what she is, and always has been; and don't let us be ashamed of her, I say; and let those who are, go over to the Papists at once, and not mince the matter.

Philip. And would you really be content that we should go over to the Papists?

William. Why not? Whatever I might have answered you this morning, I am sure, after the fine sermon that we had this afternoon, I ought not to quarrel with any fellow-Christians for their opinions.

Martha. Mr. Lowe preached, I suppose.

William. Yes, he did; and a very fine discourse, to my thinking it was: "Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; thinketh no evil." And he showed how we ought to be charitable to our brother Christians; not to be puffed up, and behave ourselves unseemly; not to vaunt ourselves, as if we alone had got the truth; but believing all things, and hoping all things to the advantage of our neighbour, to think no evil, but trust that we shall all meet in the land of peace and charity, though we choose different paths here below.

Philip. Well, that is the most *comfortable* doctrine in these days of uncertainty. I am sure I cannot say, positively, that Mr. Meager is right and Mr. Lowe wrong.

William. No, to be sure; and therefore, why condemn either? let us agree to differ in peace, each holding our own opinions—Martha must be a Catholic, if she likes, and Lucy too, I suppose; and if they will be like Mrs. Godwin, I am sure I shall have no objection, for she is a saint of a woman. Only one thing I bargain for: if they will be Catholics, let them be *good* Catholics. And now, Martha, get us some tea.

Philip. Very good. But [*to the child, kissing him, and setting him down,*] which Catechism am I to teach you, my little Philip?

DIALOGUE II.

Jane at work in the cottage. Enter Lucy; she half opens the door, and peeps in, and says:

May I come in?

Jane. Oh, Lucy dear, is that you? Oh, yes; come in; at least, if you are not a Papist.

Lucy [*comes in.*] Only a Papist in heart as yet, Jane. [*They kiss one another very affectionately.*]

Jane. Then sit down, and let us have a nice cosy talk. Mother is gone to Rowton, and won't be back this hour; and, luckily, father is not coming home this evening.

Lucy. Why is that lucky, Jane? Do you mean that uncle would not like to see me?

Jane. Certainly he would not like to hear what you said just now, Lucy, about being a Papist in your heart. You know he was exceedingly put out by your going to the Hall; and now all the talk is that you and Aunt Martha are both going to turn; and that vexes him exceedingly; and, as if that was not enough, Mr. Evans sent for him after service on Sunday afternoon, and gave him a long talking to in the vestry; and he came home quite angry, and said that neither of you should ever darken his doors again, if you did turn Papists. So I am glad that he is out of the way.

Lucy. I am very sorry to hear this, indeed. And perhaps, Jane, it would be better for me not to stay at all. I would not for the world displease my uncle.

Jane. Then, Lucy, you must not turn Papist.

Lucy. Ah, that indeed I cannot do, or not do, to please him or any body. So I had better go, or I shall get you into a scrape, my poor dear Jane.

Jane. No, no; as you are not really turned, I don't think he would object to your coming; and indeed I think he ought to be glad, because we shall talk to you, and try to persuade you to remain a Protestant.

Lucy. Well, do you know, that is what I was coming for; and I was going to ask my aunt if I might come back after I have been

home, and sleep with you, on purpose that I might see my uncle, and have some talk with him. But if he is so angry——

Jane. That is a charming plan ; and I think it would please my father very much ; because, one thing that vexes him is, that he says you are left there, with nothing but Papists about you, and nobody to speak a word of the truth to open your eyes.

Lucy. I am sure I only wish to know the truth, and follow it.

Jane. Well, my dear Lucy, if you really only wish to know the truth and follow it, I think we shall soon make you a Protestant again. Give me my Bible, and I think I can prove the Papishers wrong very easily.

Lucy. So I thought till I tried, Jane ; but I found the Bible went sorely against me ; and so you will find, if you will try. Depend upon it, they know more about the Bible than we do, and keep closer to it.

Jane. Oh, Lucy, Lucy, I can never believe that ! But, I suppose, that sly old Father Evelyn has been cramming you finely with all that. He can just tell you what he pleases, and there's nobody to contradict him.

Lucy. And for that very reason, Jane, he has put off receiving me into the Church for the present, that I might come home first, and hear all that you, and my aunt, and my uncle, and Miss Benson, and Mr. Lowe, and all of you like to say on the other side.

Jane. What do you mean, Lucy? You don't mean that Father Evelyn, the priest, wished you to come home and hear what the Protestants have to say against the Papists—against what he is teaching you!!

Lucy. That is just what I do mean, Jane. And if you could once put it into your mind that Father Evelyn is only teaching me what he *firmly* believes to be the truth, you will see that it is not so wonderful. Did you not say, a minute ago, that you could easily make me a Protestant again?

Jane. Yes, to be sure, so I did; and that is because I know the truth is on our side.

Lucy [*smiling*]. “You *know*,” that is, you *think*.

Jane. Well, but I don't think that Father Evelyn can really believe all that stuff that he teaches to be true. They say he is a very clever man;—and do you think, then, that he can believe that he has power to forgive the people who go to confession their sins? “Who can forgive sins but God alone?”

Lucy. Who said that, Jane? the unbelieving Jews. But now give me your Bible.

[*Jane reaches down the Bible from the shelf, and gives it to Lucy, who turns over the pages, and then reads.*] “And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them;

and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

Jane. Where is that, Lucy? I don't remember that text.

Lucy. No, Jane; it was not one that we were taught at school; but look, here it is, in the 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel, at the 22d and 23d verses. See for yourself; here it is.

Jane [*thoughtfully*]. Yes, it is there, sure enough.

Lucy. Yes; and you will find it again in St. Matthew, the 18th chapter, and the 18th verse. Our Lord says, "Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." The 18th chapter and 18th verse—here it is; and again you will find the same words when our Lord speaks to St. Peter, and tells him that He will give him the keys of the kingdom of heaven. [*She takes the Bible, and turns over the leaves.*] Here it is, the 16th chapter, and the 19th verse: "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

Jane. But, Lucy, nothing is said there about going to the priests to confess your sins as Catholics do.

Lucy. How could the priest remit the sin,

Jane, unless he knew what it was, and how bad it was, and how far the sinner was sorry or not for his sins ?

Jane. Well, there is something in that, certainly ; but it is not a command to go to confess our sins to any body.

Lucy. Do you want a positive text, Jane ? well, look at St. James's Epistle, I think it is somewhere in the last chapter. Oh, yes, here it is ; the 16th verse—" Confess your faults one to another." [*A pause.*] Well, Jane, what do you think now ; do you feel so sure that the Bible will go all on your side ?

Jane. Why, to be sure, I must say you have the best of it so far ; but then, Lucy, that notion of going to the priest, and giving him money for the forgiveness of your sins ; Bible, or no Bible, I never could give in to that, there is something in it so monstrous.

Lucy. Monstrous indeed, my dear Jane ! But that is one of the many falsehoods that you heard at that famous Reformation Meeting. I assure you that no Catholic ever gives the priest any money when he receives absolution.

Jane. How can you know that, Lucy ? you have never been to confession, have you ?

Lucy. No ; but I have asked Mrs. Morley and Nurse Rocker, and two or three others, and they all assured me that it was not true ; and Mrs. Morley told me that a priest is not allowed to receive any money in the confessional ; it would be grievous sin.

Jane. Certainly, Mrs. Morley must know; and, I suppose, she would not say what was false.

Lucy. Why should she?

Jane. Oh, I don't know—to catch you.

Lucy. As if I was worth catching.

Jane. Well, I know that Anne Parsons told me that Nurse Rocker told her that the poor people paid their priest five shillings for absolution, and the rich people five pounds.

Lucy. Oh, Jane, what stuff! And you know that Anne Parsons never cares about the truth in what she says.

Jane. To be sure, she is a liar; that we all know.

Lucy. And who ever heard of Mrs. Morley saying any thing that was not true?

Jane. Well, then, for the present I will remain in doubt; and, by and by, Lucy dear, if you really do turn Papist, and go to confession, you shall tell me what is the truth, and I will believe you.

Lucy. Why should you believe me sooner than that good Mrs. Morley?

Jane. Oh, Mrs. Morley may be very good, as good as you say, but I don't know her. I know you, Lucy; and I know that from a child I never caught you in a lie.

Lucy [*smiling.*] But, perhaps, when I am a Catholic, you will say to me, as Susan North did the other day, "Oh, if you once turn Papist, I shall never believe one word you say;

because I know the priest can give you leave to tell as many lies as you like, for the good of the church."

Jane [*sighs.*] Ah! I had forgotten that. Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy, if once you become a Catholic, all our happiness in one another will be gone!

Lucy. "Forgotten it!" why, Jane, surely you don't believe it?

Jane. Yes, Lucy, I do believe it; I have heard it said a thousand times.

Lucy. Yes, by Protestants; but never by a Catholic, I am sure; and who should know best? However, I can tell you that it is false; and you know, my dear Jane, you may believe me *now*, for I am not yet a Papist.

Jane. Yes, my own dear Lucy, I do believe you *as yet*, so tell me what you know. If you must really be a Papist, I should wish to think well of them, if possible, so tell me; but how can you know? Father Evelyn is too cunning to let you into the secrets before you are trapped.

Lucy [*laughs.*] Trapped indeed! But, Jane, Father Evelyn did not tell me what I am going to tell you, all *sly* and *snug* in the *confessional*; he told it to all the little children, whom he was catechising in the chapel, on Sunday afternoon. He was speaking to them about telling lies; and he said it was so great a sin, that if, by telling one small lie, we could make all England Catholic, or save a thousand

souls, we must not do it. And then he said, that Protestants had a strange notion that a priest could give a person a dispensation to tell a lie; but he said, I need not tell you, my dear children, that no priest has the power to dispense with Almighty God's commands, even if he were so wicked as to wish to do it. There, Jane, what will you say to that? that it was to trap poor little me, I suppose?

Jane. Why, no; if he was teaching his own Catholic children, he could not tell them wrong for the sake of trapping you, to be sure; that would be too absurd. So I suppose that is really Catholic teaching; and if so, how the poor Catholics are slandered!

Lucy. And it is Catholic practice too, dear Jane, if I may judge by those dear little children, who are brought up strict Catholics. They wouldn't tell a lie for any thing; and if they chance to tell me something wrong, by *mistake*, they will come and set it right afterwards.

Jane. Ay, ay, poor little things; between Nurse Rucker and Father Evelyn they are kept strict enough, I'll be bound.

Lucy. You need not pity them, Jane, I assure you. I never saw such happy children as they are; almost always good, and always merry, and sometimes very noisy; they don't seem to be under any great restraint: I suppose because they put the restraint upon themselves. They really wish and try to be

good; and if you tell them that any thing is wrong, that is enough; they don't seem to wish to do it.

Jane. The children must be wonderful children, or Mrs. Godwin must have some wonderful secret for managing them.

Lucy. I can tell you Mrs. Godwin's secret, or a part of it at least; because she told it to me when she was giving me directions as to the way in which I was to manage the children.

Jane. Come, Lucy, tell me this famous secret; for though I have no little brothers and sisters to manage now, I may have little children to look after some of these days.

Lucy. Well, if you should, I advise you to bring them up Catholics; for I am sure it is the easiest way of making them good, and keeping them so. You know the thought that they must go and confess any thing that they do wrong to Father Evelyn, is a great check upon them.

Jane. Oh, to be sure; but are those poor little things really forced to go and confess all their little sins to the priest?

Lucy. It needs no force; they are willing enough to go, for they are very fond of Father Evelyn; and he pets them so; just as if they were his own children.

Jane. Ay, yes; when they are good; but when they have done any thing wrong?

Lucy. Oh, then, they *wish* to go. The

other day dear little Master Edward had been quarrelling with one of his sisters; and, after they had made it up again, I heard them both ask their mamma to let them go to Father Evelyn.

Jane. And did they go?

Lucy. Yes; and came back quite happy: and ever since they have been so good, I have not had a fault to find with them.

Jane. And do you think that they really told all about it?

Lucy. I have no doubt that they did; because little Master Edward was beginning to tell me what Father Evelyn said to him; only Miss Agnes stopped him and reminded him that they were never to tell what was said to them in confession.

Jane. Oh, what a pity! I should so have liked to have heard.

Lucy. And so should I. But it is quite right that nothing should ever be repeated that is said in confession; because how else could any one speak quite freely?

Jane. Oh, Lucy! do you think that the priest never repeats what is said to him in confession? Why, I have heard that he is bound to repeat it all to his Bishop.

Lucy [laughing]. What! all the sins of all his penitents? And then the Bishops, I suppose, go and confess it all again to the Pope! Oh, Jane! don't you see how utterly absurd that idea is?

Jane. To be sure, it would come rather hard upon the poor priest to have to remember every body else's sins as well as his own.

Lucy. And, as it happens, the reality is just the contrary; for Mrs. Morley told me that the priests are bound to try and forget all the confession as soon as it is over; and glad enough, I dare say, they are to do it.

Jane. I don't know for that, Lucy: I think it would be rather amusing to hear the confessions of all one's neighbours, and know all they do wrong; for instance, old Betty.

Lucy. Hush, Jane; oh! hush. How can you talk so? It makes me shudder to hear you. It is bad enough to know of all the wickedness that one cannot help seeing. Who that loves Almighty God can wish to know more?

Jane. You are quite right, Lucy dear, as you generally are; and I was quite wrong, as I generally am. But all this time we have forgotten Mrs. Godwin's receipt for making good children.

Lucy. It is very simple. Always go by right and wrong. If a thing is *right*, it *must* be done. If it is *wrong*, it *must not* be done. Try always to see whether a thing is right or wrong; and, having once determined, never let any persuasions of the children make you alter your determination. Then in things indifferent, things that are neither right nor wrong, oblige the children as far as you can. If you must re-

fuse them, do it at once, kindly, but clearly and firmly; and always keep steadily to what you have once said.

Jane. Well, I dare say that is a good receipt: it sounds sensible, at all events; and must save a great deal of trouble.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, all that begging and praying, which is distressing from children that one loves. We had some visitors at the Hall the other day, and I was quite struck by the difference between their children and ours.

Jane. They were somewhat spoilt, I suppose.

Lucy. Not so much that they were indulged, as that all was uncertain. Sometimes they might do a thing; sometimes they might not: and it generally depended upon what humour their mamma was in. I have heard them say to one another, "Oh, don't ask mamma just now, she is very cross." Or, "Oh, we can get what we like this afternoon, if we beg hard; because mamma is going out, and she is in a hurry;" and then they would go and besiege her, till, to end the worry, she consented to what they asked.

Jane. That would never happen to your children.

Lucy. Oh, no. They know that their mamma does not act without a reason, and therefore there would be no hope of change; and the thought never seems to enter their little heads. But here we have been gossiping away

at a fine rate, my dear Jane, and forgetting how time passes.

Jane. Yes, indeed; and the more's the pity that it passes so quickly when we are together. But you will come back this evening, Lucy dear, and sleep with me, and then we will get a nice chat after we are in bed.

Lucy. But are you quite sure about my uncle, Jane?—he never looked unkindly at me yet; and I would not, for the world, that he should.

Jane. Oh, never fear: I will tell him that you are coming to hear all that he can tell you against the Papishes, and he will be glad enough to see you. Lucy, you know you are a great favourite of his. I don't think he'd care if all the village turned Papist, so much as about you.

Lucy. Poor dear uncle! I must make him a Papist too, if I can.

DIALOGUE III.

Thomas Hartwell, with Mary his wife, Jane his daughter, and John his son, and Lucy Peters, sitting round the table. The women are working; Thomas has his Bible open before him.

Thomas. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I'll tell you what, Lucy, I've been a great deal amongst those Papists at Lisbon, and at Cadiz, and at Malta, and up in all those

parts ; and I've seen plenty of them ; and a dirty, idle, lying, thieving set they are, all the poorer sort ; and as for the gentlefolks, they are, one and all, idolaters. There now, Lucy ; and, as I said before, " by their fruits ye shall know them."

John. Father, are they worse than those bad people Mr. Smith told us of in his sermon for the Floating Church at Wapping, and Red-riff, and all there away, who drink and steal, and never use God's name but to curse and swear by ?

Thomas. Well, I won't say that they were quite so bad, because they don't drink so in those hot countries ; and if they cursed and swore, I did not understand them, as I did not know their language. But those people, that Mr. Smith was preaching about, really are not Christians. They are more like heathens, or even brutes, than Christian men.

Mary. I think I have often heard you say, Thomas, that the waterside people in the great towns are always the worst ; so, perhaps, it is not quite fair to judge the Catholics by what you saw in the seaports.

Lucy. And, dear uncle, if I might say something ; if you would not be offended—

Thomas. Offended ? Oh, no ; by no means. Speak freely, child : if you will tell me all that is in your heart, I shall be better able to set you right. What were you going to say ?

Lucy. I was thinking, uncle, that as the

Catholic religion is very strict, and teaches that people must be sober, and honest, and modest, and pious, if there are bad Catholics, it is not fair to lay their wickedness upon their religion, which teaches them quite the contrary.

Mary. Why, no, to be sure; they are wicked because they disregard their religion.

Jane. Well, that's more than we can say for those that sit under that same Mr. Smith; for he said it did not matter how bad a man was beforehand; that when God's grace came, and he was regenerated, that he would immediately become one of God's saints.

John. Oh, yes; I remember quite well. He said, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint;" and I thought to myself, then what's the use of troubling to be good? I may as well do as I like till God's grace comes, and then I shall be as good as the best of them.

Thomas. It is very wrong to think so, John; and if you sin that grace may abound, remember God may cut you off in your sin, and never send you grace at all.

Jane. Oh, father, if we are predestined to be saved, we shall be saved.

John. And if we are to be damned, we shall be damned; so what can it matter what we do?

Mary. Oh, John, my dear John, don't talk so; it makes my blood curdle to hear you;

whatever Popery may be, I am sure *that* is a wicked doctrine, and leads directly to sin.

John. So it does, mother. I know I have taken less pains to be good ever since I heard that sermon.

Lucy [whispering to Jane]. I am sure nobody would say so after hearing Father Evelyn preach.

Mary [to her husband]. Didn't I tell you, Thomas, what mischief that sermon would do? [*To John.*] My dear child, you must not believe that doctrine. You are a baptized Christian, and in your baptism God gave you power to do your duty; and if you use aright the grace that is given you, He will give you more; but if you sin against that which He has given you, He will take it from you.

John. Like the king in the ten talents?

Jane. Yes; but not like Mr. Smith, no, nor Mr. Evans neither; for only last Sunday, Mr. Evans told us to remember that baptism carried no grace—that it is only a sign.

John. Yes; he shook his head, and said, "*Remember—remember*, that baptism is only a sign." He quite startled me, for I was thinking of something else.

Mary [to herself]. Better so than listen to such false doctrine. What would poor dear Mr. Worth have said to such teaching?

Lucy [overhearing her last words]. Mr. Worth used to teach us as you said just now, aunt, did he not? that in baptism we receive

grace enough to do right, if we sincerely try—that is the Catholic doctrine, too, I believe.

Jane. It is an encouraging doctrine at least, and helps one to struggle to do one's duty.

Lucy. Uncle, which doctrine do you hold with, Mr. Worth's or Mr. Evans'?

Thomas. Why—why—really I don't know. Mr. Worth was an excellent good gentleman as ever lived, and he was said to be a right learned man, and he ought to have known right from wrong in such matters.

Mary. Ay, and depend upon it, Thomas, he did know better than all our fine preachers now-a-days. Here's Mr. Evans preaching just like a Methodist about faith and the new birth; and here's Mr. Meager, who they say is a Papist, all but believing in the Pope.

Philip Somers [*opens the door while she is speaking, and calls out*]. Who's got a word to say against my friend Mr. Meager? Let him speak now, or ever after hold his tongue.

Jane. Well, to be sure, Cousin Philip!

Philip [*mimicking her*]. Well, to be sure, Cousin Jane! You are quite right to speak now, for you would not like "ever after to hold your tongue," I take it. Ah, Lucy, you here? It's months since I have seen you. I am in luck to have come in to-night. [*He squeezes in between Jane and Lucy.*]

Thomas. If you will come and help us to keep Lucy from turning Papist, Philip, it will be lucky for her, and lucky for us all.

Philip. Oh, is that what you are about? I thought you looked wondrous grave, sitting round the big Bible. I am sure I will be very glad to lend Cousin Lucy a helping hand any day in the week. But perhaps if I come in with some of my Meager doctrine, Aunt Mary will say, that *I* am a Papist, all but believing in the Pope, and so I shall do more harm than good.

Lucy. Well then, Philip, you shall come and help me; for you see it's hard work; here's uncle and aunt, and Jane, all against me, three to one—I want a little help.

Jane. Not to turn Papist, Lucy; you want no help for that.

Thomas. No, indeed, you are only too ready for that, Lucy.

Philip. Well, I can't promise to help Lucy to turn Papist. But neither will I help her to turn Protestant.

John [laughing]. How now, Philip! What is dear Cousin Lucy to be then? Neither Papist nor Protestant? She must be a Jew, then. What do you say to that, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, John, I don't think that Mr. Worth, Mr. Evans, Mr. Lowe, nor Mr. Meager, would recommend that.

Thomas. I think Mr. Evans would as soon see you a Jew as a Papist, Lucy, and sooner; because, as he said on Sunday, one may convert a Jew, or convert a nigger; but those Papists are so fully persuaded that their

Church cannot go wrong, that there is no converting them; and I think it's very true. See now, Lucy, you that used to be so humble and modest, and never think of disputing with anybody, here you are now, setting us all at defiance.

Lucy. Oh, no, dear uncle. Oh, no. [*She stops, and begins to cry.*]

Philip. Oh, now that isn't fair, uncle; that is not fair.

Jane. No, that is not fair. Lucy only wants to find out what is the right religion among them all, that she may follow it. I am quite sure of that.

Philip. And how is one to find out among them all without disputing and arguing?

Mary. Ay, indeed, and sad it is to say; but really we are all driven to argue and dispute, whether we will or no, in these days. And so dear husband, you must not be hard upon poor Lucy.

Jane. And, father, you said the other day that you wished that Lucy would come and talk over the matter with us, instead of listening only to that cunning Father Evelyn, and all the Papists about her.

Thomas. Well, that's true; and if Lucy would talk and argue as we used to do, I should be very glad to show her what is reasonable and right; and as I have been a good deal in foreign parts, and am a good deal older

than she is, why, I suppose, I may be a good deal wiser than she is.

Lucy [*looking up through her tears*]. I am sure, dear uncle, I don't doubt that.

Jane. No, no, Lucy dear, nobody could ever accuse you of not being humble enough.

Thomas. Yes, Lucy is a thoroughly good girl; and I wish you were as humble and as meek as she is, Jane. But though Lucy is very humble as to herself, she was not very humble just now to my thinking, when she talked of there being only one true faith in the world, and only one right Church, and making out that the Pope is infallible, and all that. Of course she meant that her faith is the one true faith, and the Roman Church, which is to be her Church, is the only right Church, and all we poor ignorant heretics may go to hell at our leisure. [*Lucy begins to cry afresh. Jane looks angry, and Mary shocked.*]

Philip. Come, come, uncle; you are a great deal too hard upon poor Lucy. Why, if she thinks herself obliged to turn Catholic, to be sure it must be because she thinks their faith true, and the Roman Church right.

Thomas. No, that is not all; I should not complain of that; though I should be sorry enough to see her leaving her own Church, and running after all those Papistical idolatries. But what I don't like, and can't abide, is her thinking her Church right and every body else wrong. Why is she to suppose that

Father Evelyn, with his Jesuit tongue, is all right; and that Mr. Evans, who is well known all through the country as a fine Gospel preacher, is all wrong?

Philip. Well, it is easy to answer you that question, uncle. Father Evelyn professes to teach only what his Church teaches. But Mr. Evans teaches what he himself thinks right.

Thomas. And would you have him teach what he thinks wrong?

Philip. Certainly not. But you must see, uncle, that there is all the difference between a man standing up to preach what has been preached by all the saints and martyrs from the time of the Apostles till now, and another who takes the Bible and studies it for himself, and then teaches what seems to him right. Why it may chance, and often does chance, that a clergyman may alter his views, and so preach very differently at last from what he did at first.

Jane. And both the teachings can't be true.

Thomas. I have heard, Philip, that your fine Mr. Meager was at first a regular Gospel preacher himself.

Philip. Yes, I believe he was what you call a Gospel preacher. But I hope and believe he is a *true* Gospel preacher now.

Thomas. But Lucy, I suppose, thinks him a deadly heretic, fit only to be burned.

Lucy. Oh, pray, dear uncle, don't talk so. I am sure I would not have any body burned;

and I don't really know what is heresy and what is not.

Thomas. But then Lucy, if you do not know what is heresy and what is not, how can you know that the Roman Church is not heretical? that's what I'd like to be informed of.

Lucy. I know that the Church of Christ our Lord *must* be infallible, because He said He would give it the Spirit of Truth to lead it into all truth. And no Church except the Catholic Church pretends to be infallible.

Philip. Well, Lucy, that's a short cut to find the true Church certainly.

Thomas. As if any Church might not say that she was infallible, if that was all.

John. Pray, what does *infallible* mean?

Lucy. It means being preserved from making a mistake as to the true faith.

John. Then do the Roman Catholic priests say that Jesus Christ will always keep them from making mistakes?

Lucy. No, no, my dear John; not the priests by themselves, nor the bishops by themselves, but altogether the whole Church will be preserved from error.

John. But then, as father says, our Protestant Church might say, I am infallible, as well as the Roman Church.

Philip. She might say so, but she doesn't.

Jane. And she shows that she is not infallible, because she lets her ministers teach all sorts of different doctrines.

John. Yes, I see. All of them can't be right; if Mr. Evans is right, Mr. Lowe must be wrong; and if the Church was infallible, she ought to say which is right, and make the other hold his tongue.

Philip [laughing]. Well done, John! You will make a capital Papist. You are half-way to Rome already by Lucy's short cut.

Mary. You laugh, Philip. But what you say is very true. Whoever has got to believe in the infallibility of the Church is half-way to Rome.

Thomas. Yes, wife; and having cast away his humility on the first half of the road, he will get rid of his charity on the last; and then, making sure that himself is right, and all that oppose him wrong, he will be ready to carry the faggots and light the fires in Smithfield, as they did in the days of bloody Mary.

Lucy. Oh, uncle, you don't mean that in these days any body would think of burning heretics?

Philip. No, Lucy; no more than Sir John would think of catching a rich Jew, and pulling out his teeth, one after another, till he got as much money as he wanted. Those were the deeds of wild and wicked times.

Thomas. I know that Papists will say so; but it seems to me that the notion of infallibility leads straight to intolerance.

Mary. "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the

Catholic faith ; which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

John. That comes out of the Athanasian Creed, which is in the Prayer-book.

Philip. The English Church is intolerant too ; eh, Uncle Thomas ?

Thomas. The English Church has never burnt poor creatures wholesale as the Papists have.

Philip. Perhaps not ; but they used to hang up all the poor priests they could catch ; and when they were half dead cut them down, and then rip them up, and throw their bowels into the fire before their faces.

John. Oh, yes, I have read that in the history of England ; and that they used to torture them in all sorts of ways ; run needles under their nails, and stretch all their joints upon the rack, and put them in an iron hoop, and squeeze them together in a round, till the blood spurted out from their eyes and ears, and——

Mary. Oh, hush, child, hush ; don't talk of such horrors.

Philip. As bad or worse than being burnt to death.

John. And all because they would not tell the names of their friends who had hid them. Poor creatures !

Thomas. You talk too fast for the youngest

in the company, John ; so you had better go to bed.

Mary. Yes, go, my child ; you know you must be up early to-morrow morning.

John. Yes, mother ; but I would rather stay a little longer.

Thomas. No, Master John ; off with you to bed ; and remember another time that it becomes boys of fourteen to listen rather than to prate. [*John wishes them all good night ; and meanwhile Thomas says to Mary :*] I don't know what's the use of all that history of England and stuff that they teach them at school now. I wish they would stick to the Catechism, as they did in our day, and teach the children to be modest and obedient. I am sure, at John's age, I should never have dared to put myself forward as he does.

Mary. Certainly young people are not kept in their place as they used to be.

Philip. But, uncle, after all, there is a good deal in what John said. When the Protestants got the power into their hands, they were quite as cruel as the Catholics had ever been.

Thomas. If they were, they ought not to have been, that's all I can say ; because upon their own principles of making out their religion from the Bible, each one for himself, it is clear, as I said to Lucy just now, that no one could be sure he was right and all the rest wrong ; and therefore Protestants *ought* to be liberal

to all opinions, and let every one believe what he likes.

Philip. And do what is right in his own eyes?

Thomas. Why, no; as to doings, we must do what Almighty God has commanded us to do.

Philip. Why more than believe what He has commanded us to believe?

Mary. Certainly we ought to believe what God has revealed to us.

Thomas. No doubt, if we could but know what He has revealed to us; but we don't know.

Jane. Aye, there's the puzzle.

Thomas. And therefore I say we ought to be charitable, and not condemn these who see things differently from us.

Jane. But, dear father, if Almighty God chose to reveal a religion to us, surely He ought to have given us some means of finding out which it is.

Lucy [eagerly]. Yes; and so He has.

Mary. Hark, there is a knock at the door.

Philip. No; it's only the wind shakes the door. What were you going to say, Lucy?

Lucy. I was going to say——

Mary. There is the knock again. I was sure I heard it. [*Philip goes to open the door.*]

Frank Andrews. Is Philip Somers here?

Philip. Yes; here he is as large as life. But come in, Frank; it is too cold to stand and talk with the door open.

Frank [*comes in, and makes his bow to the company, and then, turning to Philip, says:*] I only called to tell you that my father wishes to begin the planting to-morrow early; and if you like to come, he will put you on.

Thomas [*low to his wife*]. Is that the Papist Bailiff's son. If so, I won't have him here.

Mary [*low in return*]. Oh, don't be uncivil, Thomas. Every body says he is a very worthy young man; and he is getting Philip a good job of work for the winter; and who knows but we may do him good, and turn him into a Protestant, if we are friendly with him? [*Thomas says nothing, but looks very cross.*]

Mary. It's a cold night, Mr. Andrews; won't you come near the fire and take a seat?

Frank. Thank you; if I don't intrude.

Philip [*giving him a chair*]. Oh, no, indeed, you are come in very good time; for what do you think we were talking of when you knocked?

Frank. I am sure I cannot guess.

Philip. Why, of your religion.

Frank. Indeed! and how came you to be talking of that?

Thomas [*bluntly*]. Why, my niece Lucy there, is, I am sorry to say it, thinking of turning Papist; and I was saying what I could to dissuade her.

Frank. I don't wonder at that, I am sure; for the Catholic religion is so very much misunderstood by Protestants, that they may well dread to see any of their friends conforming to

it. I have often said, that if the Catholic religion were really what Protestants suppose it to be, I must be a Protestant myself.

Thomas. Why, for the matter of that, I think I must know something about the Catholic religion. I have been a great deal abroad, in countries where Popery was the established religion ; and I saw enough of their mummary and superstition with my own eyes.

Frank. Yes ; you saw their ceremonies ; but perhaps you did not know many Catholics, and had not the opportunity of asking explanations. In a foreign country it is easy to misunderstand things, and especially if one does not speak the language.

Philip. We were talking about the intolerance of your Church, Frank, when you came in.

Frank. If the Church is to be the keeper and witness of the truth, she must be intolerant of error. If she tolerated any thing but the one true faith, she would betray her trust,—she would no longer be the “pillar and ground of the truth,” as St. Paul calls her.

Mary. But the Church ought not to put to death all those who differ from her.

Thomas. Still less burn them alive.

Frank. Certainly not ; the Church cannot tolerate cruelty any more than heresy.

Philip. Oh, but Frank, do you mean to deny that there were hundreds of persons burnt alive before the Reformation, for being Protestants ?

Frank. No, indeed, I don't mean to deny

it ; and very sad it is to think of. But I do mean to say that it was not the *Church* that put those wretched people to death. On the contrary, the Church, as a Church, has always discouraged cruelty, and especially taking away life.

Philip. Well, Frank, this is new light.

Frank. Indeed, Philip, it is very old light ; for I assure you there is a *very old* law, which forbids any clergyman from even sitting in judgment in a case of life and death.

Thomas. But do you mean to say that, in the times of bloody Mary, the Bishops and Archbishops did not sit in judgment upon Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley, and all the glorious Protestant martyrs, and sentence them to death ?

Mary, Philip, and Jane, all at once. Oh, oh, you cannot mean that !

Frank. Allow me to explain a little. The case was this. The persons you speak of were accused of heresy ; and for that they were brought before the Bishops (for it was not supposed that any persons except clergymen would be able to say exactly what was heresy).

Thomas. Well ; and then the Bishops pronounced them guilty of heresy, and condemned them to be burnt.

Frank. No ; I beg your pardon ; the Bishops pronounced them to be heretics, and degraded them, if they were priests. But the judge was then expressly desired to declare that

his power went no further ; and he was also required to *beg mercy* for the wretched persons when they were turned over to the secular arm (perhaps you will remember the expression, Philip) in order that they might suffer the punishment to which the *civil* law of the land, and not the laws of the *Church*, sentenced them.

Philip. Yes, I do remember the expression ; but I don't know clearly what it means. What is the secular arm ?

Frank. It only means the power of the *State*, as distinguished from the power of the *Church*. It appears in history, that when England was all Catholic, and all, except a very few, of *one* religion, there was a great feeling against bringing in new opinions, and unsettling the minds of the people.

Mary. Ay, and to be sure they were right there ; and we see now, in our sad quarrels and divisions, all the mischief that was done by setting ignorant people, who did not understand such matters, to teach and preach. That made all our sects of Dissenters.

Philip. Oh, you don't suppose they knew beforehand what would come of letting all read the Bible, and interpret it for themselves.

Frank. No, perhaps not ; but they opposed it upon a better principle, and one that could not mislead them.

Mary. A better principle ?

Frank. Yes, better, because surer. They

acted in obedience to the teaching of the Bible, as interpreted by the Church.

Mary. I don't understand you, Mr. Frank.

Philip. Nor I, Mr. Frank; so please to explain what you mean.

Frank. St. Paul says, "Obey your prelates, and be subject to them." You must excuse my quoting from the Catholic translation, because I am not well acquainted with the Protestant; but I believe the sense is much the same in both, in this passage.

Thomas. There is no such text in our Bible, I am almost sure.—Mary, you know your Bible pretty well; do you remember it?

Mary. No, I don't, indeed; but I don't so often read St. Paul's Epistles, because I can't understand them.

Frank. Perhaps you will lend me your Bible; I think I can find it. [*Jane gives him the Bible; and while he turns over the pages, Thomas says:*]

You may look long enough, I suspect; I don't think you will find it in the Bible. It sounds to me very much like a Popish text.

Frank [*looks up, and smiles, and says:*] Do you think, then, that we alter the Bible? I thought we were accused of keeping the Bible out of the way, because it made too much against us.

Thomas. I believe your priests do both, and any thing else, to serve their Church.

Frank [*looks up again, and, smiling, says:*]

I assure you, we are not so wicked or so crafty as you suppose us ; and as to the Bible, you know you have your Bible from us.

Thomas. Yes ; but you have put the Apocrypha into your Bible.

Philip. Or rather, the Reformers left it out of ours, uncle.

Frank. Not the Reformers ; they left it in, and ordered it to be read in the daily lessons, at one time of the year ; at least, I have heard so ; but you ought to know best, Philip.

Philip. I think you are quite right, Frank ; and Mr. Meager said the other day that it was almost a new fashion, printing all the Bibles without the Apocrypha.

Jane. I wonder why it was done.

Frank [*looks at her, and answers, smiling*]. Because it contains several very strong texts in favour of Catholic doctrine.—Oh, here it is—the 17th verse of the last chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews : “ Obey them that have the rule over you.”

Thomas. Ah, that is very different ; of course, we are to obey those that “ have the rule over us.”

Mary. That is, in the Church—the Bishops, I suppose.

Philip. And the priests, too ; why not, aunt ?

Mary. Yes, why ? only that the clergy differ so much among themselves, that we should not know which of them to obey.

Philip. And, for that matter, I don't know that the Bishops pull together much better than their priests.

Frank. However it is the Bishops that are meant; for the word Prelate means a Bishop.

Lucy. And a Bishop, Miss Benson said, means an overseer.

Frank. Yes, one set over us; and that is just the same as Prelate.

Jane. Oh, but we are running quite away from the Reformation, and the burning of the Protestants by the Papists; and I am very curious to know how you are going to defend them, Mr. Frank.

Frank [*smiling*]. I am not going to defend them at all. I abhor such doings as much as any Protestant can do. I was only going to explain, that it was not the *Church* that was to blame.

Lucy. Oh, yes; pray go on, and show that.

Jane. Ah, Lucy, you are going to take a lesson.

Lucy. I am very glad of so good an opportunity.

Frank. I was saying that, when all the new opinions in religion began to be spread about, the great majority of the people wished to put them down, not exactly because they foresaw all the mischief and misery that must arise from differences in religion, but because they had been always taught that it is the duty of the clergy to teach the people, and the duty

of the people to submit to the clergy, to their prelates, to those that are set over them.

Jane. Oh, yes; that was the way we came to the prelates.

Frank. And therefore they set about to put down disobedience to the Church, just as they did treason to the state, by making severe laws against the offenders; and as one punishment after another was found too little to restrain the people, laws more and more severe were made; all sorts of torments were used, both for civil and religious treason.

Thomas. And by Papists.

Frank. By Catholics, I grant you.

Philip. By Bishops and Archbishops.

Frank. Yes, indeed; such was the barbarous cruelty of the times. By Churchmen; but still not by the *Church*.

Thomas. I don't see the difference.

Frank. There is, however, a great difference; and I think I can make it clear to you by something that passed just now, as to the different teaching of your different ministers. You will allow that your Church, if a true Church, cannot teach all these different doctrines. For instance, your Prayer-book teaches, I believe the same as our Church, that an infant, when it is baptised, is regenerated, born again; but many of your ministers teach that baptism is not a means of grace, but only a sign or emblem. Now, in this case, if I am right—

Philip. Quite right.

Frank. Then, in this case, the English Church teaches one thing, and English Churchmen another. Have I made it clear?

Mary. Quite clear; and alas, it is too true!

Frank. Then now you will understand that the Churchmen, Bishops, and Archbishops, might really give in to the cruelty of the day, and even urge the making of these cruel laws, in the vain hope of thereby keeping out heresy and schism, and yet the Church be quite opposed to such crimes; and, indeed, it is clear that she was so; because, as I told you just now, the Bishops *could* not pass sentence of death on a heretic; they could only declare a man a heretic, and then the civil judges laid hold of him; and if he would not recant and submit, they condemned him to death or imprisonment, as the case might be.

Thomas. Ay, ay, bloody-minded villains!

Frank. Some of them, perhaps; but some of them, history tells us, were persons of mild and humane temper, who gave way unwillingly to what they believed to be a duty—a hard duty; or struggled in vain against the violence of the times.

Philip. Yes, Cardinal Pole, bloody Mary's cousin.

Frank. The last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury?

Philip. Yes; he got up and made a speech

in the Queen's Council against putting any body to death for their religion.

Frank. And you will observe that he was the Pope's legate—his representative, that is; and the King of Spain's chaplain actually preached a sermon against persecution, and defied any body to find a text of Holy Scripture to justify it.

Lucy [to Jane]. Catholics quoting the Bible, you see.

Frank [to Lucy]. Is your cousin surprised to hear of Catholics quoting the Bible? You can tell her, not only that they quote the Bible, but that there is no part of the Bible that they are afraid to quote. But I was going to say, with regard to the Church, that the laws which she lays down are very strict with regard to shedding blood or taking away life; so that, if a priest were to kill a person by mere accident, he would be immediately suspended, as incapable of doing duty.

Philip. Not allowed to do duty in the Church?

Frank. Neither in the Church, nor any where else, *as a priest.*

Jane. Mr. Frank, I can help you in defending the Catholics.

Frank. I am sure I shall be very glad of such a good help. In what way will you help me?

Jane. By reminding you that people who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.

Whatever the Catholics did when they had the upper-hand, the Protestants were as bad when they came into power. I am sure poor old Judy Magrath has often made my blood run cold with her stories of how the Protestants used to torture and murder the Catholics in Ireland.

Frank. It is true, indeed; and if you were to read some of the accounts of the sufferings of the Catholics in England since the "Reformation," you would shudder. I could tell you of a lady in whose family my great grandfather lived, who was taken up for having relieved a poor hunted priest; and as she would neither betray the poor priest, nor turn Protestant herself, she was squeezed to death between two boards, a sharp stone having been placed under her back-bone.* [*Mary, Jane, and Lucy, all exclaim with horror.*]

Frank. It is quite true, I assure you; and you will find many, many more stories as sad, if you will inquire; for whatever English people may have come to think, by hearing only one side, Protestants have persecuted as much and as cruelly, and much more so, than Catholics have ever done.

Philip. Fair play is fair play; Jane helped you just now, Frank; and now I will help you. I was reading yesterday, in an old magazine, some account of what has been going on in

* For this, and many other sad stories of the same kind, see Bp. Challoner's "Modern British Martyrology."

some of the South Sea Islands, where our missionaries were established, and had got the power pretty well into their own hands; and when some Catholic missionaries came, they not only treated them very ill, but they made some very cruel laws against any of the poor natives who should turn Catholics!

Frank. Yes; and that, poor people, they were very willing to do, because the Catholic missionaries are so much more mild and gentle than the Protestant teachers.

Philip. Yes; so said this account. It seems that the Protestant missionaries are very, very strict; they wont let the poor natives dance or sing, or play of an evening, as they have been used to do; and if they do, they are whipped and punished severely.

Jane. But that is punishing them like children for being naughty and disobedient; but that is not like persecuting them on account of religion.

Philip. I did not say it was: but you are always too quick, Jane; I was only showing you why the poor natives were willing to turn Catholics.

Frank. The natives of those islands are passionately fond of music; and they will spend whole nights in singing; and our missionaries (the Catholic missionaries) take advantage of that taste to teach them their religion.

Philip. Ay, and a very good thought too. But for that or whatever other reason, many

of the natives prefer being Catholics, and this made the Protestant missionaries very angry: and as they were in the country first and had obtained great power with the Queen, they persuaded her to insist upon these poor people going to the Protestant meeting-house; and those that refused were flogged and imprisoned, and forced to do hard labour, like convicts in England.

Mary. Oh, Philip, are you sure that those magazines tell true? I cannot believe that such things are going on now.

Frank. I hope, I am sure, that they are not going on now; but I assure you they have been going on till very lately; and I can show you, if you will allow me, in one of the numbers of our Missionary Reports, the story of a poor young woman in one of the Sandwich Islands, who had a very young baby. Her name was Alodia.

Jane. What a pretty-sounding name! had she been christened?

Frank. Yes; and you will see that she was a real Christian. As she would not be a Protestant, she was sentenced to hard labour and imprisonment.

Mary. What, with the baby? Oh, poor thing!

Frank. And that was not the worst; for they were kept for three days without food, till a friendly Catholic contrived to give her and her companions a root something like a beet-root.

This the charity of the rest bestowed on poor Alodia, who had to suffer hunger for two——

Mary. Oh, how shocking! how very cruel!

Frank. Shall I tell you the rest of the story?

Jane. Oh, yes, pray do!

Frank. Poor Alodia and her companions were set to make mats; she was so exhausted by starvation and suffering that she could not perform her task.

Lucy. Oh, poor thing! I hope they did not punish her.

Frank. No; the charity of her companions saved her from that; they shared her task and performed it among them; and when they returned to their prison, they carried her on their backs by turns; for she could not walk.

Jane. And what was the end? was she not released?

Frank. Yes; Almighty God released her, and took her to Himself. She died.

Mary. And her poor baby?

Frank. It lived, and was taken care of by one of the other Christian converts; and doubtless an especial blessing was upon the martyr's orphan. [*A few minutes' silence.*]

Lucy. What a sad, beautiful story!

Jane. I have read many of the Missionary Reports, but I never read any thing like that in them.

Frank. If you like to read some of *our* reports, you would find many such and more

wonderful even, as far as the sufferings of the martyrs are concerned.

Mary. I had no idea there were martyrs any where in these days.*

Jane. And are the Catholics persecuting the Protestants any where now?

Frank. No, I don't believe they are; I have never heard of it any where.

Jane. Then you really mean to say, Mr. Frank, that we are the worst persecutors of the two. [*Frank makes her a bow.*]

Philip. Hem! that is a strange conclusion to our argument.

Thomas. That is easier to say than to prove, though.

Jane. You said, Mr. Frank, that if we would read Catholic accounts of these matters, we should come more to the truth of them. Will you lend me a book which——

Thomas. Jane, I will have no Popish books in my house.

Philip. But, uncle, how can we expect to come at the truth, unless we are willing to see what is said on both sides?

* While these pages were preparing for publication, the papers have been full of melancholy accounts of the cruel persecutions of the Catholics by the Protestants in Switzerland. Aged monks and harmless nuns—monks of St. Bernard, who lived only to save and guide the bewildered stranger, lost amid the snowy mountains—Sisters of Charity, whose employment is to nurse the sick and the dying—all alike turned out of their houses, stripped and plundered. A good and innocent priest was seized, ripped open, a stick stuck across his inside, and carried in triumph through the streets. And this by Protestants, who call Catholics persecutors!

Thomas. You are a very clever fellow, Philip, and perhaps if you read both sides you may be cleverer still. But as for Jane, let her stick to her Bible and Prayer-book ; that was enough to make her grandmother a good woman, and that is enough to make her one too. [*A pause.*]

Frank [*says to Philip*]. It is getting late ; I think we had better be turning homeward. [*He wishes them all good night, and with Philip takes leave. Thomas turns round to the fire, and does not wish them good night.*]

DIALOGUE IV.

Frank and Philip walking home.

Philip. What a beautiful night, and the moon so bright sailing amongst those heavy clouds !

Frank. A fitting emblem of the Church.

Philip. How so ? I don't see that exactly.

Frank. She receives her light from the sun, and dispenses it to all during his absence. Her brightness is often obscured by heavy clouds, but they pass by, and she shines forth again in full splendour.

Philip. Just as the Church is sometimes obscured by persecution, you mean ?

Frank. Yes ; in this country of ours, the Church had well-nigh disappeared entirely, so violent and so long continued was the perse-

cution ; and yet you hear Protestants always talk as if Catholics alone were guilty of persecution.

Philip. Do you really think, Frank, that Protestants have been the greatest persecutors of the two ?

Frank. I am quite sure of it ; and if you were to read the histories of foreign countries, you would see it plainly—the cruelties of the Huguenots in France, of the Calvinists in Holland, of the Anabaptists in Germany, are most dreadful.

Philip. I don't remember ever to have read much about them.

Frank. That is, because you have read, of course, Protestant historians ; and they, naturally enough, slur over the cruelties of their own party, and dwell upon every thing they can rake together against the Catholics.

Philip. Remember, remember the fifth of November, gunpowder, treason and plot !—eh, Frank ?

Frank. And I may bid you remember Titus Oates and his plot, which was much worse than your fifth of November affair.

Philip. That's a strong thing to say, Frank.

Frank. It's true though, Philip ; and I think you will allow it, if you compare the two. The gunpowder treason was a plot got up by a few fanatics, driven almost mad by severe persecution, not allowed to practise the rites of their religion, deprived of the sacraments, and

hunted like wild beasts from one end of the country to the other. What wonder if among the Catholics so treated some few were found whose patience failed under such severe trial, and who were betrayed into attempts to rid themselves of their persecutors, even by great crimes? Think a little what it would be, Philip, to see your mother carried off to die of a gaol-fever, in a dirty, wretched prison; your father first tortured and then hanged; your children taken from you to be brought up in a religion which you believed would peril their souls; yourself ruined by heavy fines, and your wife taken from you and kept in confinement in the house, perhaps of your bitterest enemy. Are you sure you could have borne all this patiently? All this, and *much more*, for I have not told you half of what the Catholics had to suffer for years, and years, and years; and all for what? Just because they would not give up the religion of their forefathers, the religion in which they had been brought up.

Philip. Nay, Frank, I have always heard that it was because they were *traitors* and *rebels*, and not because they were *Catholics*, that they were so hunted down.

Frank. That is not the right account of the matter, Philip. The truth is, that old Harry the Eighth made it high treason to deny that *he* was *head of the Church*. Now, as Catholics believe the Pope to be head of the Church, they became, *by his law*, guilty of high treason,

—traitors and rebels. But you will not call this justice, Philip, however it might be law.

Philip. They might make it law, but they could not make it *justice*, certainly.

Frank. And now look a little at Titus Oates and his plot.

Philip. I remember something about it; but I can't say I know the story as well as I do all about Guy Fawkes and his barrels of gunpowder.

Frank. The story would be too long to tell you, so you must look into the History of England that you showed me yesterday out of your parochial library, and there you will find the whole account.

Philip. Too long! oh, stuff and nonsense, just tell it me in short. Titus Oates sounds like a make-believe name.

Frank. A make-believe name indeed it was, in one sense. Titus Oates was a clergyman of the Established Church, a man of infamous character, and under the patronage of the ministers of those days; and with the help of two or three more as bad as himself, he cooked up a sham plot, and accused the Catholics of intending to murder the King and overturn the government, with such ridiculous circumstances that nobody in their senses could have believed him.

Philip. Do you mean, then, that there was no real plot at all?

Frank. None, it was all a sham got up

against the Catholics; and at last, but unluckily not till a great many persons had been put to death, it was found out to be all false, and Titus Oates was, tried for perjury, and condemned to be put in prison for the rest of his life, to be twice publicly whipped, and five times in the year put in the pillory.

Philip. Well, it's pretty clear what they thought of him at last.

Frank. At last? No, not quite *at last*; for when William the Third came to be king, at what you Protestants call the glorious Revolution, this wretched man was taken out of prison, and not only set at liberty, but well pensioned for the rest of his days.

Philip. And people knew that he was a perjured villain. What a shame.

Frank. Now, remember what I said, and compare the Gunpowder-plot, with which we are always reproached, with this Protestant-plot got up against us. Take Guy Fawkes, as the story is told by you Protestants: he, and a few other men, driven to desperation by the cruelty with which they were oppressed, entered into a plot to destroy their oppressors, and set themselves and their religion free. This was a great sin: but it was the sin of a few private individuals, and it had the excuse of great provocation.

Philip. Well, certainly, I won't say that if I was driven and hunted about as you say the Catholics were, I might not have rolled in a

barrel under the Parliament-house too, as well as Guy Fawkes; or at least lent him a lantern.

Frank. I hope you would not; for to give any help to such a scheme must be mortal sin. But now, look at the Protestant-plot: ministers, judges, juries, the king himself, and both houses of parliament, all join in trying and putting to death *men of good character*—peers and priests—upon the evidence of two or three men whom they knew to be men of infamous character. Nor did they scruple to strain and violate all the forms of law and justice to obtain their end—the condemnation of the poor Catholics; and this for two years together.

Philip. Are you quite sure, Frank, that this is all true?

Frank. Look into any of your Protestant histories of England, and you will see that I have not made the worst of it by any means. And now I ask you, Philip, after all you have heard this evening, is it fair to accuse the Catholics, as if they were bloody-minded persecutors above all the rest of the world? I ask you, is it fair?

Philip. Why, certainly as you make it out, the Catholics seem to have had the worst of it in England at least.

Frank. Yes; and remember, as I said just now, that the Catholics were only holding on to the religion of their fathers, the religion in which they had been born and brought up;

while the Protestants were bringing in new-fangled fancies of their own.

Philip. New-fangled fancies, Frank? Were they not rather throwing off the new-fangled fancies and corruptions of Popery, and returning to the religion of the first and purest ages of the Church?

Frank [*smiling*]. See Mr. Meager's last sermon. You think, then, that the Church had become corrupt?

Philip. Certainly I do. I believe she had fallen into idolatry in worshipping the Virgin Mary and the Saints.

Frank. The gates of hell had then prevailed against the Church, and our Lord's promise was broken: Philip, that sounds very like blasphemy!

Philip. I confess it does. But then how can we get over the fact? If the Church has fallen into idolatry, why she has; and we must allow it.

Frank. Fallen into idolatry! nonsense, Philip! I thought you knew better than that. Surely you don't suppose that we worship images and candlesticks?

Philip. No; but you do pray to the Virgin Mary and the Saints.

Frank. Certainly we do. But *that* is not idolatry. Suppose I were in great pain, and asked you to pray for me to Almighty God that I might be relieved, would that be idolatry?

Philip. No ; but you *praise* the Saints and *worship* them, as well as pray to them.

Frank. And when the mayor made that fine speech to Sir John, after his election last year, and praised and belauded him up to the skies, was the mayor an idolater ?

Philip. Why, no. What, then, is idolatry ?

Frank. It is giving to any creature the honour due to Almighty God. It consists neither in praising nor praying to any person or image.

Philip. No ; but in worshipping them.

Frank. In worshipping them *as God*. You must put that in, or else when you go to be married, *you* will be an idolater. For in your marriage-service you must say to your wife, “with my body I thee worship.” At least I have heard so. Is it true ?

Philip. Yes ; but that means a quite different sort of worship, a great respect only.

Frank. Exactly ; that is why I said worshipping creatures *as God*. To worship any creature, and *give it the honour due to God*, this is idolatry, and *nothing else*.

Philip. But, Frank, when you call the Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven, Mother of God, and all those high titles, is not that something very near idolatry ?

Frank. I think not. Let us see ; you have mentioned the highest of all the titles that we give to our Blessed Lady, “Mother of God.” You will allow that is a right title : she is the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ who is —

Philip. Very God of very God. Yes, I must allow she has a right to that glorious title.

Frank. Why is it a *glorious* title?

Philip. Why? Why is it glorious to be the Mother of God? What a question!

Frank. You think, then, that the glory of the Blessed Virgin Mother depends entirely upon the rank (if I may be allowed to use such an expression) of her Son?

Philip. Yes, certainly. If, as Socinians say, He had been mere man, we should have given her no more honour than any other woman.

Frank. Very true. Do you not see, then, clearly that all the honour we pay to her is really honour paid to her ever-blessed Son, our Lord Jesus Christ?

Philip [after a pause]. Yes, so it is, indeed.

Frank. And do you not, also, see that the more we honour and love our Blessed Lord, so much the more, *for His sake, and on His account*, must we love and honour His Blessed Mother? This, then, cannot be idolatry; it is only one form of honouring and worshipping Almighty God Himself, to honour her, whom He chose from amongst all women to be the mother of his well-beloved Son.

Philip. Yes, I see; we honour her because He honoured her, and for His sake; and so we fulfil her own prophecy, "All generations shall call me blessed."

Frank. Exactly, now you have got it; and observe, this kind of honour we Catholics have

a name for ; we call it “*relative honour* ;” and we give a *relative honour* to every thing that in any way belongs to Almighty God ; from our Blessed Lady and the Saints in heaven down to the little baby just baptised on earth—we honour each because it belongs to God ; and not living beings only, but the church, the altar, the sacred vessels ; every thing, the smallest, employed in the service of God, each has its own appropriate share of *relative honour*.

Philip. Every thing except God’s holy word, Frank ; you won’t say that you honour that as much as we Protestants do.

Frank. I will say that we Catholics honour the Holy Scriptures *much more* than the Protestants do.

Philip. Oh, Frank, that is too much. “The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible ;” that is our war-cry against you Papists.

Frank. Yes ; and like many another war-cry, it has more sound than sense in it. You cry out for the whole Bible, and you reject fourteen books out of the thirty-eight which make up the Old Testament.

Philip. Oh, you mean Bel and the Dragon, and those books ; but those are not in the Bible, but in the Apocrypha.

Frank. That is to say, you give them the nick-name of apocryphal, which means ‘doubtful,’ and then reject them as if they were doubtful ; whereas, in truth, up to the time of

the so-called Reformation, nobody ever thought of doubting. And if what Mr. Meager told you is true, it seems that it is only of late years that these books have been so completely turned out of your Bibles.

Philip. It is sure that the first lessons at this time of year are taken out of the Apocrypha; so I suppose at first we had the same Bible as you.

Frank. Yes, the same Bible which the Catholic Church has preserved to us for more than eighteen hundred years; and in less than three hundred years the Protestants have, it seems, dropped, practically at least, fourteen books out of the thirty-eight. Which, think you, Philip, really honours God's Holy Word most?

Philip. Why, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, I suppose I must allow that you have the best claim to boast about "the *whole* Bible."

Frank. And not only do we treasure and value every book in the Bible, Philip, but every text in every book. There is not a text that does not find its place in the Catholic system, not one which a Catholic is not bound strictly to obey.

Philip. How you talk, Frank? Surely the Protestants obey the Bible, at least as well as the Catholics.

Frank. "Confess your sins one to another." How do Protestants obey that, Philip? "Is

any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord?" When do Protestants obey this text, Philip? "Hear the Church." How do Protestants obey that, Philip? or that text which I quoted this evening, "Obey your prelates, and be subject to them." What does your friend Mr. Meager say to that?

Philip. Well, Frank, I am glad you are out of breath at last; I thought your zeal would not hold out all the way up hill. And now it's my turn. "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." How do Catholics obey that, Frank? "Let no man beguile you of your reward into voluntary worshipping of angels." How agrees the Catholic doctrine of guardian-angels with that, Frank? "One Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." How agrees the praying to the Saints with that, Frank? "Search the Scriptures." How can the Catholic do that, when he is not allowed to have the Scriptures in his own language, Frank?

Frank [laughing]. Does *your* breath fail, Philip?

Philip [laughing]. No, nor my texts neither; the *best*—the crowning one—is to come. "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do." What would Father Evelyn and his rosary say to that, Frank?

Frank. You must be hard up for texts, if

you cannot do better than that, Philip. For your first, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," why did you not go on to the rest of the commandment, "thou shalt not adore them nor serve them?" Why, but because you know very well that Catholics do not serve and adore the images that they make; and so your argument would have been naught.

Philip. But you are commanded not to *make* them.

Frank. Not to make them for the purpose of idolatry; but as to making them simply for instruction or other innocent purpose, remember that Almighty God himself commanded Moses to make two cherubim of gold, and put up over the mercy-seat; so to *make* them could not be wrong.

Philip. I suppose you are right, Frank, for I don't think you would quote falsely; but for myself, I confess I know nothing about the cherubim and the mercy-seat.

Frank. Well, that is no great wonder; and probably I might not have known any thing about it either, only that living amongst Protestants who were always attacking me, I was obliged to learn all these things in order to defend myself, or rather my religion. Now let us go back to your texts. But do you give up this one about graven images?

Philip. Yes; to say the truth, I guessed pretty well what you would say to it.

Frank. More's the pity, then, that you brought it forward, Philip: religion is too awful a thing to be argued about for amusement-sake. I am very glad to explain any thing I can to you in my poor way, if you seriously wish for information; but if we are to argue only for fun or for victory, let us find something else than religion to argue about, if you please.

Philip. No, no, my dear Frank. I am really and seriously anxious to know the rights of the matter between the two religions; and when I can see my way clear, I shall not be afraid to turn Catholic, or any thing else, so as I find the truth.

Frank. I am truly thankful to hear you say that. There is always a blessing for a sincere and willing mind; and I believe that the arguments on the Catholic side are so plain, that nothing but strong prejudice, or a determination not to believe, could prevent people from being convinced by them.

Philip. Well, now explain my text about the worship of angels; for that I did bring forward in all sincerity; it does seem to me to go right against you Papists.

Frank. Oh, indeed! Well, I think I can easily satisfy you about that. The fact is, that it is known by the books of ancient writers who lived long before there were any such things as Protestants, that St. Paul was warning the Colossians against such a worship of

angels, as was taught by Simon Magus and his followers. They offered sacrifice to all angels, bad as well as good, and styled them mediators between God and man, instead of Christ Jesus our Lord; and so, if you look, you will see in the next verse St. Paul says of them, "Not holding the head;" so that cannot concern Catholics, for they never have been accused of not holding the head. They have ever been the most zealous and devoted defenders of the doctrine of our blessed Lord's divinity; and, as I said just now, have always shown their love for Him by their especial love to His ever-blessed Mother.

Philip. Well, Frank, I suppose I must give up that text, in submission to your learned old doctors, as far at least as the worship of angels is concerned; but then your explanations will come in very handy to back up my next text about *one* mediator. You allow that there must be only *one* mediator between God and man, as my text says.

Frank. Yes, certainly, "there can be but one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;" but now do as we did before, go on to the next verse, "who gave himself a redemption for all," and this explains what sort of a mediator he was. Being both God and man, He could, in His human nature, bear the punishment of sin, and in His divine nature propitiate His offended Father. No one else could do that.

Philip. No, that is plain.

Frank. But there are *other sorts* of mediators. A mediator means a go-between, and sometimes an intercessor. In that sense the angels, or even our friends on earth, may be mediators between us and God; they may intercede for us, as St. Paul asked the Corinthians to do for him. Oh, I remember I was once talking over this matter with a very clever young man, a Protestant, as I am now with you, only it was in the house, and we had our Bibles before us, and he showed me a place in which St. Paul calls *Moses* a mediator. I do not now recollect exactly where it was, but I have got it written down at home, and I will show it to you the first time you call in.

Philip. And did the young man show you a text that made against himself?

Frank. Yes; he was not “arguing for *victory*, he wished to find the *truth*,” Philip.

Philip. And did he find the truth?

Frank. I think he did. He became a very good Catholic, and died very happy. But now for the next text; we are near the turning, and then we must part company, you know.

Philip. “Search the Scriptures;” but I see at once that I must give that up, for you know more of the Scriptures than I do.

Frank. No, Philip, I don’t; or if I do, it is accidental, for Catholics in general—that is, common people like you and me—do not know so much of Holy Scripture as Protestants do.

Mind, I don't tell you that they don't understand it as well, for I think they understand it much better; but they cannot quote it so glibly, nor find the passages so fast as you Protestants do.

Philip. No wonder; for I suppose it is not dinned into you at school as it is into us. I am sure in our schools the little children begin to read the Bible before they can read at all, or at least before they read without spelling half the words.

Frank. Well, I don't think that is honouring the Word of God, to use it like a primer.

Philip. It is intended to do it honour, I believe; but certainly it is a great mistake, for I have often seen Bibles very carelessly and irreverently used, and sometimes sent flying across the room in a battle of books at school.

Frank. In our Church, when a priest takes the Gospel in his hand, he always kisses it, in token of reverence and affection, before he reads; and I remember to have read of one of the saints, that he always read the Holy Scriptures on his knees. That looks as if Catholics honoured it most, after all.

Philip. But about searching the Scriptures; you think, then, in that one thing that the Protestants have the best of it?

Frank. Oh, no, no, by no means. I don't think that Protestants in general *know how* to search the Bible *so as to come at the truth*; they read and read, and puzzle and puzzle, and

try to make out the sense of one part by another.

Philip. Well, and isn't that the best way?

Frank. No; the best way is, just to learn of those who are authorised to teach by the Church. For eighteen hundred years have the best and the cleverest men, the holiest saints, and the wisest philosophers, been occupied in studying the Holy Scriptures, and all their writings have been sifted and sifted, and the best treasured up; and don't you think you would be more likely to come at the true sense of Holy Scripture by their teaching, than by endless puzzling of your own poor brains?

Philip. Why, yes, to be sure. I allow the Bible is a very difficult book to understand. I am sure I used to dislike reading it at school very much; partly, to be sure, because I got tired of reading it so often; and partly, also, because I could not understand it.

Frank. Ay, ay; so you see our scheme is really the best, after all. Let the *wise* and the *holy* men "search the Scriptures;" and then, dividing the word of truth, give to each one the portion which he is capable of receiving.

Philip. Certainly that sounds reasonable; but still I think it would be very queer not to know all about Noah and his ark, and Joseph and his brethren, and the rest of it.

Frank. Oh, you know we learn all that, only in a different way; not out of the Bible itself, but out of Catechisms and little books that

are written simply and plainly on purpose; and the precepts of the Bible we are taught in our Catechisms. You see every thing comes easy to us, because we have only to hear the Church; and she, like a good mother, will teach us all that it is necessary for us to know, without troubling us with what is above our mark. But look, we are close to the turning off.

Philip. Oh, yes, we shall not have time for my last text.

Frank. "The crowning one." Oh, we will soon settle that. All the *vain* repetitions I give you up at once; and you will allow me as many repetitions as I please, I suppose, if they are *not vain*. And who shall judge of that but Almighty God, who reads the hearts of men?

Philip. Oh, Frank, is that the way you mean to get off? I intend to attack you about telling your beads: will you defend that?—I am curious to see.

Frank. Oh, to be sure; but it must be to-morrow. We shall be working together, for I am going to help in the planting, as I have nothing better to do. It is very hard for us poor Catholics to get employment.

Philip. Well, at least I am glad that you have no better employment just now; we will have a long talk to-morrow and next day; and on Sunday I will go with all my knowledge, and bully my cross old uncle. He really be-

haved abominably to-night; but I will make him knock under.

Frank. Hush! hush! Philip. You should not talk so of your uncle.

Philip. Oh, he is not really my uncle.

Frank. How do you mean? Mrs. Hartwell is your aunt, is she not?

Philip. No. My father married her sister as his second wife, that's all; and so I have always called her aunt and him uncle; but in truth he is no relation to me; so I owe him no reverence, you know.

Frank. Hem! I don't think I do know that exactly. But if not as an uncle, at least as an old man, you owe him respect. He must be three times your age, Philip.

Philip. I suppose he is, almost. But that's no reason that he should be so uncivil to me and to my friend. He might have said "Good night" to *you*, at least.

Frank. I am a Papist, Philip; and he thinks, poor man! that all Papists are Guy Fawkes's [*laughing*]. I shouldn't wonder if he will look carefully into the cupboard to-night to be sure that I did not contrive to slip in a little canister of gunpowder and a few lucifers!

Philip. It would have been rather good fun to have slipped a squib into the fire.

Frank. No, no, Philip; the fewer squibs and crackers in religion the better.

Philip. Well, don't you fall in love with my

pretty cousin Jane, Frank ; for you see you would have no chance.

Frank. No fear, Philip ; I would never marry any thing but a Catholic, depend upon it. Well, good night.

Philip. Good-by till to-morrow at the West Lodge.

DIALOGUE V.

Frank and Philip at work planting.

Philip. I am glad that fellow Smith has taken himself off at last. I thought he meant to stay all the morning. He is a great bore.

Frank. Great talkers are always great bores, for they seldom say any thing worth listening to—trash and gossip, that's all ; and well if it is not scandal too.

Philip. Well, I like a bit of gossip now and then ; there's no harm in that.

Frank. Gossip is seldom innocent, I think ; the laugh is generally at somebody's expense, and we should not like to be laughed at in turn.

Philip. Oh, I have no objection to take turn about. I would rather be laughed at myself ten times over, than lose the pleasure of laughing at others. So you see, by the rule of doing as we would be done by, I am entitled

to laugh at you, Frank, and all your wise saws, as much as I please.

Frank. You have my free leave, Philip. A Catholic at five-and-twenty had need know how to bear being laughed at.

Philip. And that puts me in mind that we have something more interesting than Smith's gossip to talk about. Do you know, Frank, you humbugged me last night about the "vain repetitions?"

Frank. Did I? Really I was not aware of it; I must be very clever if I could humbug such a sharp fellow as you.

Philip. Well, you did not quite do it, you see; for after we parted, as I walked home, I thought over all we had been saying, and I found I could give a pretty good account of it all except about the repetitions, and I had nothing to remember about them; you just said they were *not vain*, and that was all.

Frank. Well, they *are not vain*. I don't see what I could say more.

Philip. But I think they *are* vain. At least if repeating over a hundred and fifty times "Ave Maria," "Ave Maria," and now and then "Pater noster," is not a case of vain repetitions, I don't know what is.

Frank [*looks up astonished*]. How do you mean, "repeat a hundred and fifty times 'Ave Maria,' 'Ave Maria?'"

Philip. Why, is not that what you call saying your beads? Don't you say over ten times

“Ave Maria,” once to each little bead; and then comes a big bead, and then a “Pater noster;” and then come the little beads, and you say “Ave Maria” again ten times; “Ave Maria,” “Ave Maria,” “Ave Maria;” if that isn’t vain repetitions, as I said, I do not know what is?

Frank [stops digging, and bursts into a hearty laugh]. Well, to be sure, you Protestants have queer notions. [*He laughs again, and so heartily, that at last Philip laughs too.*]

Philip. You seem very merry, Frank, and I can’t help laughing to see you laugh; but really I don’t know what we are laughing at.

Frank. What we are laughing at? Why at your new fashion of saying the rosary. Philip, do you know any prayer that begins, “Our Father?”

Philip. To be sure I do—the Lord’s Prayer.

Frank. What you Protestants always call the Lord’s Prayer, we Catholics commonly call for shortness, “Our Father,” or “Pater noster;” and when we talk of saying, “Our Father,” or “Pater noster,” we don’t mean saying only those two words, “Our Father,” (though if we did, I contend it need not be a vain repetition, but a beautiful prayer, if said with devotion—a prayer for saints,) but we mean the whole prayer that you call the Lord’s Prayer.

Philip. Oh, I see! just as the old clerk at Rowton always used to give out after the psalm,

“With the glory be, &c.” But the new clerk, who is much more learned, says, “with Gloria Patri;” and at St. John’s, Mr. Meager, who always gives out the psalms himself, because there is no clerk, says, “with the Doxology.” And the “Ave Maria?”

Frank. Or, in English, “Hail Mary:” that, in the same way, is only the beginning of the Angelical Salutation.

Philip. The what?

Frank. The Angelical Salutation. It is called so, because it begins with the words in which the angel Gabriel saluted our blessed Lady when he announced to her that she was to be the mother of our Lord.

Philip. I should like you tell me what it is.

Frank. So I will; but it must be some other time; for look, there is that wearisome Smith coming this way again.

Philip. Bother the fellow, so he is; but I will soon send him off with a flea in his ear.

Frank. Don’t be uncivil to him, Philip. It is better to put up with his chatter than affront him. Perhaps we may do him some good, who knows?

Philip. I know. I know him too well. You may talk till doomsday, you will never do him any good.

Smith [*comes up and stands idly looking on*]. Well, you have a pretty stroke. What a piece you have turned up since I left you!

Philip. Oh, I could work better than that,

if I tried. The truth is, we have been talking since you went, and talking always hinders the working more or less.

Smith. Any way, I am sure the poor fellows that want work won't be much obliged to you for showing Mr. Godwin how quickly it may be done.

Frank. It is not our business to think of that. We must work well, and do justice to our employer. He pays us well, and every body that he employs; and it would be ungrateful, as well as dishonest, if we did not work well to earn our wages.

Smith. Well, Ned Green won't thank you, that's all. *He* won't slave himself like a nigger, any way. There I found him just beginning to turn up his first sod.

Philip. What had he been doing all the time you were talking to us? It was a good hour, I believe.

Smith. Oh, I don't know; but mayhap I can give a guess, for I saw something like a great K. fresh cut in the tree where he had laid down his jacket. So I suppose he had been thinking about somebody whose name began with a K. more than about his digging. And now, I remember, I saw something like a crooked S. just before the K., so perhaps, Philip, it may be a certain little Kitty of yours that kept him from minding his work.

Philip. S. K. won't stand for Kitty Somers, I think. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Smith, if

you have nothing better to talk about than my sister, I'll thank you to keep your tongue within your teeth. I don't believe that Ned Green knows my sister ; I am sure she doesn't know him ; so just be so good as not to set that piece of gossip about.

Smith. Bless me, how the boy flares up ! One would think there was some truth in it, to see how red you look. But you may be quite easy, Philip ; for I know that Ned Green is going to be married to Susan King.

Frank. Well, the S. K. will fit better into that scheme.

Smith. When are you going abroad, Mr. Frank ? I heard you were going before this with a brother of Mr. Godwin's.

Frank. I did expect to have gone a month ago with a brother of Mrs. Godwin, not Mr. Godwin's, but it was put off.

Smith. Oh, young Mr. Westen. Were you with him ? He is a Protestant ; I wonder he would like to have a Catholic servant.

Philip. Why not, I wonder ; for what I can see, the Catholics are as good, if not better, than the Protestants.

Smith. Hullo, hullo ! Mr. Philip, which way does the wind blow with you ? " Tell me with whom he goes, and I will tell you what he does," says the old proverb. By the way, I have heard that your Aunt Peters and Lucy are going to turn Catholics. Is it true ?

Philip. You had better ask them, if you want to know.

Smith. I thought it more discreet to ask you.

Philip. And maybe it will be more discreet in me not to answer.

Smith. Oh, to be sure ; as you please for that. However, a put off is as good as an answer sometimes. [*A pause.*]

Smith. They say Sir John is coming home again directly. Do you know, Philip, if it is true ?

Philip. No ; how should I know any thing about Sir John ?

Smith. Why, as your uncle works for him, he would be likely to know. For my own part, I don't believe it ; because I know a thing or two about his affairs ; and I don't think he would dare to show his face in Rowton at present. That last election cost him a mint of money ; and the expenses of the one before were not fully cleared off.

Philip. And was that the reason of his going abroad ?

Smith. That put the finishing stroke. But it was not only electioneering that ruined him. There was plenty of extravagance within doors as well as without. I knew the butler, and often had an hour's chat with him about the bottles of wine, at fifteen shillings a bottle, that they would drink at a grand dinner,—enough to ruin any body.

Frank. Mr. Smith, are you sure of what

you are saying about Sir John being a ruined man? I have great reason to doubt it, from some things that have come to my knowledge.

Smith. Oh! bless you, yes. I know very well what I am talking about. I knew the butler, as I told you, very well; and a good fellow he was as ever drew a cork; and many a bottle of wine have I cracked with him, and some of the fifteen-shilling bottles sometimes.

Frank. More shame for you both, then; that's all I can say.

Smith. More shame! why, does not every butler treat his friends to a bottle of wine now and then?

Frank. It may be allowed in some families, for aught I know; but to take the most expensive wine for such a purpose seems to me absolutely dishonest. Every body knows that Sir John was not rich enough for that.

Smith. Oh, I know nothing about that.

Philip. Why you said just now that it was partly by the extravagance within doors that Sir John was ruined.

Frank. I think that extravagance in a servant is little, if any, better than robbery; and it is especially bad in a confidential servant.

Smith. Well, I don't know; it sounds rather uncharitable to my mind, to set a man down as a thief for taking a bottle of wine out of his master's cellar. But you are a Catholic, Mr. Frank, and perhaps your Catholic morality is stricter than our Protestant morality.

Frank. I should hope so, indeed, if that were Protestant morality ; but I know many and many a Protestant who would, I am quite sure, say as I do, that it is a robbery.

Smith. Ay, ay ; and Protestants must mind what they are about ; for they can't go to a priest and get absolution, if they do steal a bottle of wine. You would have liked to have made a third, Mr. Frank, and you would have had the best of it ; for it was wine to smack one's lips over, I can tell you ; and worth carrying half-a-crown to the confessional to get absolution for afterwards.

Frank. Half-a-crown would not have been enough, Mr. Smith.

Smith. The deuce it would not ! Why your priests must drive a good trade at that rate. Why, what would they require before they would clear you up, spick and span, after such a spree ?

Frank. Didn't you say the wine was worth fifteen shillings a bottle ? Then my share would have been five shillings.

Smith. Your share of the wine ? Oh, yes ; but I am talking of the priest and the absolution.

Frank. The priest would not give me absolution unless I made restitution to Sir John. So I must have paid him five shillings according to your account, if I had unfortunately been of your party, or fifteen if you two would not pay your shares.

Smith. To Sir John or the priest?

Frank. To Sir John.

Philip. Are you serious in what you say, Frank?

Frank. Quite serious. No priest can give absolution for a sin unless the penitent makes restitution, if it is possible to make it.

Smith. Humph! then being a Catholic is not such easy work as people think.

Frank. I suspect not.

Philip. It wouldn't answer for you, Mr. Smith, to turn Catholic, you see.

Smith. Why, no; if I had to make restitution for all the bottles of wine that I have helped to drink, it would be a long time before I could get absolution; and then there would be the fee for the priest besides.

Frank. No, Mr. Smith; no fee for the priest.

Smith. No! Do you mean, then, that the priest gives you absolution, and you give him nothing?

Frank. Exactly so.

Smith. Then what becomes of all the good stories about the priests and their bargains?

Frank. They are *good stories*, that's all.

Philip. And will do just as well for you to tell as before; for I don't think, Mr. Smith, that you trouble yourself much about the truth of the stories which you tell.

Smith. Faith, not I; a good story's a good story; and if it raises a good laugh, that's all I want; true, or not true, matters little to me.

Frank. Well, Mr. Smith, that style of conversation does not exactly suit us; so perhaps it would be as well if you would leave us, and seek amusement elsewhere.

Smith. Very willingly. There is little amusement enough to be found in the conversation of a milksop Papist like you. [*He goes off muttering.*]

Philip. Well, we are rid of him at last, and I don't think he will come back in a hurry.

Frank. I hope not. You were right, Philip; there is little hope of a man like him, grown old in sin, and so utterly unprincipled as to boast of his wickedness. I did not know he was so bad. Poor wretched old man!

Philip. You don't know his history. He was bailiff in Mr. Welbere's time, and a drinking, dishonest scoundrel as you can see; but he had the measure of the poor old gentleman's foot, and continued not only to keep in high favour with him as long as he lived, but to secure a place in the will. Mr. Welbere left him a pension, large enough to keep him very comfortably, and the West Lodge to live in; but he muddles all away at the public-house, and never has a decent coat on his back, nor a whole shoe to his foot.

Frank. Wretched old sinner! And what does he do here?

Philip. Oh, he is always wandering about, gossiping and making mischief all the morning, and retailing all the scandal he picks up to his

pot-house companions in the afternoon; that made me speak so sharp about Kitty.

Frank. Well, Philip, from your account, the less we have to do with him the better.

Philip. Yes, indeed. But now to return to our "Hail Mary."

Frank. Do you know, Philip, I have been thinking that we had better not go into that subject now. I should like to explain it to you leisurely; and I can't do that while we are working. Suppose you come to me this evening; my father will be busy paying the men, so we may have all the fire to ourselves, and room for our Bibles. You must bring yours with you.

Philip. I declare that sounds quite Protestant. It reminds me of the "Bible and tea" cards that Mrs. Evans sends out now and then. Frank, suppose I were to make you a Protestant, instead of your making me a Catholic!

Frank. I don't know what chance I may have of making you a Catholic, Philip; but I can tell you that you have none of making me a Protestant. I would die a thousand deaths first. I *could* not be a Protestant.

Philip. Well, I will not say I cannot be a Catholic; but certainly I had rather not. Still, if you can show me that it is the *right* religion, a Catholic I'll be in spite of every thing.

Frank. That's right, Philip; study the subject in that frame of mind and pray earnestly

to Almighty God to give you light; I ask no more: you will soon be in the true Church, I'll be bound.

DIALOGUE VI.

Frank and Philip sitting by the fire.

Frank [*throwing a log of wood upon the fire*].
Now this is comfortable!

Philip. Yes, indeed; how jolly it is, after a good day's work, to sit down, snug by the fire-side, with a friend, for a cosy chat!

Frank. Thank God, innocent and rational pleasures cost little, and are free to all.

Philip. But one must *learn* to like them. That wretched Smith would not thank you for an invitation to your quiet fireside.

Frank. No; he would want his pot, and his pipe, and his loose companions. He has got alehouse habits, and too probably will never leave them off. Oh, if young people did but know, as Father Evelyn said the other day, when they commit their first sin, what a net of misery they are weaving for themselves, how cautiously they would shun all that would lead them astray!

Philip. That going to confession must be a great help to a young Catholic.

Frank. It is: if he will keep to his religious duties in that way, he cannot go far wrong.

Philip. But, Frank, it must be a terrible thing, that going to confession to be scolded and lectured by the priest.

Frank. If you don't go wrong, you won't be scolded or lectured either, Philip.

Philip. But suppose I do wrong? Every body makes a slip sometimes, you know.

Frank. Well, then, Philip, you will be lectured, but not scolded; but so kindly lectured, that you would find it a comfort rather than a vexation. You can have no idea how kind the priests are. They always call you "My child;" and they seem to have all the tenderness of a father's—or rather, I should say, of a mother's love. I am sure if I have a sin or a sorrow to grieve over, I go to the priest sooner than to any one in the whole world.

Philip. But I suppose there is a great difference between one priest and another?

Frank. No doubt each has his own individual character; but I never met with any thing but kindness from any one of them; and I have been pretty much tossed about, here and abroad too.

Philip. I should think Father Evelyn must be very kind; he looks so good.

Frank. He is all kindness.

Philip. But he is a Jesuit, and therefore he *must* be deceitful [*he laughs*].

Frank. I suppose you don't mean that as sound logic? But I should rather reason the other way, and say Father Evelyn is a Jesuit,

and therefore Jesuits *must* be good. But, Philip, surely you don't believe all those absurd stories of Jesuits being as clever as angels, and as wicked as devils.

Philip. Why, certainly, I always did hear that account of the Jesuits, and so I believed it. But you have so topsy-turvied all my ideas, by making out last night that the Protestants are the persecutors, and not the Catholics, that if you tell me the Jesuits are all honest, good men, I dare say I can believe it.

Frank. And that saying "Ave Maria" a hundred and fifty times over is not a vain repetition; do you think you will be able to swallow that too?

Philip. Oh, yes, no doubt, after a little of your palaver, Frank; I begin to feel very Papistical. Come, begin and repeat to me your Angel-i-cal Sa-lu-ta-tion; two such long words I could not have got through if I had not been brought up at a National School.

Frank. Listen, then [*he speaks slowly and reverently*]: "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Philip. Oh, I see it is rather long.

Frank. More than two words, a good deal. But now, Philip, take your Bible—the Bible, and the Bible only, for you Protestants, you

know—and look for the account of the angel's visit. I think it is in St. Luke's Gospel. Yes; here it is in the first chapter, at the twenty-eghth verse: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." Have you found it?

Philip. Yes; only in my Bible it is put, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured," instead of "Hail, full of grace;" but it is much the same thing, I suppose. So you have only added the name Mary.

Frank. Now look on a little further, to the forty-second verse.

Philip reads. "And she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women: and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

Frank. Yes; the exclamation of St. Elisabeth, when she was filled with the Holy Ghost; and the holy name Jesus added.

Philip. Well, that is the first part of the Angelical Salutation.

Frank. You may call it so, if you please; but we Catholics call it the first and second parts; for we reckon the words of the angel the first part, and the words of St. Elisabeth the second part.

Philip. And the prayer for the third; now, where in the Bible shall I find that?

Frank. No; not in Holy Scripture at all; it comes to us upon the authority of the Church only. "Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

Philip. "Holy Mary;" well she was holy, certainly. "Mother of God;" and she was Mother of God; yes, certainly she was.

Frank. Was? Why was? Surely she is the Mother of God; and she is holy now as then.

Philip. Yes; that is true. I will allow that. But then comes the "pray for us," and that I doubt about. Oh! and that puts me in mind of the text which you promised to show me, where St. Paul calls Moses a Mediator.

Frank. Well thought of. Here, I have got it written down at the end of my Bible: the third chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, the nineteenth verse. St. Paul is speaking of the Jewish law, and he says, it "was ordained by angels in the hand of a Mediator."

Philip. Well, we know that the law was given by *Moses*, certainly.

Frank. Yes; *Moses* was the mediator, the go-between Almighty God and the Jews, if I may say so; he received the law from God, and delivered it to the people.

Philip. *Moses* was also a mediator in that other sense; for, you know, he prayed for the people when Almighty God was going to destroy them.

Frank. Yes; he interceded for them; and then you see he was a mediator, just as our Blessed Lady and the Saints are mediators now

for us. A mediator of *prayer*, or *intercession*, we might call it ; and our Blessed Lord a mediator of *redemption*, if we must be so very exact ; but really it appears to me a mere cavil, and one which would never be brought forward, if Protestants had really solid arguments to bring. It would not be possible, one would think, to confound two ideas so distinct as the mediation of our Lord (God and man, the link between the two natures, the divine and the human), and the mediation of Saints and Angels, who go between God and us, by praying and interceding for us.

Philip. Certainly, when you have explained it, all does seem very clear ; but certainly I never saw it before.

Frank. Which leads me to suppose that reading the Holy Scriptures is not the *best* way to come at the *understanding* of them. And now, Philip, as to asking the prayers of our Lady. Would you scruple asking any good man on earth to pray for you ?

Philip. No, certainly ; and as I believe you to be a good man, Frank, I beg you to pray for me.

Frank. Indeed, I wish I were a good man, Philip ; but most assuredly, such as my poor prayers are, I will offer them for you. But now suppose I were very ill, and just going to die, and you thought I was going to heaven (which God grant I may), should you think it

wrong to ask me to remember you in heaven, and pray for you there?

Philip. No, really, I don't see that there could be any harm in that.

Frank. Why, then, supposing I did really go to heaven, and *you* were *sure* of it, why should you not continue to ask my prayers; and why should I not continue to pray for you?

Philip. If you could hear me ask, Frank. But how shall I make sure of that?

Frank. Oh, that is easily settled; but we must take one thing at a time. So let us keep to the right and wrong of asking our blessed Lady and the Saints to pray for us. Are you satisfied about that?

Philip. Why, no; a new thought has just come across me.

Frank. A new objection? Well, out with it. You won't find any objection that can't be removed, I am quite certain; though you may find many that I can't remove. But, in that case, I will ask Father Evelyn. You won't puzzle him, I trow.

Philip. Ah, no, the sly old Jesuit! he will find his way through any wood.

Frank. Take care, Philip. If you say a word against my dear Father Evelyn, I shall be in danger of giving you a box on the ear.

Philip [*clapping both his hands to his ears, and holloaing*]. I say Father Evelyn is a thorough old Jesuit.

Frank [*nods with a satisfied air*]. Very true, and the greatest compliment you can pay him. But now for your grand objection.

Philip. Frank, if it was in my power to grant you some great privilege, and you went and asked somebody else to grant it you, I should not be pleased.

Frank. Suppose that I only asked somebody else to ask you to grant it to me.

Philip. No, Frank, that would not do. Why should you prefer going to anybody else rather than to me?

Frank. Suppose I had offended you?

Philip. Ay, that indeed is something. But no, that won't do; for I should feel offended with you for seeming to mistrust my kindness and willingness to forgive.

Frank. That would be a very natural feeling for a poor frail man; but far beneath the divine charity of God, I think.

Philip [*after a moment's thought*]. Yes, you are right, and I give that up; but still it seems to me that there is a something. In the Bible God says, "I am a jealous God: my glory I will not give to another."

Frank. Ah, you are now finding your way round by a new road, but only coming out again at the old point. The honour shown to our Blessed Lady and the Saints is a *relative* honour, remember; and therefore, as I showed you last night, it is only another way of honouring Almighty God. So that matter is settled

already. [*After a little pause, Frank says,*] Did you not tell me, Philip, that your mother died when you were young, and that your father married again?

Philip. Yes, I did ; but what in the world has that to do with what we are talking about?

Frank. Well: but it is good to change the subject sometimes, and I want to know about it. How old were you when your father married the second time?

Philip. Oh, I was just ten years old, and my poor little Kitty was about seven. I remember it quite well. Father called us to him one evening, and setting Kitty on his knee, as he often did, because she was such a wee little thing, he began to tell us, that as he was obliged to be out all day long, and could not look after us, he would give us a new mother to take care of us.

Frank. And were you sorry or glad?

Philip. At first we were sadly frightened, because we were afraid it was a certain Nancy Jackson that was to be our new mother ; and Nancy Jackson was a very cross person, and many a kick and many a cuff my poor little Kitty would have got from her, had she been the new mother.

Frank. But why did you expect that your father would choose her?

Philip. Oh, *she* wanted to marry *him*: we had heard the neighbours talk of it. " Little pitchers have great ears," you know.

Frank. Well, go on, and tell me all about it.

Philip. Oh, there is not much to tell. He asked if we should like to have a new mother; and I said yes, if it was not Nancy Jackson. And then he laughed, and said, "Oh, no, not Nancy Jackson;" and then he told us who it was—Lucy Peters; and asked if we would be always good children, and love our new mother, and obey her for his sake?

Frank. I suppose you easily promised that?

Philip. Oh, yes, we were so glad to be quit of Cross Nancy Jackson: and by-and-by our new mother came, and she brought us presents—a new frock and a doll for Kitty, and a new suit and a knife for me. She is a kind-hearted creature as ever lived, and has always been a good mother to us.

Frank. And you, I suppose, were loving and obedient children?

Philip. To be sure: first for my father's sake; we knew my father would have punished us if we had misbehaved to her; and afterwards we loved her dearly for her own, because she was always kind to us.

Frank. And then, having such a good mother, you cared less about your father, I suppose?

Philip. What a queer notion! No, I think, on the contrary, that we loved him all the better for giving us a good kind mother, and not the hated Nancy Jackson.

Frank. But, then, perhaps you and Kitty

would love one another less when you had a mother to love.

Philip. I can't think what you mean, Frank; and you look so cunning too. Why should I love my father or my sister the less, because I had a mother to love also?

Frank. Why, indeed? Why then should you love your Heavenly Father, and He who vouchsafes to be called our Brother the less, because we have a Mother also in heaven? And tell me too, was not your love for your father, and your love for your mother, and your love for your sister, each a different sort of love—a *different-toned* affection?

Philip. Oh, yes, certainly. A little fear mixed up with my love for my father, for he was strict, and kept us in order. Ah, many's the time that my mother, good creature, has begged me off when the stick was lifted up to punish me for some piece of mischief; and poor little Kitty would stand crying and begging that I might be forgiven. You smile, Frank. Yes, you are right; I have answered my own objections, and nothing remains but for me to receive gratefully and serve dutifully the good mother that my Heavenly Father has bestowed upon me.

Frank. Ay, indeed, my dear Philip; and do not fear to ask her to lift her all-prevailing voice in your favour. Be assured it will bring upon you every blessing; and accept thankfully the intercessions of the Saints, our hea-

venly brothers and sisters, to obtain the pardon that we can never deserve to obtain for ourselves.

Philip. Well, I will, Frank. I will pray to her—[*he clasps his hands and lifts his eyes to heaven*—“Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me, a poor bewildered sinner.”

Frank says softly. Hear him, sweet Mother, hear! [*They remain silent for a few minutes.*]

Philip. Now, Frank, will you tell me all about the rosary?

Frank. Willingly; here is mine. [*He takes a rosary out of his pocket, and shows Philip the cross at the end.*] We begin by making with this the sign of the cross—[*he touches with the cross his forehead, his chest, his left shoulder, and then the right, and then kisses it,*—saying, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; then come three beads on which we say, “I believe” (the Belief you call it), “Our Father,” and “Hail Mary;” then comes the first large bead, and on that, as you know, we say——

Philip. Yes, “Our Father;” and then the ten small beads, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten: yes, ten for the ten “Hail Mary’s,” and then again the large bead for the Lord’s Prayer. But, Frank, there are only *five* large beads and *five* tens; that would make only *fifty* “Hail Mary’s” instead of a hundred and fifty.

Frank. Yes, this is what is properly called a chaplet; that is, the third part of a rosary, which is used because it is easier to carry.

Philip. I should like to say something, but I am afraid you will think me only cavilling.

Frank. Oh, no; now I know you are sincerely seeking to know the truth, I wish you to tell me all your objections and all your difficulties, and, as I told you before, if I cannot answer them, I can get them answered for you. Well, what is that you are thinking of?

Philip. Why, then, I am thinking that this rosary is like a sort of religious plaything.

Frank. So it is. It was invented for children; for the children of Christ our Lord, the poor and the ignorant, the little ones of the flock.

Philip. How do you mean?

Frank. The devotion of the rosary was first thought of more than six hundred years ago. At that time there was no printing and no paper.

Philip. There could be no books then?

Frank. Not books like ours, certainly; the books of those times were all written on parchment or vellum.

Philip. Written by the hand?

Frank. Yes, and therefore very dear; for it took a man a great many years to write out a large book. Fine employment for lazy monks that!

Philip. It would take almost a man's life to write out the Bible.

Frank. And so Bibles were very dear and very scarce; and as people could not get books, of course they did not trouble themselves about learning to read.

Philip. Oh, how strange! How, then, did they learn their religion?

Frank. Just as you are learning it now, by word of mouth; and as poor savages learn it, by pictures and signs.

Philip. Oh, I see; that's the use of pictures and images then.

Frank. Yes; but to go back to the rosary. In those times, if the poor people could be taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the "Hail Mary," it was thought a great deal of.

Philip. They must have been very ignorant if they knew no more than that.

Frank. They must have been very learned if they *understood* all that.

Philip. Why, to be sure, if one understands the Creed, one understands the whole of the Christian religion, I suppose. That puts me in mind that once, when I was a youngster at school, Mr. Evans brought in an old lady (Mrs. Worth) to see what great improvement we had made; and he showed us off, our writing, and reading, and ciphering, and history, and mapping, and all that; and the old lady didn't seem so much surprised as might have been expected, and at last she asked to hear us say the

Catechism; and to tell the truth, we didn't shine in that, for Mr. Evans is not very fond of the Church Catechism, so we only learnt it once a week; and then we did not take much pains about it.

Frank. Not take much pains about your Catechism? Well, I should have thought it just the most important thing you had to learn, far beyond your mapping and ciphering, or even reading or writing.

Philip. Oh, of course, Frank, *you* think so. We know that Catholics don't think so much of teaching people to read as the Protestants do, and we know the reason why.

Frank. Yes, to be sure; we think it of more importance that the people should know what Holy Scripture teaches, than that they should be able to read it; and you Protestants think that if people can read the Bible, they will be sure to understand it *somehow*. So with us Catechism goes before Bible, and with you Bible goes before Catechism.

Philip. Well, however that may be, we did not perform at all to Mrs. Worth's satisfaction, particularly in that long answer about the Lord's Prayer. She asked us some questions about it; and I heard her say to Mr. Evans, for I was assistant monitor and stood close to her, "They don't seem to understand the Lord's Prayer at all well." "Oh, no," said Mr. Evans, "I don't suppose they do; it is very hard to understand. Do you think you under-

stand it yourself, Mrs. Worth? I don't think *I* do." He spoke rather snappish to the good old lady, and I was very sorry, for we all loved Mrs. Worth; and I was more sorry when I heard her answer so meekly, "I dare say I do not understand it fully, but I hope I understand it enough to use it with great comfort; and the more I use it, the better I love it; and so, I think, might these children."

Frank. I think your friend, Mrs. Worth would not have been much afraid of *vain* repetitions.

Philip. So you would have recommended her to tell her beads, I suppose?

Frank. Certainly I would; it is a charming employment for old women. You need not smile, Philip; for your friend Mr. Meager saw poor Judy telling her beads the other day, as she was warming herself in the sun at her cottage-door; and he asked her what she was saying; and when she told him, he gave her a shilling, and said, "Well, go on, my poor friend; you can't employ yourself better."

Philip. Oh, Frank, did Judy tell you that?

Frank. Yes, she did, and showed me the shilling with great glee. You see, Mr. Meager knows the difference between repetitions and *vain* repetitions as well as your good old lady.

Philip. Well, suppose I allow that the rosary is a very good employment for old women, and a very good amusement for children; yet all Catholics use it, don't they?

Frank. All devout Catholics abroad do, I believe ; it is also very general in England ; but, Philip, remember what Mrs. Worth said about the Lord's Prayer—the oftener she repeated it, the more she loved it, and the better she understood it. What if it should be the same with the Angelical Salutation ? Perhaps you do not quite understand it yet ; there may be a great deal more in it than you yet suspect.

Philip. Suppose you begin, and explain it to me, then. [*The door opens, and Mr. Andrews enters.*]

Frank. Oh, here is my father !

Mr. Andrews [*as he comes in*]. Who have we here ? Oh, you, Frank ; and who is this, Philip Somers ? and the two Bibles on the table ! Well, it seems you are well employed ; I am sorry I interrupted you.

Frank. Oh, no interruption at all, father ; perhaps you will help me.

Mr. Andrews. Help you to make Philip Somers a Papist ! I shouldn't get much thanks for that, I guess. You would not thank me yourself, Philip, would you ?

Philip. I would, indeed, sir, if it is, as I begin to suspect, the right religion. I do sincerely wish to find out which is the right.

Mr. Andrews. And when you have found out which is the right, will you follow it, young man ?

Philip. I will try, sir, with God's help.

Frank. And he has been asking our Lady's help, father; so I make sure of him; no one ever yet prayed to her in vain.

Mr. Andrews. No, indeed. I am heartily glad to hear that your friend is so far advanced. [*To Philip.*] Sit down, my young friend, and make yourself at home; I am always glad to see any friend of my son's, and especially one that is sincerely seeking after the truth—there is always a blessing upon such.—Frank, put a fresh faggot on the fire, and make it burn bright; your mother will come in by and by, and expect to find the pot boiling for supper.

Frank. Where is mother? [*He gets a faggot for the fire.*]

Mr. Andrews. She is gone to help to get poor Judy up for an hour or two, and to make her bed. She won't be in yet awhile; so sit down, and go on with your talk—at least, if I don't disturb you.

Frank. Oh, no, father, not in the least. [*They all sit down.*]

Mr. Andrews. What were you talking about?

Frank. The rosary. Philip was making his objections, and I was answering them.

Mr. Andrews. Oh, the old story I suppose—ten beads for our Lady, and one for our Lord!

Frank. No, indeed, father; my pupil is got beyond that; he knows that all the honour that we pay to our Blessed Lady is, in truth, honour to her Divine Son.

Mr. Andrews. Yes ; so that if the Protestant objection has any sense in it at all, it should rather be put thus : Ten beads to our Lady, and ten to our Lord, and one to the Father Almighty. For, in truth, the pater bead is directed to Almighty God, the Father, and not to our blessed Lord ; so that the Protestant objection is more jingle than sense, when you come to examine it ; and yet how many people are carried away by it ! I am sure, after that fine Reformation-meeting last summer, the little boys in the street used to cry after me, “Ten beads for our Lady, and one for our Lord !” Poor little things, it used to make my heart ache to think how they were taken in ; and I said an Ave to beg our Blessed Lady, the help of sinners, to help them ! What, then, was Philip’s objection ?

Philip. Why, indeed, sir, Frank had most kindly answered all my objections ; and he was just going to explain the whole of the Angelical Salutation to me.

Mr. Andrews. That is a great undertaking.

Frank. Indeed it is, father. Last night I promised Philip that I would explain it to him this morning, while we were working together ; but I soon found that it would be a very half-and-half explanation, if given in that way.

Mr. Andrews. Besides which, I don’t think you could have got on properly with your digging, if you were arguing at the same time ; so you did much better to adjourn the debate ;

and I shall be glad to see Philip here any evening that he likes to come and have a chat.

Philip. Thank you, sir ; you are very kind.

Frank. As I said, it was the sense of the "Hail Mary" that I was going to explain, father ; and to show Philip that it is a prayer that will bear a great many repetitions.

Mr. Andrews. Have you told him that it is customary to use meditations in saying the rosary ?

Frank. Why, no ; I thought it best to leave that till by and by ; there is so much in the "Hail Mary" itself to explain.

Mr. Andrews. Yes, indeed, much more than Protestants dream of. I once heard a good Dominican friar preach a sermon about the rosary ; and it was quite wonderful, all that he found in the "Hail Mary." He said, and he showed it clearly too, that no one could say the "Hail Mary" devoutly, who could not say the whole creed. In short, that one ought to be a good Christian to say the "Hail Mary" properly.

Philip. That is enough to astonish the Protestants, certainly. I see that one might say that of the rosary ; but of the "Hail Mary ?"

Mr. Andrews. I dare say you doubt that it can be true ; but I think I can show you enough to satisfy you that it is no exaggeration ; though perhaps I shall not be able to remember all that the good father said. It is many a long year since I heard the sermon. Now let me see ; tell me,

Philip, what is the first thing that strikes you? But no; first of all, let us kneel down, and say the "Hail Mary," and beg our Lady's help, that we may succeed in learning to understand properly the devotion that we use so often in her honour. [*They all kneel down and say:*] "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen." [*All rise, and sit down round the fire.*] And now, then, Philip, tell me what is the first thing that strikes you on repeating the "Hail Mary?"

Philip. Why, sir, the fact that the very repetition of it is a sort of fulfilment of it: "Blessed art thou amongst women."

Frank. Yes, indeed; and of our Lady's own prophecy, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." I remember that my dear young master was very much struck by that; and it reconciled him at once to the worship of our Lady; and he never would allow, what Protestants say, that there is no justification of it in Holy Scripture.

Philip. Was that the same person that showed you the text about Moses being mediator?

Frank. Yes, it was, God rest his dear soul! I will tell you a great deal about him some day.

Mr. Andrews. And now I will ask you

again, Philip, what is the next thing that strikes you?

Philip. The expression "Mother of God," which, as Frank showed me, implies the Divinity of our Lord.

Mr. Andrews. And his humanity too.

Philip. I don't exactly see that.

Mr. Andrews. If His mother was a *woman*.

Philip. Oh, yes, I see; He must be a *man*.

Mr. Andrews. That title, "Mother of God," is a wonderful expression. It acknowledges the Divinity of our Blessed Lord; it teaches His humanity; and it reminds one always of that Father of whom He is the only and well-beloved Son, God the Father Almighty.

Frank. Oh, yes, to be sure; as our Lord was man, because he was born of a woman; so he is God, because He is the Son of God.

Mr. Andrews. And the title requires, therefore, that we believe in God the Father.

Philip. Yes, that is true.

Mr. Andrews. And now see if we can find also the third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity—the Holy Ghost—implied, if not actually named. Father Antonio found that.

Frank. "Full of grace; the Lord is with thee."

Mr. Andrews. Yes; "full of grace," he said, meant full of the grace of God's Holy Spirit, by whose wonderful operation our Lord was conceived. So then already, in this beautiful treasury, as my good father called it, we

have found the three persons of the blessed Trinity, and the two natures of Christ our Lord. And what treasures of mercy shall we not find wrapped up in that one word, *Jesus*? [*He bows his head reverently as he pronounces the holy name. So does Frank, here and whensoever the holy name is mentioned. Philip, observing them, does the same.*]

Frank. Jesus, the Saviour.

Philip. "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Mr. Andrews. Yes; from their *sins*, observe, as well as from the punishment due to their sins—a double mystery of love, as the good Father called it; the sanctification as well as the redemption of man.

Philip. Oh, now I begin to understand how Father Antonio would make it out that a man must be a good Christian to say the "Hail Mary" devoutly,

Frank. Yes; a Protestant holding the doctrine of justification by *faith only*, could not consistently glory in the name "Jesus," since he expects to be saved, not from his sins, but only from the punishment due to them.

Mr. Andrews. We have not yet exhausted the riches of our treasury. We may find,—good Father Antonio found, at least—the immortality of man, and the intercession of the Saints.

Philip. The intercession of the Blessed Vir-

gin? Yes; that is clear enough; but of the Saints?

Frank. She is the Queen of Saints. But the immortality of man? I don't see that.

Mr. Andrews. It is not so obvious, perhaps; but you will see it when once pointed out. Pray for us at the hour of our death. Why? If death were the end of our being, we should in that case cease to require help.

Frank. Oh, yes; certainly, that is quite true. And one more doctrine, I think, father, we may find—the Holy Catholic Church; it is upon her authority that we receive the prayer.

Mr. Andrews. Yes, indeed; you are quite right.

Frank. Well, Philip, what say you to Father Antonio's explanation? It was lucky that my father came in; for mine could not have been half so good.

Philip. But yours was quite enough to overthrow the accusations of vain repetitions.

Frank. [smiling]. Oh, that belonged only to the *Protestant* fashions of saying the rosary with "Ave Maria's" and "Pater noster's" only.

Philip. Well, I am sure I am very much obliged to Mr. Andrews for all the pains he has taken to explain the whole to me.

Mr. Andrews. Do you think you quite understand it now, my young friend?

Philip. I think I do; but I hardly know

till I go home, and think it all over. If I find any thing that puzzles me, I will ask Frank about it to-morrow. There is one thing more, however, I should like to know, only [*looking at the clock*] it is getting so late.

Frank. Oh, never mind the time, my mother is not come in yet.

Mr. Andrews. You had better stay, and eat a bit of supper with us presently, and that will give you time.

Philip. Thank you, sir, kindly; but they will be expecting me at home, and therefore I think I had better wish you good night, and make the best of my way.

Mr. Andrews. Well, then, I will wish you good night; and suppose you look in to-morrow evening, and give your mother due notice that you will have your supper with us, and then you can ask my good woman all about the rosary. She is always using it, and knows more about it than any of us, I suspect; for it is one of those things that comes to be understood best by practice.

Philip. Thank you, sir; I shall be very glad indeed to ask Mrs. Andrews some questions. Good night, sir; good night, Frank.

Frank. No, don't wish me good night; I will go with you as far as poor Judy's cottage, and bring my mother home.

Mr. Andrews. A very good thought.

[*Frank and Philip go out together.*]

Philip. I will tell you what it was that I

wanted to ask—about the meditations. Your father said that it was customary to use meditations with the rosary; what did he mean?

Frank. Let me ask you, first, whether you know what we Catholics mean by meditation? I fancy that Protestants do not think much about it, do they?

Philip. I don't think they do; at least I was never taught any thing about it; my idea of meditating is thinking very steadily about any thing.

Frank. Our idea of religious meditation carries something more than that; some stirring up of the affections. For instance, I might think very attentively upon the power of Almighty God, and make many fine speculations upon it, and be none the better for it after all. But if, when I am thinking upon the power of God, I think to myself how He can use that power, either to punish the wicked or reward the good; if I go on to think how merciful of Him it is not to use that power to destroy sinners, but rather to wait patiently till they will repent and amend, and these thoughts kindle in my heart a feeling of gratitude for His mercy and fear of His power, then we call it meditation. It is, in fact, earnest thought mixed with prayer, and praise, and good resolutions.

Philip. Oh, yes; I understand what you mean; but then I am more puzzled than ever to think how any one can say the rosary, and meditate at the same time. It seems to me

that they would be saying one thing, and thinking of another.

Frank [smiling]. No, not quite that; but they are entwining a certain set of words with a variety of feelings. It is very difficult to explain the matter in words; but yet, in practice, it comes quite easy.

Philip. Try and make me understand it, Frank; for it seems to me that this must be the thing that prevents the repetitions from being *vain*.

Frank. Well, so it is, to be sure; you are quite right there; and I will try to show you how it is. But first I must tell you that good and wise men have classed the principal events or mysteries of our blessed Lord's life as mixed up with His Blessed Mother's, if I may use the expression, and they have reckoned three sets: five joyful mysteries, five sorrowful mysteries, and five glorious mysteries. It would be too long to take them one by one to-night; so I will only tell you that the five joyful mysteries relate chiefly to the birth of our Lord.

Philip. The five sorrowful, of course, to His crucifixion and death.

Frank. Yes, to His passion; and the five glorious to His exaltation, and that of His ever-blessed Mother.

Philip. Fifteen; one mystery for every ten beads.

Frank. Yes; but we are not obliged to use the whole at one time; nor, indeed, at all, un-

less we like it. Of course one generally chooses the mysteries that suit best with the time of year and the day.

Philip. This being near Christmas, you would choose the first set—those that concern the birth of our Lord.

Frank. Exactly; and I will just try and give you an example; but I must not begin orderly with “Our Father,” “Hail Mary,” and “The Creed,” that would be too long. I will suppose that I have said them for the first time, and that I have placed my mind in a proper posture for the meditation.

Philip. Stay, Frank; what do you mean by “putting your mind in a proper posture?” I dare say you think me very dull; but you know it is all new to me, so you must be patient.

Frank. Oh, to be sure; and no fear of *my* patience, if *yours* holds out. What I mean by getting my mind into a proper posture, is thinking a little upon the mystery before I begin, thus: Suppose we take one of the joyful mysteries, the Annunciation, being, as you say, near Christmas. Well, then, I try to picture to myself our Blessed Lady, then very young, in all the bloom of her innocent beauty, kneeling at some small altar in a chamber, and praying, perhaps, that Almighty God would remember His promise, and visit His people, so sorely oppressed by a heathen power, and send the Messiah to deliver them; and I fancy I see her, roused by a bright light, suddenly poured

out around her, to look up, and she perceives the angel Gabriel gazing at her with a mixture of reverence and love, such as would naturally arise within him, when he thought of the message which he was about to deliver. Well might he exclaim, "Hail, full of grace! blessed art thou among women!" and well might she, in her deep humility, wonder and be troubled; and great must have been the faith and habitual submission to the Divine will, which enabled her to say to a message which perilled her good name, and even her life—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, may it be done unto me according to thy word."

Philip. Oh, Frank, you have drawn a beautiful picture; and if this is saying the rosary, I could sit and hear it said by the hour together.

Frank. All in our religion, in the Catholic religion, is full of beauty; and no wonder, since it came from Almighty God, the source of all beauty. But no, this is not saying the rosary; this is only the preparation, the putting the mind in the right posture; we commonly call it the prelude. But now, with this picture in your mind, begin to say the Lord's Prayer, which, no doubt, you know well enough by heart to repeat it without the slightest difficulty, don't you?

Philip. Oh, yes; my difficulty is the other way; I have said it so often, that I am in danger of——

Frank. “*Vain repetitions!*” eh, Philip? But now let us try if the rosary will not give us a help against these *vain* repetitions. I say the prayer, holding the first large bead between my thumb and finger, and interweaving with the words some such thoughts as these: “Our Father who art in heaven”—our ‘heavenly Father, who, in compassion to thy poor children on earth, wouldest even spare thine only and well-beloved Son from thy bosom, to be made man for us—“Hallowed be thy name”—for this thy wondrous mercy. “May thy kingdom come;” the kingdom of thy Christ, the King of Glory, God and man. “May thy will”—thine own blessed will—“be done by thy poor children on earth, as by thy glorious children in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread:” and oh, give us also the living bread that came down from heaven; the bread by which alone our souls shall live,—“and forgive us our trespasses”—for the sake of Him who took our sad flesh, and came down into this world of ours to obtain our pardon—“as we for His sake forgive all who have trespassed against us: and,”—pitying our frailty—“lead us not into temptation; but”—rather by Him and through Him—“deliver us from all evil. Amen.” Have your thoughts gone with me, Philip?

Philip. Perfectly; no danger of their wandering.

Frank. Try, then, now, to follow me with
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the "Hail Mary," though you do not know it so well: "Hail Mary, full of grace, beloved of God, the Lord is with thee; the Lord of life and glory. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus, the Christ, the Messiah. Holy Mary, Mother of God, source of all our joy, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of death. Pray for us, that, being united to thy ever-blessed Son, we may be found worthy to call thee Mother. Amen."

Philip. Oh, Frank; how could I talk of vain repetitions? I was like a blind man talking of colours.

Frank. You were indeed; and so, believe me, are all Protestants when they talk of things Catholic. And it is so hard for us to see you, poor things! groping about with your eyes bandaged, and sometimes busily employed drawing the bandage tighter and tighter, and not be able to help you; but we cannot, unless you are willing.

Philip. No, of course; while we will wear the bandage of prejudice and ignorance, the blessed light cannot reach us. Oh, Frank, my dear, true friend, how shall I ever thank you enough for taking my bandage off? [*He holds out his hand, and they shake hands affectionately.*]

Frank. Only be a good Catholic, my dear Philip, and I shall be richly rewarded.

[*After a few minutes of silence, Philip says,*]

I will, if I can: but we have still a good bit to go; will you not go on a little further with the rosary?

Frank. Well, we have taken the Incarnation, let us take the Nativity, the birth of our Blessed Lord. Let us think we see our Blessed Lady, sitting in one corner of the wretched hovel which served at once as a shelter for the cattle, and a refuge for the Son of God Most High. She has taken the suffering Infant from the uneasy manger, and is cradling it in her arms; she is listening with a sad heart to its wailings, and endeavouring to soothe its sorrows. "Hail Mary, full of grace, full of sorrow; yet fear not, the Lord is with thee; and blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus, blessed for ever. Yes, Jesus the Sufferer, for He is Jesus the Saviour. Holy Mary, Mother of God, our Mother, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of death. Oh, pray for us sinners, the cause of all His suffering, that we may be the crown of His rejoicing. Amen." Well, Philip, I think you now see something into the way of saying the rosary, and can understand why it may be such a favourite devotion with Catholics.

Philip. Yes, indeed, Frank; and I see the use of the beads too: the thoughts being occupied with the meditations, you would never without them know when you had said the right number of "Hail Mary's," and when it

was time to go on to the next mystery. If I could do it as you do ; if, that is, I could meditate as you do, I do not doubt that I should enjoy saying the rosary ; but I am sure that it is impossible for me.

Frank. No, no, Philip, not at all impossible ; with a little practice you would learn it. Oh, but I had almost forgotten to tell you that after every ten “Hail Mary’s,” when you change the mystery, you should say the “Gloria Patri,” the “Glory be,” as your old clerk called it.

Philip. I see ; to make a good finish by thanking and praising God ; but now I will tell you what I wish ; and you must do it, and not mind the trouble, because I am sure it would quite finish me up, and make me what you want me to be, a good Catholic.

Frank. Certainly, that’s a great bribe ; and what is it that I am to do ?

Philip. Just write me out a whole rosary like what you have been saying to me, for all the fifteen mysteries.

Frank. And all the hundred and fifty “Hail Mary’s !” Oh, impossible ! but, my dear Philip, I would not do it if I could ; for I should only spoil your rosary.

Philip. Spoil my rosary !

Frank. Yes, the great charm of the rosary is its variety and its accommodableness---that’s a new word of my making---never mind, I dare say you understand it.

Philip. Yes, yes, I understand ; and I see too, in a degree, that if, in saying the rosary, all are left to their own fancy, they will enjoy it more, because they will keep within their own bounds, as it were.

Frank. Just so ; they are not called to say and think what they don't understand ; and then, as to its variety, why you see, nothing being written down, it will naturally vary every time you say it, and so doing, will suit itself to the tone of your mind at the moment, and be in no danger of becoming a *vain* repetition.

Philip. Yes ; if I was in grief, I should naturally take the sorrowful mysteries ; and if I was happy, the joyous ones. For instance, I should not take that last mystery as you did, Frank. You call it a *joyful* mystery, but you made it a sorrowful one. I should have pictured the Blessed Virgin holding a beautiful, smiling Infant in her arms, and gazing upon it with transports of thankful joy ; and then I would say, "Hail Mary, full of joy !"

Frank. Ah, ha, Philip ; there you are making a beginning, and a good beginning too ; for no doubt your picture would be a true one of the joy which filled the heart of the Blessed Virgin Mother at times ; while at other moments mine might be correct. We should be taking different moments, and so bringing different feelings into play.

Philip. Yes, that is true ; and only an in-

stance of what you called, just now, the *accommodableness* of the rosary.

Frank. Exactly ; and a very good one too.

Philip. Another time *you* might be disposed to take it joyfully, and *I* sorrowfully.

Frank. Certainly ; but in general, I think I am much inclined to dwell upon our Blessed Lady's sorrows ; they are so mixed up with all her joys. It would seem as if it was not given to her, the blessed among women, the "highly favoured" (as your Bible calls her), to taste of the cup of happiness unembittered. What a lesson for us !

Philip. Yes, indeed ; we ought to take our sorrows patiently : we are but sharing her portion.

Frank. Drinking out of her cup, the Mother of God, the Queen of martyrs.

Philip. Frank, if you will not promise to give me a whole rosary of meditations, you may at least give me one of each sort. Give me now one of the sorrowful mysteries ; you turned the joyful into sorrowful, perhaps you will turn the sorrowful into joyful.

Frank. No, Philip ; those sorrows are too deep to be made joyful. We might, indeed, find a germ of joy in them ; but it would be a joy full of sorrow ; and for us, full of shame. Let us take the first, the deepest, if not the saddest mystery of our Blessed Saviour's passion, His agony in the garden. One thinks that the very elements must have sympathised

with Him—that night must have been wild and stormy ; and the moon must have hidden herself behind the heavy black clouds. It is only by the lightning glare that we catch, now and then, a glimpse of our Blessed Saviour's form, kneeling in the entrance of the cave, as if He would seek a shelter there. The thunder rolls around ; but in the intervals we may hear the accents of that voice that spake as never man spake, "Father, if this chalice may not pass away except I drink it, Thy will be done." "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee ; and in spirit thou art with Him ! Gladly wouldst thou drink of the chalice of His affliction. Oh, blessed art thou amongst women, for thou shalt indeed drink of it ! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus, the Saviour, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world ! Holy Mary, Mother of God, Queen of martyrs, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Philip. Ah, yes ; that is indeed a sorrowful mystery, and a saddening one.

Frank. You are right, "*saddening*," that word just marks the difference between thinking and meditating ; sufferings are sorrowful to think of, but they sadden the heart in meditation, and in saddening they amend.

Philip. Now, Frank, one more, a glorious mystery.

Frank. No, not to-night ; we shall not have

time. We are getting very near to poor Judy's cottage.

Philip. Well, then, to-morrow night I will make you tell me one. But, Frank, when you talk of its suiting all persons, are you not exaggerating a little? Poor Judy, whom, as you say, Mr. Meager found telling her beads, do you suppose that she was spinning fine meditations, such as you did to me?

Frank. Certainly not, quite otherwise; she was spinning very simple meditations, *if any*. But most probably, with her poor fading faculties, she was repeating her "Hail Mary's" with only two thoughts in her mind; she was saluting the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God, who has been her especial patroness, her loving mother, through life; and asking the help of her prayers in the last awful struggle which is fast approaching; and in the same way she simplified "Our Father" into an act of loving faith to her heavenly Father; an act of patient resignation to His will; a thankful request for the daily meal which has never failed her, however it may sometimes have run short. A prayer for forgiveness of past sins, and protection against those that might come: and a prayer to be delivered from all evil; and, in the Creed, a firm profession of her faith as a Christian; and may we not say with Mr. Meager, "Go on, my poor friend; you can't be better employed?"

Philip. 'Tis true indeed. And, on the other

hand, the finest poet, or the greatest philosopher, may take his flight and soar.

Frank. Yes, up to heaven's gate ; but even so, not really higher his poetic flights than the old woman's prayer : both ascend to the throne of Almighty God ; and, if winged with sincerity, shall find equal acceptance there.

Philip. That is true ; and there is comfort in thinking so.

Frank. If you are not quite tired of the rosary, Philip, I will tell you another, a quicker and easier way of saying it.

Philip. Oh, I am not in the least tired ; but, on the contrary, very curious about it. Altogether, it seems to me, that this telling of beads, that I have been used to hear so laughed at, is a most wonderful thing. What is this easier and quicker way, Frank ?

Frank. You make your preludes as before ; but observe that, from using them often, you come to have them ready, as it were, in your mind. Then you say the "Hail Mary," only adding a word or two after the holy name, and after our Blessed Lady's title. Thus for the Annunciation suppose : "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee ; blessed art thou among women ; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus, *made man for us* ;" or, if it was the Nativity, "Jesus, *born for us*," or "*crucified for us*," or "*glorified for us*," as the mystery may be.

Philip. Yes, yes, I understand ; some ex-

pression to suit the thought. But what did you say about our Lady's title?

Frank. You add something after it in the same short way: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, *Mother most admirable*"—or, for the sorrowful mysteries, *Queen of martyrs*, or *Mother of sorrows*—"pray for us," &c., &c.

Philip. Queen of martyrs—was she a martyr?

Frank. Our Blessed Lady is always understood to have shared in some peculiar way in all the sufferings of her divine Son, according to the prophecy of the aged Simeon: "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce;" and she is therefore called by the Church "Queen of martyrs." But do you understand now this shorter way of saying the rosary?"

Philip. Yes; and I think I will try this way first.

Frank. Take sometimes one way, and sometimes the other. Let your thoughts run as they will, and don't hamper yourself. And now we must say good night; for there is my mother coming. You will go home meditating upon all that you have heard.

Philip. And plenty I have to think over, I am sure. But as soon as I get in, I will bestow it all upon my little Kitty, who will be waiting to give me my supper.

Frank. You will make both your mother and sisters Catholics, too, I hope.

Philip. Kitty will be a Catholic, I don't

doubt, if I am one; but not my mother, I think; she is too much influenced by my cross old uncle.

Frank. Well, you must first become a Catholic yourself, and then pray hard for them; that's the way to catch converts—set a good example, and pray fervently.

Philip. And teach them to say the rosary, Frank; don't leave that out; I think that's a sure way of catching converts.

Frank. It may *catch* some, perhaps; but converts must be *held fast* after they are caught; and a stronger chain will be wanted for that, Philip. I won't have you turn Catholic on Protestant principles.

Philip. Turn Catholic upon Protestant principles—how can that be?

Frank. Very easily. What is the Protestant principle? To believe what seems reasonable, to do what seems right, *to one's self*. A person may become a Catholic because he likes the services, and the practices, and he approves the teaching of the Church, as far as he knows it; but that won't do.

Philip. Frank, you astonish me! Upon what other grounds can one join the Roman Catholic Church, than because one likes and approves all that she says, and does, and teaches?

Frank. Do you remember the short cut that you told me your Cousin Lucy had found into the Catholic Church?

Philip. Yes, to be sure I do: "The Church must be infallible, because our Lord had promised that she should have the Spirit of truth *always* abiding in her; and no other Church but the Roman Catholic church even pretends to be infallible."

Frank. She *claims* to be, and she *is* infallible. Believe this, my dear Philip, and then you will be a *good Catholic*; for you will believe *all* that the Church teaches, and *because* the Church teaches it. You will be a happy Catholic too; for your faith will be firm—it will be built upon a rock. But if you join the Church only because she *seems to you* to teach what is right, it may be at some time that what she teaches may *seem* to you to be wrong, and then you will be tempted to fall away.

Philip. Whereas, if I believe in the infallibility of the Church, I must, and it will be reasonable that I should, submit my fancies to her faith. Yes; well, I hope I shall; and by God's grace—

Frank. Become a good Catholic. God, in His infinite mercy, grant it! [*They shake hands and part.*]

COTTAGE
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Third Series.



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COTTAGE CONVERSATIONS.

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DIALOGUE I.

Hartwell's cottage. Thomas Hartwell, reading; enter William Peters, and speaks:

How are ye, Thomas?

Thomas. Well, thank ye; and you, William? But I need not ask; you are looking wonderfully better. Come, sit down.

William. Oh, I am quite a man again, thank God, and thank my good lady at the Hall. But for her, I think I should have been in my grave by this time.

Thomas. Kitchen physic, they say, often does more than doctor's stuff; and certainly it is the pleasantest physic to take.

William. Oh, but it was not only meat and beer—kitchen physic as you call it—that my

good lady gave me. She gave me some very bitter stuff too; nasty enough, to be sure, it was to take; but it did me a power of good.

Thomas. I doubt whether your cottage stands very healthy, down by that meadow that is so often under water in winter. I don't think you have ever been quite well since you lived there.

William. Well, I don't know for that; certainly we have had a great deal of sickness since we left Chalk Farm; but I laid it more to fretting and living hard than to situation. However, you will be glad to hear we are going to move.

Thomas. To move! where are you going?

William. You have heard that old Smith is dead?

Thomas. Yes; he died yesterday morning.

William. And Mrs. Godwin has been so good that she spoke for me, and I am to be park-keeper, and have the West Lodge.

Thomas [*sternly*]. And what are you to pay for it, William?

William. Pay for it! why just nothing at all. Who ever heard of the park-keeper's paying rent? No; my wife will attend the gate, that's all; I shall get better pay than I do now by three shillings a-week, besides advantages. You know there's plenty of wood about, that the children may pick up to keep the pot boiling; and a nice big bit of garden, which will keep us in vegetables, and feed a pig or two

easily, when it is put in order. To be sure, it is full of nettles and weeds now, for Smith never put a spade in the ground. But, Thomas, what ails you? Instead of rejoicing at my good fortune, you look quite sad.

Thomas. I am sad, William, thinking what is the price to be paid for all this. Your religion I am afraid. But, "what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

William. Thomas, we are old friends as well as brothers, and so you may say what you please, I will not be angry. But be sure nobody else should tell me that I would sell my religion for filthy lucre. What have I ever done that you should suspect me of playing the hypocrite?

Thomas. No, William, I don't suspect you of playing the hypocrite; but I am afraid of seeing you bribed. I know those Papists well. They stick at nothing to make a proselyte. Look at Martha and Lucy, they are gone already; and fearful it is to think of what will become of their poor souls, denying the Lord that bought them, and trusting in dead men and women as mediators, instead of the "one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus."

William. How you talk, Thomas! Why Martha and Lucy worship our Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Him, and trust in Him just as much—ay, more than ever they did before they were Catholics; and I am sure my

wife is every way a much better and more religious woman since she turned Catholic. But leaving that matter, do tell me what good it can possibly do Mr. and Mrs. Godwin to make us Catholics, poor insignificant people like us? You talk of bribing; what should they bribe us for, I'd like to know?

Thomas. What did the Scribes and Pharisees want when they "compassed sea and land to make one proselyte?"

William. "To make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves." Really, Thomas, do you mean to say *seriously* of that good and charitable Mrs. Godwin, that she is herself a child of hell, and striving to make others like herself? If you do, let me remind you of another text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," or if you must judge your neighbour, then the rule is, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and in good sooth if you will judge the worthy family at the Hall by *that* rule, I think we must call them saints much before those that call themselves so. But, Thomas, why should you be so bitter against the Catholics? Think a moment, and see why you are so violent, and rail at them more than any of the Dissenters about the place. Why, you speak peaceably enough to old Moses when he comes round with his pack; and then there's that what d'ye call him man, Socinian, Mr. Unwin, who does not believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, they say; well, your good Mr. Evans and he are

very great friends together ; they sit side by side at the Bible Society Committee, and all that. And yet, if a poor Papist comes across either of you, why you draw yourselves up, and look as if you were in danger of catching the small-pox ; and yet, after all, a Catholic is a *Christian* ; and that is more than old Moses the Jew is, or Mr. Unwin, the Socinian either, if what they tell me is true. You don't answer me, Thomas ; you won't speak to me.

Thomas. I see it's of no use, William. Martha is gone, and Lucy is gone, and you are going too. I can't but grieve ; I cannot stop you.

William. Certainly you will not stop me if you will not speak calmly and reasonably to me. Railing against the Catholics will not do. But I am ready and willing to hear any thing that you will say against a change of religion. I frankly confess to you that I am thinking of it. I find it very troublesome and inconvenient, my wife being of one religion, and myself of another. It is very awkward about the poor children, who won't know who to believe, father or mother ; and then, I must say, the great change I see in my wife, does give me a good opinion of the Catholic religion.

Thomas. I am sure Martha was always a very good woman, steady and industrious, and striving to do her duty both by her husband and her children.

William. That's quite true ; and though I say it that shouldn't say it, she is a right good

woman. But you know very well, Thomas, that her temper is not the best in the world; and many's the evening that, when I came in tired from work, I have turned out, and gone to a neighbour's fireside, because I could not bear the perpetual grumble and fret at my own. Now it is quite different; I find not only a bright fire and clean hearth as before, but, better than all, a smiling, cheerful face; and even if I forget to wipe my shoes, and dirty the clean floor, yet no notice is taken: none of the old thunder-storms that used to pour down upon such occasions.

Thomas. That's a great improvement, I'll allow; and I am sure I am very happy to hear it. But remember, William, that though Martha has always been a tidy wife, and careful mother, yet she has never been a truly pious woman. And perhaps if she had sat under Mr. Evans, and been converted by *him*, she might have improved as much as she has done now under your fine Father Evelyn.

William. You mean, that where people turn religious, they always set about mending their faults. Well, to be sure, they *ought* to do so. But I don't think they always do.

Thomas. It won't say much for their religion if they don't.

William. But it is the case, Thomas, sometimes, and I think I see why. If a person brought up, as we all were, to believe that if he wishes to go to heaven he must lead a sober,

honest, industrious life, comes to sit under your famous Mr. Evans, and is *converted*, and taught to believe that he is one of the elect, and that, do what he will, Almighty God will *somehow* save him, and that at the judgment-day he will be asked, not what he has *done*, but only whether he had *faith*,—do you really think that such a person is likely to correct any faults he may have? It seems to me that he would be more likely to be filled with pride and self-conceit, and grow careless about sin; and, in fact, Thomas, you and I should not have far to look to find persons who reckon themselves, and are reckoned by others, among the saints of Rowton, who yet can fly in a passion, and abuse their neighbours as much or more than they did before they were counted among the elect. Isn't it so?

Thomas. Ay, and more's the pity.

William. Well, now, Thomas, I can't away with that sort of religion. All talk, and little do;—it goes against me.

Thomas. But, William, are there no careless livers among your Catholics?

William. Oh, many and many, of course. But then they are *bad* Catholics. Now, what I complain of is, that your *good* Evangelicals are often not good *moral* characters: whereas they ought, as saints, and elect, and all that, to be better than their neighbours, they really are not better than the rest of us.

Thomas. They ought to be, then ; that's all I have to say.

William. No, Thomas; *according to their religion*, they ought *not* to be ; and that's the very thing that I complain of. Teach a man that he is to be saved by *faith only*, and that all his good works are *useless* ; and I contend that the man is a great fool if he bothers himself about being good. If it be true that Almighty God settles of every man before he is born, whether he shall be saved or not, and if he is to be saved, sends him grace enough to believe, and if he is not to be saved, withholds it,—I say if this be true, then the wisest thing that we can do is, to make ourselves happy as well as we can in this life, and not bother ourselves about the other ; but, since our salvation does not depend in any way upon ourselves, leave it all to Almighty God to do as He pleases. Is not this reasonable, Thomas ?

Thomas. What has all this to do with your turning Papist, William ?

William. A great deal, Thomas. I am really anxious to save my soul ; and the question is, how am I to set about it ? The religion in which I was brought up I lost when good old Mr. Worth died. Then came Mr. Evans ; and now I have been showing you why I can't take to *his* religion ;—it goes against my common sense.

Thomas. Well, then, there is Mr. Lowe ; and he is your *proper* minister, luckily.

William. And will you really be content, Thomas, if I do as Mr. Lowe advises?

Thomas. Yes, certainly I will.

William. Then I shall turn Papist directly.

Thomas. You don't mean that he advises you to do that?

William. I mean, that he says, again and again, that we are not to trouble ourselves about the various forms of belief, but to think only of doing our duty. He says that creeds are the works of men like ourselves, liable to be mistaken; that it is absurd to expect that all men can think alike; and therefore we ought all to read our Bibles and judge for ourselves; believe what appears reasonable to our own minds, and not judge and condemn our neighbours. And that if we lead sober, honest, charitable, and industrious lives, Almighty God will accept us without caring whether we have been Catholics or Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters. What do you say to that, Thomas?

Thomas. We ought to lead sober, honest, charitable, and industrious lives, certainly.

William. Oh, that's not the question. We all know that we ought to lead moral lives. We have an instinct that teaches us *that*, in spite of all Mr. Evans' teaching and preaching. But that's not the question *now*, Thomas. We are talking of my turning Papist. As I told you, it would be much happier and better for us, if I and Martha could be of the same religion; and as far as I see and know of the

Catholics, I would as soon be a Catholic as a Protestant. But then comes the right and wrong of the thing to be considered. If Mr. Lowe is right, it really does not matter which Church I belong to, or, indeed, if I belong to any Church at all; if I do my duty to God, and my duty to my neighbour, to the best of my power, I shall find my way to heaven at last. Am I not right, then, Thomas, in saying that if I follow Mr. Lowe's advice I *shall* turn Papist?

Thomas. Then I think that shows that Mr. Lowe's advice is wrong.

William. "Wrong," because it would make me a Catholic. If you had said at first that it was wrong, I might have thought more of it. However, say it is wrong, as in my heart I really believe it is; for, if it be right, a good Jew is as good and as well-pleasing to Almighty God as a good Christian, and I can't quite take that in. But say it is wrong, then comes back the question, what religion am I to have? Will you advise me to go to Mr. Meager, Thomas?

Thomas. No, he has made Philip Somers more than half a Papist already.

William. Well, shall I turn Wesleyan, or Quaker, or Socinian, or Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Independent? Fine choice, if we go among the Dissenters, Thomas! Well, what will you advise?

Thomas. I advise you not to run after new-

fangled doctrines, but to stand in the old ways, and keep to the Church in which you were baptized, William, without troubling your head about any other.

William. That would have been very good advice in Mr. Worth's time. But the English Church has been pretty well turned topsy-turvy since then. The Catholics are now let out upon us by Act of Parliament ; and while all our own people are quarrelling and squabbling, and calling one another names, and we poor folks are standing and looking on, and wondering who is right and who is wrong, there are the Catholics calling out to us that we are all wrong (which, indeed, seems likely enough, as far as I can see), and that their Church is the right and the *only* right one ; that the Protestants are the *new-fangled* people ; and that it is they only who continue to stand in the *old* way, and teach now the same doctrine that Christ taught His disciples. So you see, Thomas, that your advice, as well as Mr. Lowe's, would lead me to be a Catholic.

Thomas. That depends upon the truth of what they say as to teaching the same doctrine that was taught at first. I don't believe it ; and I think that the Catholics have greatly corrupted the Christian religion, and that the Protestants set it to rights at the Reformation.

William. Well, I used to believe that till I read Cobbett's History of the Reformation ; and there I saw that religion was the last thing

that King Harry and his people were thinking of when they made the Reformation. King Harry himself was intent upon exchanging an old wife, of whom he was tired, for a handsome young lady with whom he had fallen in love; and his nobles were intent upon plundering the Church, which was too rich to be safe. And King Harry, in order to get his new wife, bribed his nobles by giving them leave to plunder the churches, taking care, however, to keep a good share for himself. And when the Pope set himself against all these fine doings, they all agreed together to throw him overboard. King Harry proclaimed himself Pope, and cut off all the heads that disputed it. Now, to my fancy, that don't look so much like a scheme to reform God's Church, as a scheme to indulge a wicked king and enrich covetous men. It reminds me of the old song that I heard little Philip singing to-day:

“There was an old woman and I fell out;
And what do you think 'twas all about?
She had money, and I had none;
And that's the way the quarrel begun.”

That's pretty much about the history of it. But if Almighty God thought it necessary to reform His Church, I think He would have found some better instruments to go to work with.

Thomas. All that may be true; but it does not prove that the Catholics had not very much altered their religion since the days of the

Apostles. They had no Pope to lord it over every body then. You won't find Peter set up in the Bible as the Catholics set him up now, as if he only had authority.

William. I don't know exactly what authority he had; but he had the keys, we know, for our Lord gave them to him, and I always understood that they were a mark of authority.

Thomas. Oh, to be sure; and the Catholics believe that St. Peter is to stand at the gate of heaven, and let in only whom he pleases. So of course he will keep out all the Protestants.

William. Serve them right too, if they talk such nonsense as that about him. Come, now, Thomas; you don't mean to say that you believe such stuff as that. You must see that some blundering Protestant coined that story out of our Lord's saying that He would give him the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever he should bind on earth should be bound in heaven; and whatsoever he should loose on earth, should be loosed in heaven. But now, Thomas, leaving the gate of Paradise, and the penny that is to be paid to St. Peter, and all the rest of it, tell me how do you understand all that is said in holy Scripture about St. Peter. Certainly the Bible makes more of him than any of the other Apostles, as my wife says.

Thomas. I don't see that. Peter denied

his Master, and that's what none of the others did.

William. True; and so we might have expected that he would have been the *least* instead of the *greatest* of the Apostles; and yet he was the first and greatest.

Thomas. Who says he was the *first*, pray?

William. Why, the Bible itself says so.

Thomas. I don't believe it.

William. Oh, I am sure of it; for my wife showed me the place somewhere in St. Matthew. Take your Bible, Thomas, and look for the place where the names of the Apostles are all given. [*They turn over the Bible till William calls out:*] Oh, there it is! [*he points with his finger, and says:*] the beginning of the tenth chapter. "And the names of the twelve Apostles are these; the *first* Simon, who is called Peter." There it is, you see, plump and plain.

Thomas. Oh, is that all you mean? Why, that only means that he was reckoned first; there is nothing particular in that.

William. Nay, there must have been some reason for it. Peter was not the disciple *first called*; for, you know, his brother Andrew brought him to Christ; and he was not related to our Lord, as James and John were. Come, now, find me a reason why he should be called *the first*.

Thomas. Oh, really, I can't find reasons for

every thing that is written in Scripture. Those things are not for a plain man like me.

William. That's not fair, Thomas. It would be all very well for a *Catholic* to say, "I am a plain man; and I cannot puzzle out the Bible for myself, and so I will just believe what the Church tells me, and be satisfied;" but that won't do for us *Protestants*. "The Bible, and the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," for us. Now, then, when the Bible says, plump and plain, the *first* Simon, it is too absurd for us *Bible* Christians to turn round and say, Simon is *not* the *first*, and then have no reason to give.

Thomas. At all events, being the *first* does not prove that he was the *greatest*.

William. It looks like it, at least. But, Thomas, I must go into this matter a little more; for I want you to help me in it, if you can. You see, my wife has got some Catholic books; and she read me out all about St. Peter last night, and I *said* I would ask you about it.

Thomas. I'll tell you all I know; but as yet I don't see your puzzle.

William. My puzzle is, that in the *Bible* St. Peter seems to be made of great importance, just as the Catholics say; while in the *Protestant religion* St. Peter is of *no* importance at all. Now, you know when he first came to our Lord, He gave him the name of Peter, which means a stone or rock; and then, after-

wards, He says to him, "Thou art Peter (the rock); and on this Rock I will build My Church." Now, Thomas, the Catholics may very well say that their Church is built upon St. Peter; for, as you said, their whole system of Popery is built upon him. But as to our Protestant Church, it has nothing particular to do with him; and, as far as I see, it would be just the same, if there had never been any St. Peter at all.

Thomas. To my fancy, St. Paul seems to have been a greater man than St. Peter, and *he is our* Apostle, he was called the Apostle of the Gentiles; and we, you know, are the *Gentiles*.

William. True, and that puts me in mind of another thing that my wife mentioned. As St. Paul was the Apostle of the Gentiles, why was not *he* employed to bring in Cornelius, the first Gentile convert? It would have seemed more natural, according to the Protestant notion. But if, as the Catholics say, St. Peter was really the *first* of the Apostles, it was likely that he should be the one to have the honour, and so he had: and he too it was who stood up and proposed that the disciples should choose one to take the place of Judas; and he preached that first fine sermon that brought in three thousand souls.

Thomas. Upon my word, William, you are wondrously learned in all these matters!

William. Why, to be sure, because, as I

told you, my wife has been dinning it all into me. Oh, and I remember more now. It was St. Peter too who made the first speech to all the Apostles and elders, when they met to settle whether the Gentiles should keep the law of Moses.

Thomas. Yes; and then afterwards, your fine St. Peter was frightened and drew back; and St. Paul, you know, withstood him to the face, and blamed him. Rather awkward that for your infallible Pope!

William. Yes, like his denying his Master. It seems strange that the one who fell into such faults should have been chosen rather than St. John, the beloved disciple, or St. Paul, who says that he laboured more than they all; and Thomas, I can't help thinking to myself, that if the Pope had been only an invention of the Catholics, they would never have taken Peter.

Thomas. Oh, they chose Peter, no doubt, because of that passage about feeding the lambs.

William. To be sure; the lambs and the sheep—thank ye, Thomas, for reminding me of that text. What do you make of it? Surely you must allow that, somehow, all these things agree better with the Catholic notion of St. Peter than with ours.

Thomas. I confess I have often wondered what that passage about feeding the sheep, and that about the rock could mean.

William. Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that, Thomas! for, do you know, ever since my wife pointed out those texts to me, I have been bothering myself about them. I never thought about them before; I just read them over like any thing else; but when she made me think about them, I was quite puzzled.

Thomas. I think that is often the case in reading the Bible. It seems somehow to warm one's heart as one reads on; but if one stops to reflect, it is full of puzzles.

William. I have always found it so: but then I was never very sharp at my book; and so I did not wonder that I could not understand what old Mr. Worth used to say is "just the most difficult book in the whole world."

Thomas. And yet good old Mr. Worth, and Mr. Evans, and Mr. Lowe, and all of them, bid us read the Bible every day.

William. Well, somehow, I have a suspicion that Catholics are right, and that the Bible was not intended for our everyday book; but that it was meant for *learned* men to read and study, and then teach and explain out of it to us poor unlearned folks.

Thomas. What, William, would you give up the blessed privilege of reading your own Bible in your own language?

William. Why, no, to be sure, I should not like that; I should feel so humbled to think I could not be trusted with my Bible; and yet if I don't understand it, and only get puzzled

in reading it, why should I wish to go on reading it? But, Thomas, perhaps if we were Catholics, we should be less puzzled in reading our Bibles; for these very passages about the feeding the sheep, and the building the Church upon the rock, which, it seems, puzzle you as well as me, read quite plain to my wife; and she tells me that she has found that she can understand her Bible much better than she used to do.

Thomas. Do you mean that Martha is allowed to read her Bible now?

William. Yes, to be sure; she reads it as much as she likes, the Catholic Bible, at least, that Mrs. Godwin gave her; and Father Evelyn reads out of the Bible to them every Sunday the Epistle and Gospel, much about the same as in our Church on Sundays; and then he most often preaches about something that he has read, and explains it to them; and so that helps them to understand.

Thomas. Ay; but he explains it all his own way.

William. Yes, to be sure; it would be queer if he explained *your* way, and perhaps it would only puzzle them all, if he did. But, Thomas, I have been talking here to you an hour by Shrewsbury clock, and you have not given me one *good sound* objection to keep me from turning Catholic after all.

Thomas. Oh, for the matter of that, I need not be long in finding that. The Papists wor-

ship images, graven images. That is objection enough for any *Christian*, I think.

William. But, Thomas, both Martha and Lucy declare that is false; they say that no Catholic ever thinks of worshipping or praying to *images*, or *crosses*, or *pictures* either.

Thomas [*mutters to himself*]. They may say what they like; I know they do.

William [*goes on as if he did not hear him*]. And then little Anne told me the other day, that, at catechising in the chapel, Father Evelyn asked them whether they might pray to the crucifix, and whether it could help them; and the children all answered, "*No*;" and he said, "*No*, to be sure, it would be a strange thing if it could!" And then he told them a story of some good missionary priest, who was teaching the poor heathens somewhere, and he saw that they were inclined to make an idol of the cross, and so he broke it in pieces, and burnt it before their eyes, in order to show them clearly that it was not to be worshipped itself. So, you see, Thomas—

Thomas. Yes, I see; I see that Father Evelyn would not be a *Jesuit*, if he could not tell lies cleverly.

William [*after a moment's pause*]. Thomas, suppose I were to say that your wife is a witch, and says her prayers backwards—

Thomas. Nonsense!

William. But suppose I were to *persist*,

and expect you to believe it: what would you say?

Thomas. I would "answer a fool according to his folly," and say nothing.

William. Very well; and mayhap you would ask me not to darken your doors again; and right enough too. But, Thomas, what right have you to call *my wife* an *idolator*; to declare she worships images, and to expect me to believe it? How shall *I answer you*? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know—not that I mean to call you a gander exactly. [*He laughs, but Thomas looks very cross*]. Well, Thomas, try again; what's your next objection?

Thomas. No, William; it is no use; I see your mind is made up. If you choose to be a poor silly Adam, why you must go and follow your Eve, and eat with her of the tree of death;—I can't help it.

William. That isn't *fair*, that isn't *honest*, Thomas. I come to you fairly and openly; I tell you, that I am thinking of becoming a Catholic; and I ask you to tell me any good reason why I should not. You give me one objection after another, which will not hold water; and when I show you that it will not, you turn round, and tell me that my mind is made up. My mind is *not* made up; but it soon will be, if you go on this way. And observe, that I have given you several good reasons why I should be a Catholic, and you have

not answered one; you have not shown that *mine* don't hold water, but, on the contrary, you have allowed that some of them do puzzle *you*. And now, Thomas, I have still one thing more to say.

Thomas. Say on, William.

William. Suppose, Thomas, you were very ill, and that all the doctors in the country, except one, said the disease was in your liver, and that you must do so and so; and suppose that one said the disease was in your lungs, and ordered you a quite different treatment: what would you do? But suppose, further, that the one doctor allowed that you might get well by the treatment ordered by the others; but that they all declared that you could not be cured by the treatment of the one. Now, then, say fairly, what would you do? wouldn't you abide by the majority, and look after the liver?

Thomas. To be sure; as you put it, I must, or I should be a fool.

William. To be sure, so you would. And now, tell me why you should act otherwise in religion—why, since Christians fall out, and differ as to what is the right religion, why should we not—

Thomas. Follow the multitude to do evil, eh, William? no, I had rather enter at the strait gate, and travel with the few along the narrow road.

William. Ah, now, that is just like you *Bible* Christians; if you can but lay hold of

a text to knock one down with, quoted or *mis-*quoted, it's all one. You know now, Thomas, that those texts have nothing to do with choosing our religion; they have to do with doing our duty in it, when it is chosen. Besides, I am not talking of the multitude on either side—I am speaking of the wise men and the good men—the doctors, as Philip has learned of Mr. Meager to call them, and the Saints.

Thomas. Ay, ay, Philip learns to prate of a great deal he don't understand from that same Mr. Meager, I'm afraid.

William. Well, I won't say that I know much about the *doctors* myself. But I do know something about the *Saints*. I know the Catholic Church has plenty, more than one for every day in the year; and the poor English Church has got nothing that ever I heard tell of except the twelve Apostles, and King Charles in the oak, and the Gunpowder Plot: so, if we are to count Saints, I think the Papists will beat us hollow.

Thomas. Yes; canting saints and lying wonders; the Romish Church has plenty of them; and, thank God, she has them all to herself!

William. "Canting saints!" ahem! I think we could find some of those things without going farther than Rowton. Lying wonders! But, oh, a thought strikes me, Thomas. If we could see a miracle, how nice it would be! that would settle all our difficulties much better

than puzzling over puzzling texts; which, after all, we poor ignorant bodies never can understand. But a miracle—

Thomas. Yes, a miracle,—a *real* miracle; that indeed would be something.

William. A miracle we could understand; a miracle we could see as well as the best and the most learned of them.

Thomas. Yes; let me see a miracle with *my own* eyes, and then I'll give in and be a Papist too.

William. But suppose you could not see it with your *own* eyes, Thomas; would nothing else satisfy you?

Thomas. I should be loath to take such a thing upon the evidence of another man's eyes, I confess; and they say those Papists are so very clever, that they can almost juggle a man out of his senses. But what's the use of talking about it? they don't even pretend to work miracles now-a-days, I suppose; however, they like to take in silly folks with fine stories of what their saints did formerly.

William. I don't know; I rather think they do; I know I heard Mrs. Morley and Martha talking the other day of some wonderful cures that had been wrought upon the son of one of our own English lords; and she said a gentleman was staying at the Hall who knew all about it.

Thomas. Ay, ay; that's the way; fine stories at second and third hand: let those believe them that like.

William. But you don't mean that you positively would not believe a miracle without you saw it with *your own eyes*? You make me think of your namesake; and of "Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." Eh, Thomas; there's a text for you.

Thomas. No; I don't say I *wouldn't* believe unless I saw with my own eyes; but I do say I must have real good evidence; a person that I knew to be honest, who would tell the truth, and sharp, so as not to be taken in.

William. Well, that's reasonable, I allow. [*He looks out of the window.*] Oh, here is Mary coming down the hill, and Jane with her, and a man—oh, Philip Somers, I declare, walking by her side.

Thomas. I wish Philip Somers was ten miles the other side of Rowton. What does he come bothering here for?

William. Oh, Thomas, don't be unkind. Philip has always been a good lad, and tried to do what is right; and that is more than one can say for most lads now-a-days; he has always been a good son and a good brother; and he will make a good husband, some of these days.

Thomas. Well, if he chooses to turn Papist, he has no chance for Jane, I can tell him; she shall never marry a Papist.

William. She may go farther and fare worse, I can tell you.

DIALOGUE II.

Thomas, William ; enter Mary Hartwell, Jane, Philip Somers.

Jane [running up to William]. Oh, Uncle William, I wish you joy; so you are going to the West Lodge: I am so glad.

Mary [shaking hands with him]. And I too wish you joy, my dear brother; and I hope you will all have your health better there, please God.

Philip. And I wish you joy, Uncle William; and I will do more than that; I will go, morning and evening, and help you put your garden in order, for that lazy Smith has left it in a sad mess.

Thomas. Thankye, thankye, sister Mary; and thankye, my dear Jane; and many thanks to you, my dear Philip, for your kind offer. Your help will be most welcome, for the garden is, as you say, in a sad mess, and the spring is far on; the crops ought, by good rights, to be all in by this time.

Philip. And not a sod turned up! That idle scoundrel never took a spade in his hand, and did nothing but drink, and smoke, and swear, and gossip.

Mary. Poor, miserable man! he has gone to his account now: don't speak hardly of him, Philip.

Philip. Ah, dear Aunt Mary, you are always on the kind side ; but really I think it is almost a duty to speak hardly of a man like him, who has been a scandal to the whole neighbourhood these sixty years.

Thomas. Well, if he lived a bad life, they say he has died a very happy death.

William. A happy death, Thomas ! why, I went by his house only three days ago ; the window was open, and I heard him raving and blaspheming, till it made my blood curdle. Do you call that a happy death ?

Mary. Alas ! such a death was but too well suited to such a life as he had led.

Thomas. No ; I shouldn't call *that* a happy death. But there was a great change in him the day before yesterday. Old Mary North went to him in the morning ; she told me herself, she found him raving and blaspheming as you describe him, and so bad that she could hardly stay in the room. But she sat down, and began to talk to him about the Saviour, and bidding him put his trust in Him ; and telling how the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, and that if he would but throw himself upon Jesus, all his sins should be forgiven at once.

Mary. Oh, that sad, soul-deceiving doctrine !

Thomas. Why, it is Scripture doctrine, Mary : " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Philip. But what follows ? “ He arose, and was baptized ; he and all his straightway.”

Mary. Yes, indeed, that was a very different case ; the poor jailer was a heathen, and did not know the truth.

Philip. And we are not told that he was a *wicked* man ; but if he was, he submitted to the teaching of the Apostles, and was baptized ; so it seems, according to the Apostle’s teaching, faith was not thought enough of itself. *Baptism* was required.

William. Yes ; but Smith had been baptized, you know, when a child.

Philip. I suppose so : but that makes his case quite different from the jailer’s.

Mary. Yes ; we know that when a heathen first comes to the knowledge of the truth, if he believes and is baptized, he is perfectly cleansed, and receives a full remission of all his sins. I remember Mr. Worth explaining that to us in a missionary sermon ; but that it is very different with us *Christians*, who have been baptized when we were children, and brought up as Christians. If *we* sin, we sin in spite of the grace given us in baptism, and therefore our sin is much greater ; and Mr. Worth quoted, I remember, that terrible text out of Hebrews—I have often thought of it since—“ It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance.” I have often thought of it : it is an awful text.

William. Awful indeed.

Jane. Why, mother, if you are right, it would be better for us not to be baptized at all. Not, at least, when we are babies ; for who is there that does not commit sin some time or other ?

Mary. Very true indeed ; and sad it is to think of.

William. Sad indeed for us who have all been baptized as babies ; very sad, if it is as you say.

Philip. Yes ; we seem to want another sacrament to cleanse us from sin *after* baptism.

Mary. And, thanks be to God, we have another—the Lord's Supper.

Philip. No, that will not do ; no person in sin must partake of the Lord's Supper ; for "he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself:" no, that will not do ; we want something to cleanse us from sin, that we may be *fit* to go to the Lord's Supper.

Jane. Ah, Cousin Philip, I see which way your horse's head is turned. You are just driving to Rome and seven sacraments.

Philip. Yes ; and you must go there too, if you want to have your sins forgiven. The sacrament of penance—

William. Yes, the sacrament of penance ; that is just what we want.

Philip. A means of forgiveness, but not so

easy as baptism. As our sin is now greater, so we must suffer more to obtain pardon.

Jane. Oh, yes, I see ; we must do penance, as the Romans call it. But then what becomes of the “fulness and freeness of Gospel salvation,” that Mr. Evans is always dinning into us ?

Thomas. What becomes of all Gospel-truths when you go to a Jesuit for your teaching ? It is hid under a bushel of lies ; and let poor Smith serve as an example and a warning to those who, not contented with the good tidings of “*full and free* salvation to poor sinners,” seek to build up their salvation upon the foundation of their own good works. What could he have done, poor helpless wretch, lying on his bed of misery ?

Philip. I’ll tell you what he would have done, uncle, if he had been a Catholic. He would have sent, not for a poor ignorant old woman like Mary North, but for a priest ; and the priest would have made him confess all that he had done wrong,—

Jane. And then the priest would give him absolution. Well, to be sure, that is easy enough ; but then what becomes of the hard penances that we hear talked about, and which, they say, are to make us afraid to commit sin ?

William. Why, if a man dies, he can’t be put to penance, that is certain. So if, as you say, Philip, old Smith, or any other old sinner,

could, upon his death-bed, send for the priest, and just make his confession, and get absolution, and then die, and go to heaven,—why really I think he would have made a good bargain of it.

Mary. If that were true doctrine, it would almost encourage one to commit sin.

Philip. You are quite right, my dear aunt. But I beg you to observe, that my lively Cousin Jane interrupted me in the middle of a sentence ; and that the conclusion that shocks you and Uncle William so much is *hers*, and *not mine* ; still less is it the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

William. Well, come then, Philip, tell us the rights of the matter, according to the Catholic belief.

Philip. I can't tell you the whole of the matter, because I really do not yet understand all about it myself ;—I wish Frank were here, to help me.

Jane. Oh, now, Philip, that's a mere shabby get-off.

Philip. No, Miss Jane, it is no get-off at all ; I am going to tell you all I know, and that will be enough to show you that there is a better way for a poor sinner to be saved at the last than Mary North's simple act of faith, or what your father accuses the Catholics of, trying to save themselves by their *own* works.

Mary. Yes ; there must, I am sure, be some other way,—some way that will not encourage

people to go on living in sin, trusting to be forgiven all at the last for one easy act of belief.

Philip. Very true, my dear aunt: see if this is it, or something like it. The priest would begin, as I said, by hearing the man's confession; then he would examine and see if he was really and truly sorry for his sins, and if he intended really to reform his life in case he recovered; if he would promise to give up all those things that had led him into sin; if he would make restitution to all whom he had injured, as far as it was in his power to do it. If he promises all this, the priest will give him absolution.

William. If, in short, he does all that he can do *now*, and promises to do what more he can afterwards, if he recovers. Well, that is all that a man in that situation can do.

Jane. But what becomes of the penance? I thought he was not to have absolution without doing penance for it.

Philip. The penance may come afterwards, if the poor man *can* do it. But the penance is not, as you seem to think, Jane, to *buy* the absolution. It is the punishment imposed upon the sinner, as some sort of compensation to the offended justice of Almighty God.

Thomas. Ah, there is the cloven foot,—the sinner's good works, instead of the blood of Christ.

Philip. No, my dear uncle; the sinner's

good works made acceptable *through* the blood of Christ. So said Father Evelyn in his sermon last Sunday; and he repeated it twice, that there might be no mistake. He said distinctly, that nothing that we can do can be acceptable to Almighty God, *except through the sacrifice of Christ our Lord*. Mr. Evans himself could not put that down stronger than Father Evelyn did.

Jane. But still I am not clear about the penance; if the poor sinner dies, he will, after all, escape without doing penance.

Philip. No, my dear Jane; he will do a more terrible penance in the other world.

Thomas. So you send him to hell, after all. That is a queer way of saving his soul, I think.

William. You forget, Thomas, that Catholics believe in a Purgatory.

Mary. Yes; and here it comes in to enable Almighty God, if I may say so, to forgive many poor sinners, who must otherwise have gone to hell because they could not enter heaven; and it does not encourage people to go on living in sin.

Philip. So that in the Catholic sacrament of penance, and the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, you find just what you are in want of, Aunt Mary.

Mary [*she speaks slowly, as if considering*]. A way of being forgiven if we fall into sin after baptism;—a way of being forgiven even upon our death-beds, without injury to the majesty

of God, and without giving encouragement to others to sin. Yes, it is so.

William. I never saw the use of Purgatory before.

Jane. It does seem very clever. But pray, my wise cousin, where did you learn all this?

Philip. Where I learn more in listening one quarter of an hour, Jane, than I could learn by reading "the Bible, and the Bible only," in seven years,—listening to Father Evelyn's catechising and sermons.

Jane. Oh, I suppose he has all these things at his fingers' ends; but then he has been taught them himself.

Philip. And therefore he can teach others, as I am teaching you.

Thomas. Not humility, by your *example*, Philip.

Philip. Consider, uncle, if you please, that I am only repeating what I have been *taught*. If I were setting up to teach Jane what I myself find, or fancy that I find, in the Bible, then I grant that you might very justly call me conceited.

William. There's truth in that. But, Thomas, go on, and tell us what more Mary North told you about Smith.

Thomas. I don't know where I left off;—it is impossible to tell a story if one is interrupted every moment.

Jane. Father, you were telling us what Mary North said to him; and then we went

off about his having been baptised when he was a child.

Thomas. I don't believe Smith *was* baptised when he was a child; for I have heard him say that his mother was a Baptist, and his father of no religion at all.

William. Most likely, then, he never was christened; for Baptists never christen their children.

Thomas. I know his sister, poor Jenny, never was baptised; for she told me so herself. She said she had not courage to be put under the water, as her people do it; and she didn't think there could be any use in being just touched with a wet finger, as our parsons do the babies; so she was never done at all.

Mary. Oh, how shocking! how very shocking! But go on, Thomas.

Thomas. At first he would hear nothing that Mary could say to him. He did nothing but curse and swear, and say he knew he must go to hell, but he didn't care; and other things too horrible to be repeated.

Mary. Poor miserable man!

Thomas. When she saw that she prevailed nothing, she went away, and fetched Mr. Long.

William. That whining, canting, old Wesleyan?

Thomas. You need not speak so disrespectfully of him, William; I believe he's a very good man.

Philip. Not a very *clever* one, anyhow.

Thomas. I wish you had no worse teaching than his, young man.

Mary. And what did Mr. Long say to him?

Thomas. He talked boldly and broadly to him about going to hell, and being tormented in everlasting burnings, and frightened him thoroughly, and then he left him. Mary went again in the evening, as she had promised, to sit up with him.

Mary. Like a good creature, as she is.

Jane. And did he seem softened at all, father?

Thomas. She couldn't tell; for the doctor had given something to ease his pain, and it had made him very drowsy. He slept a great deal; but at last he started, and called out; and when Mary went to him, he told her that he had seen an angel, who told him that he must die; that if he did not believe in the Lord Jesus, he would go to hell; but that if he would believe, he should be saved. And then Smith said, "Well, then I will believe;" and the angel said, "Then you shall be saved."

Jane. Father, do you suppose he really saw an angel?

Thomas. No, child; I suppose he had been asleep, and dreaming; and that what Mary and Tim Long told him was running in his head, and so made out his dream.

Mary. Very likely, if he had taken laudanum too.

Jane. Well, father, and what then ?

Thomas. Why, Mary was very much pleased, and still more when she saw him so quiet ; and she exhorted him to hold fast in his faith ; and he said, “ Oh, no fear now, I know the right way : I shall do very well ; ” and then he began to talk about his medicine, and other things, going back now and then to the angel. As soon as it was daylight, Mary went to tell Mr. Long ; and he of course was very glad to hear of such an improvement.

Mary. Alas ! was it an improvement to go from despair to presumption ?

Thomas. You are very uncharitable, Mary ; Mr. Long had more pity for the poor man. He went to him several times in the day, and sat and talked to him, and cheered him up, and assured him that he was safe if he would but believe ; so at last he got quite comfortable, and said he was willing to die, and ready to go as soon as Almighty God called him. In the evening he was so much easier that he thought he was getting better ; but when the doctor came, he dashed all his hopes at once, and told him that mortification had begun, and that he had not twenty-four hours to live.

William. And how did he bear that terrible news ?

Thomas. Oh, quite well. He said that was what the angel had told him, and he was not afraid to go now ; that he knew he was going to glory.

Jane. How surprised the doctor must have been to hear him talk that way!

Thomas. Yes; he was quite surprised and pleased. He was not so uncharitable as your mother.

William. Dr. Black is one of Tim Long's congregation, so he is used to those sudden conversions. For my part, I never saw one of them *last*, if it chanced that the person recovered; so I don't think much of them; and I agree with Mary, that it is very shocking to see such a reprobate as that die, talking of going to glory like a saint.

Philip. Not like a true saint, I suspect; they are much more humble and fearful.

Mary. And have a deeper and more awful sense of the purity and majesty of God.

Thomas. Well, I don't think it becomes poor miserable sinners, as we are, to be hard upon one another.

Mary. Oh, no; God forbid! We know that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again. We will try to hope.

William. We may hope; but we must shudder too.

Philip. After all, it seems likely the poor creature was never a Christian.

Jane. Never a Christian, Cousin Philip?

Philip. Your father seems to think he never was baptised; if not, of course he was not a Christian. Aunt Mary will tell you that.

Mary. And certainly he never received Holy Communion.

William. Probably not; I heard that Mr. Meager went several times to see him.

Philip. Ay, and so did Father Evelyn too; but he would not see either of them.

William. Tim Long would not be likely to trouble himself about the Sacrament.

Mary. So I suppose the poor wretched man never received any Sacrament whatever, and they will make a sort of saint of him!

Jane. He said he believed in our Lord Jesus Christ though.

Philip. He said so; but I doubt whether he knew what he meant.

Thomas. I'll tell you what, Philip: you are very hard upon the poor man. Your Papist friends have not taught you charity.

William. Philip never was very charitable in judging others, I'm afraid.

Philip. Perhaps not; but however, I don't think I am worse than I used to be. But I will tell you what I *have* learnt of my Papist friends, as you call them;—to have a much greater sense of the wickedness of sin, and a deeper horror of it.

Mary. Well, thank God for that, at least; but I can't see, Philip, why you should not always have had a horror of sin. I am sure your poor father was as honest and good a man as ever lived, and did his best to teach you and Kitty to be the same.

Philip. Very true, my dear aunt ; but all that he did at home, or half at least, Mr. Evans undid by his preaching and teaching. Morning, noon, and night, at school and at church, he was always warning us *against* good works ; he was always teaching us to call ourselves miserable sinners, filthy rags, the off-scouring of the earth, and such like ; till we thought it matter of course, if we thought at all, that we should be all great sinners, and filthy rags, and so on.

Jane. And if you had tried to be saints, it would have been thought a great piece of presumption, I suppose.

Philip. We might certainly have made sure of a pretty considerable lecture upon self-righteousness and spiritual pride ; at least, if Mr. Evans had found us out. But I don't believe such a thought entered my head. From what my father and mother taught me, I thought I ought not to be very wicked. From what Mr. Evans and the schoolmaster taught me, I thought it impossible to be good ; and, as far as I can recollect, till I went to hear Mr. Meager, I never tried very hard to be good, but let things just take their chance.

Mary. Ay, that's just the way with that sort of preaching.

William. Well, Mr. Lowe's teaching is better than that, however. But come, Philip, it's time to be going ; so good night to you all.

Philip. Good night, Aunt Mary ; good night, Jane ; good night, uncle.

[*Mary and Jane wish him good night ; but Thomas remains silent, looking very sulky.*]

DIALOGUE III.

William Peters' cottage. William Peters and Mary North.

Mary. You may talk as you please, William ; but I tell you that papistical doctrine of Purgatory is a lying doctrine, and agrees neither with common sense nor with Scripture.

William. And you may talk as you please, Aunt Mary ; but your saying so does not prove it. Now, my common sense tells me that most of the people whom I see dying are not so bad as to deserve to be sent into hell, to be burnt in everlasting fire ; still less are they good enough to go to heaven. And so, to *my* common sense, it seems that we just want a Purgatory, as a sort of middle place.

Mary. Ah, that puzzle comes of your self-righteous doctrine of merit. But if your eyes were opened to discern *Gospel truth*, and if you were made able to receive that blessed doctrine of justification by faith only,—then all is easy enough. Those that *believe* have Christ's righteousness imputed to them, and need not fear to stand in the presence of God ;

those who *cannot believe* must go to their own place, and no need of any third place that I see.

William. Perhaps not, if your doctrine be true. But, Aunt Mary, St. James says positively, that “*by works* a man is justified, and *not by faith only* ;” and in the account of the day of judgment our Lord Himself says, we shall be judged not by our *faith*, but by our *almsdeeds*. Now, then, how will you settle that puzzle ?

Mary [*speaking low to herself*]. “The carnal man cannot discern the things that belong to the spirit.”

William. Ah, that’s the way you people always put a poor man down when he asks for an explanation. But my friends, the Papists, as you call them, never shuffle out of a question in that fashion ; they will always give you a plain answer to a plain question.

Mary. Ay, to be sure ; throw the whole Bible overboard, and then you would be a fool to boggle at an awkward text here and there.

William. Throw the whole Bible overboard ! I should like you to hear Frank Andrews talk, and see if he does not understand the Bible much better than we do—oh, there he comes, I declare, and Philip with him. I’ll tell him what you have been saying about Purgatory, and see if he won’t find it in Scripture for you.

Mary. Oh, I defy him to do that ; but you may tell him if you please.

[*Enter Frank Andrews and Philip Somers.*]

William. You're welcome, Mr. Andrews ; I was just speaking of you.

Frank. Indeed !

Philip. And were you not speaking of me, uncle ? Well, if not, you were saying no harm, and there's comfort in that at least.

William. We were talking of Purgatory ; and my aunt there says that it is a false doctrine, and goes against the Bible and common sense.

Frank. And yet I do not doubt but that your aunt believes it herself.

Mary [*drawing herself up*]. Indeed I don't ! I am no Papist, thank God !

Frank. It is not only Catholics that believe in a Purgatory. I have found that most Protestants *who read their Bible* believe in it also, only their belief is not so clear and distinct as ours.

Philip. Oh, Frank, I think you must be mistaken there. Purgatory is one of the things that Protestants laugh at, and rail against most.

Frank. I will appeal to your aunt. She knows, I am sure, the story of the penitent thief.

Mary. Yes, indeed ; and if he was not justified by *faith only*, Nephew William, I should like you to show me how he was justified.

Frank. Surely he did something more than *believe*. He professed his faith ; he sorrowfully confessed his sins ; he showed his charity by rebuking the other thief ; and, lastly, he com-

mended himself to our blessed Lord. Here, then, we have, besides faith, repentance, hope, and charity ; and what was his reward ?

Philip. Oh, he was well rewarded. Our Lord promised that he should be with Him that day in Paradise.

Frank [*looking to Mary*]. And do you suppose that promise was kept ?

Mary. Yes, certainly ; for the thief had *faith*, whether or not he had all the other virtues that you are pleased to give him credit for.

Frank. He did not go to hell, then, you think ?

Mary. No, to be sure he did not ; he was with our Lord in Paradise.

Frank. And where was that Paradise ? not in hell, you allow ; not in heaven, for our blessed Lord said to St. Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, "I am not yet ascended to My Father." Where, then, had our Lord been during the interval between His death and His resurrection ?

Mary. Oh, Peter tells us that. He had been "preaching to the spirits in prison."

Frank. Do you believe that ?

Mary. Certainly I do ; it is in the Bible.

Frank. Yes ; well, then, where was that prison ? not in hell, the place of torment, since the thief was promised to be in Paradise : not in heaven, for our Lord had not yet ascended. It was, then, you see, some *third* place.

Mary. That may be ; there may be a third place.

Philip. There *must* be ; and Frank is right, Aunt Mary ; and you do, after all, believe in a Purgatory after a fashion.

Mary. No, Philip ; I may believe in a third place where the souls go ; but it does not follow that it is a Purgatory, a place of suffering.

Philip. A prison is always a place of suffering, surely ; and it was the *disobedient* souls that He preached to.

William. And yet it could not be the souls in hell, for what would have been the use of preaching to them, poor creatures ?

Frank. Now you see what I said is true, though it seemed so strange. Here are you three Protestants ; and, putting together what you believe, as you have picked it out of your own Bible for yourselves, what does it come to ? That there is some third place where disobedient souls are detained ; that it is against their will, for it is a *prison*, and that alone seems to imply some sort of suffering.

Mary. But it is not said that the souls will be purified by their sufferings.

Frank. No ; as I said, your idea of Purgatory is not so *clear* and *distinct* as ours. But though you will not allow that the souls in prison are purified by suffering, you will, I think, allow that their state was capable of some sort of improvement ; that seems clear by our Lord going to preach to them. Do you

remember another text, where our Lord advises His disciples to make agreement with the adversary, while they are in the way with him, for fear they should be cast into that prison from whence they should not come out till they had paid the uttermost farthing?

Philip. What, Frank, do you understand that text of Purgatory?

Frank. How do you understand it, Philip? I never happened to hear how Protestants explain it.

Philip. I am sure I don't know. What do you say, Aunt Mary? What do you take to be the prison?

Mary. I always thought it meant hell.

Frank. Ah, no; who shall ever come out of that sad prison of sorrow? who shall ever pay the last farthing there?

Philip [*sighing*]. Ah, that is but too true. But, Aunt Mary, what do you make of the adversary whom we are to agree with?

Mary. Oh, any enemy that we happen to have, I suppose.

Philip. Hem! that is very poor. But if we take the text Catholic fashion, and make the prison Purgatory, then the adversary will be Almighty God.

Frank. Almighty God, who is the adversary of all wicked men; and whose offended justice we may satisfy by works of penance in this life much more easily than by sufferings in Purgatory hereafter.

Philip. Ah, yes; so, taken with the Catholic sense, the whole text is very clear; and perhaps, Frank, you will make Purgatory explain that other text about the sin against the Holy Ghost, which our Saviour says shall not be forgiven neither in this world, nor in the next.

William. I always wondered at that text; because it seems as if some sins were to be forgiven in the next world; and that could not be, if there is only heaven and hell.

Philip. True; but with a Purgatory that is all clear. I must confess that Catholic doctrine explains many a puzzling text in Scripture.

Frank. The key that unlocks the door is probably the right key.

Mary. As your friend Mr. Frank seems so clever at explaining difficult texts, perhaps he will explain that one, "as the tree falleth, so it shall lie." I should be curious to know how that is to be twisted into what you call Catholic doctrine.

Philip. Well, Frank, there's a challenge: what do you say?

Frank. I do not recollect the text; but taking it as you give it, and with the sense that I suppose you put on it, that every man's doom is irrevocably fixed at the time of his death, I see no difficulty. I am sorry to disappoint your aunt, who seems to give me credit for great ingenuity; but really, in this case,

there is no room for "twisting." We Catholics believe, as fully as you do, that a man's eternal doom is settled *irrevocably* at the time of his death. If he die in mortal sin—in a state of rebellion against Almighty God, that is—then he must go to dwell with the devil and his rebellious angels. And if he die in a state of grace, of acceptance with Almighty God, then—

Mary. Then he will go straight to heaven; so what is the use of your Purgatory?

Philip. Oh, my dear aunt, do you think Frank will be caught so? and with all his ingenuity too!

Frank [*laughing*]. I think I can wriggle through that difficulty. But I must object to the use of that word *straight*. A soul *may* go straight to heaven; but as no sin can enter there, a soul must be very holy indeed, and very pure, who can be admitted at once into heaven, into the very presence of Almighty God.

Philip. And few indeed there are so good as that.

Frank. Few, indeed! our Lord says that we shall have to give account of every idle word.

William. That is an awful thought.

Frank. Very awful; and if there were no middle place in which souls may be detained and purified, it might almost drive us to despair, sinners as we all are. But, thanks be

to our merciful God, he has made provision for our weakness ; and if we leave this world free from *mortal* sin, we shall not be utterly rejected. We shall be permitted to expiate our *venial* sins in Purgatory ; and at last, when the uttermost farthing is paid, we shall be released from prison, and allowed to appear in the presence of God amid Saints and Angels. But observe, that the destiny of a soul is *fixed* when it *enters Purgatory*. It is *saved*, as far as eternal punishment is concerned ; it is saved from hell, though it has a longer or shorter time to suffer in Purgatory, according to its more or less imperfection ; it is saved, as St. Paul says, yet “so as by fire.”

Philip. Yes ; and so, according to Catholic doctrine, it is true, as you said, “As the tree falls, so it shall lie.” But, Frank, will you explain to us what you mean by mortal sin, from which you say we must be free at the time of our death, in order to be admitted into Purgatory ?

Frank. Mortal is grievous sin, wilful sin, any sin so great as to destroy grace in the soul. It is called *mortal*, because it *kills* the soul ; and lighter sins, sins of infirmity or surprise, are called *venial* sins. Venial means pardonable, and I suppose it is called so because it may be pardoned without the sacrament of penance. But to obtain pardon of *mortal* sin, we must have recourse to the sacrament of penance.

William. You must go to a priest, and confess.

Frank. Yes; we must go with true and deep contrition; we must make firm resolutions of amendment; and, if possible, we must make satisfaction to any whom we have injured, and to the offended justice of Almighty God; and then the priest will give us absolution; that is, he will give us pardon of our sin as far as the *eternal* punishment is concerned.

Mary. The priest will give you pardon! Really now, Mr. Frank, you are a sensible person; can you believe that any *man* can give you pardon of your sins?

Frank. Allow me to ask you a question in return. Christ our Lord breathed upon His Apostles, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." Now, tell me, do you believe that Christ our Lord was able to give this power to His Apostles?

Mary. Certainly. He is almighty.

Frank. You believe, then, that the *Apostles* had power to forgive sins?

Mary. Yes, no doubt; but that is quite different from believing that common men have that power now-a-days.

Frank. I quite agree with you, that "*common men*" have not that power; only *priests* have it.

Mary. And how do the priests get that power *now-a-days*, I should like to know?

Frank. It comes to them from Christ our Lord. He not only gave that power to His Apostles, but He said, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." They had the power of sending others therefore, as He had the power of sending them. And accordingly they did ordain and send others.

Philip. Oh, yes; St. Timothy and St. Titus, and St. Paul gives *them* directions about ordaining *others*. Mr. Meager explained all that to us one day; and how they ordained the next generation; and they, in turn, the next; and so the power was handed down, as it were, from one to another, from one to another, even to our own time; and he said it always would be so, because our Lord had said, "Lo, I am with you *always, to the end of the world.*"

Frank. And, after all, why is it more wonderful that our blessed Lord should have entrusted to man the power of forgiving sins in the sacrament of penance, than that He should entrust them with the power of making him a new creature in the sacrament of baptism?

Philip. Baptism carries with it a forgiveness of sins also, does it not, Frank?

Frank. Yes; what is called a plenary remission; that is, a complete, full, and entire pardon, if it is rightly administered and duly received.

Philip. There, Aunt Mary ; there, then, is “the *full, free, and unconditional* salvation” that you, and Mr. Evans, and Tim Long are always talking about.

Mary. Oh, not at all ; for your friend makes baptism a *condition*. You cannot call that *free* salvation which is clogged with a condition.

Frank. But with you faith is a condition, is it not ? I do not see, then, that salvation is freer with you than with us. You do make faith a *necessary* condition, do you not ?

Mary. Paul made that condition : “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

Frank. And our Lord Jesus Christ Himself made baptism a condition : “He that believeth, *and is baptized*, shall be saved.”

Mary. And you Papists believe that all who are not baptized shall go to hell ? How dreadful !

Frank. Pardon me, I do not say so : I only say that the *promise* is to those only who are baptized ; of the rest we know nothing ; but we must leave them to the mercy of God, to which we know no bounds.

Mary. Anyway, you must allow Mr. Frank, that ours is a much more *comfortable* religion than yours.

Frank. Oh, certainly ; for those that *can* believe and make sure of their salvation, it is comfortable enough ; but for the humble-

mind Christian, who is working out his salvation in fear and trembling——

William. Ah, poor fellow ! he would be glad to go to the priest, and get absolution.

Frank. Yes ; there is great comfort to a humble-minded person in receiving an authoritative pardon.

Philip. That is to say, that your religion, Aunt Mary, is most comfortable for the proud, and conceited, and Frank's for the humble and contrite. Well, I know which I would rather be comfortable with.

Mary. It is easy to see where you are inclined to cast in your lot, Philip. But take heed. If the blind follow the blind, we know where they will both be found at last. And now I shall wish you all good night ; for it is high time that I was upon my road home. Tell Martha I will call another day. [*She goes out.*]

Philip. "If the blind follow the blind," indeed ! It never seems to come into Aunt Mary's head that she and her dear Tim Long may be the blind guides themselves.

Frank. They believe themselves to be sensibly guided by the Holy Ghost, I have been told ; and if so, they are of course above all human teaching ; and I have always heard that, of all Protestants, the Methodists are the hardest to convert.

William. Aunt Mary is a good, kind-hearted creature in the main, and always ready to do a

good turn to any one ; but I must allow that in her religion she is very, very——

Philip. Very self-righteous.

William. No, that is not exactly what I mean ; I mean, *self-satisfied*—satisfied with herself, and judging very hardly of all who do not belong to her own sect. But let us leave Aunt Mary ; for I want to ask Mr. Frank to explain to me a little about Purgatory, and tell me what the Catholics really believe about it.

Frank. Oh, I shall be very glad to tell you all about it. I fancy you Protestants have some very strange ideas on the subject.

William. I am sure I hardly know what I do believe about it. I always fancied it a sort of locrum story, that was told to poor dying people, to frighten them, and make them give money to the priests to say Masses for their souls.

Frank [smiling]. And have you not also heard that we believe that St. Peter stands at the gate of Paradise, with a key in his hand, to open it *for those who pay* ? And that Catholics, when they are buried, have always a penny and a hammer put into their coffin ; the hammer to knock at the gate, and the penny to pay St. Peter to let them through ?

William. Why, yes, certainly I have heard that ; and I did hear a woman say she would get as near as she could to poor Judy's coffin, when she was buried, to see whether the priest did *really* put the penny in.

Frank [laughing heartily]. Oh, that is too good ! She thinks that the priest would steal the penny ; and, after all, the poor soul would not get through, in spite of the hammer to knock with.

Philip. You may laugh, Frank ; but I assure you there is nothing too ridiculous or too bad to be believed of a Catholic priest by Protestants.

Frank. That is true, and the more's the pity ; but no wonder—the Protestant religion could not stand a day, if it were not for the lies and calumnies which Protestants are continually spreading against God's own holy Church. I beg your pardon, Mr. Peters, I don't mean that all Protestants wilfully spread these lies ; but I mean, that lies are spread, to keep poor anxious souls from returning to the arms of their loving mother, the Church—falsehoods so extravagant, that we Catholics cannot help laughing at them.

Philip. Never mind the Protestants and their lies, Frank ; but go on and tell us what the Catholics really do believe about Purgatory ; for, to say the truth, though I did hold forth so learnedly to Uncle Thomas last night, I don't understand the matter clearly. I have rather a jumble in my head about Purgatory, dispensations and indulgences.

Frank. So it seems, indeed ; by the way, you mix them all up together. Let us begin with Purgatory.

Philip. I think you made good your point that we all do believe in a third state somehow ; now, please tell us exactly what Purgatory is.

Frank. I will answer you in the words of the Catechism : “ Purgatory is a middle state of souls, suffering for a time on account of their sins ; ” that is pretty much what you made it out to be, you know, from your own Protestant Bibles.

William. Yes ; but I want to know more : I have heard a great deal of the torments that the poor souls suffer in Purgatory.

Frank. The Church teaches nothing upon that point ; but simply that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and particularly by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

William. But I have always heard that priests in their sermons love to dwell upon the subject of Purgatory, and tell most dreadful stories of the sufferings of the poor souls.

Frank. In order, as you said just now, to screw money out of the people for Masses. Yes, you will hear many such tales ; but your nephew Philip, here, will tell you that, upon examination, you will find that many of these stories you have been accustomed to hear are mere tissues of falsehood and misrepresentation.

Philip. Yes, indeed ; but you do believe that the souls in Purgatory are suffering ?

Frank. Oh, certainly ; the very idea of a

Purgatory, a place of purification, implies a place of suffering; and that expression of St. Paul's which I quoted to your aunt just now, that if a man's work is imperfect, "he shall be saved, yet so as by fire." But of what sort, to what extent, of what duration these sufferings may be, the Church has not told us. All is left in a state of awful mystery, and every one is at liberty to form his own conjectures on the subject.

William. I don't see what Aunt Mary could find so contrary to common sense in *that*.

Philip. Oh, Aunt Mary knows just nothing about it; she does not know what Catholics believe: and Frank showed her plainly that she does not know what she believes herself.

Frank. I have found many Protestants like her, believing in a Purgatory without knowing it; and many more believing in a Purgatory only, not believing, that is, in *eternal* punishment.

Philip. One would be glad to believe that hell would come to an end at last, even if it were only after thousands of years.

Frank. Yes, indeed; but the eternity of punishment is a point of faith which we are not at liberty to disbelieve.

William. You said just now, Mr. Frank, that with regard to the sufferings of Purgatory, we might form our own conjectures; there are some things, then, which we may believe or not, as we please.

Frank. Yes, certainly; and we may exercise our private judgment about any thing on which the Church has not decided.

William. And how are people to know what the Church has decided?

Frank. The clergy and learned men have books, with all the decrees which have been made in what are called General Councils; that is, assemblies of all the Bishops, which have been held from time to time, when the springing up of any new form of heresy has made it necessary.

Philip. Like the Council of Trent, for instance.

Frank. Yes, that was the last General Council; it was held to condemn the errors of the Protestants.

William. But a poor unlearned man, like me, cannot read those great books.

Frank. No; and so our holy Mother Church has well and tenderly provided for all such, by drawing up little Catechisms, which tell us all that it is necessary for us to know; and if we wish for further information, we may ask our priests: they are always ready and willing to teach those who inquire modestly, and in humble submission to the Church.

Philip. After all, it is very absurd for *us* to pretend to know better than the Church.

Frank. Very.

Philip. About Purgatory I want to ask you one thing more, Frank. You said just now that

the poor souls in Purgatory are helped by prayers and Masses.

Frank. Yes; and even Aunt Mary must allow that, because I have a text of Holy Scripture for it. In the second book of the Machabees, if you will look at the end of the twelfth chapter, you will find an account of a gathering of money, made on purpose to send up to Jerusalem, that sacrifice might be offered for the sins of those who had been slain in battle,—slain because of their sin; and the account concludes by saying, “It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.” I am quoting of course out of our translation; but I have sometimes looked at yours, and it has the same sense, though I think the Protestant translators tried to disguise it a little.

Philip. Did the Jews then pray for the dead?

Frank. Yes, and offer sacrifice too; that is plain from that passage, and they continue to do it still. I advise you to read the passage over attentively at your leisure.

Philip. And just show it to Aunt Mary.

Frank. Well, you can do that if you do it gently, and without any air of triumph. But I have often observed that people, for want of a little care on that head, provoke more than they convince the person they are disputing with.

Philip. What you say is true, Frank; and

thank you for your hint, I will try and profit by it.

William. No time like the present: suppose, Mr. Frank, you show us the passage now. Here is my grandfather's Bible [*he takes down a large Bible from the shelf—Frank finds the place, and says*], here it is, the twelfth chapter of the second book of the Machabees. By what goes before, it appears that the Jews were fighting for their faith under Judas Machabeus, and in a battle a few of the Jews were slain; and when they came to take them up and bury them (look here at the 39th verse), they found that each one of these men had under their coats things consecrated to idols, which they had taken from a people called Jamnites, with whom they had been fighting a short time before; and these things, you see [*he points with his finger to the 40th verse*], it was not lawful for the Jews to have, and so they saw that "this was the cause wherefore they were slain."

Philip. They were guilty, then, of the sin of idolatry?

Frank. No, that does not appear: they might have taken these things out of covetousness, if they were of gold and silver: or from mere thoughtlessness, or even from some sort of superstition not amounting to idolatry; but, any way, it was forbidden them to have things consecrated to idols; and so these men had been guilty of a sin. Now, then,

see what Judas and the other Jews did [*he points to the 42nd verse*]. "They betook themselves to prayer, that the sin committed might be wholly put out of remembrance." And this is not all; look at the next verse: "He made a gathering throughout the company, to the sum of twelve thousand drachms of silver, and sent it to Jerusalem for a sin-offering."

Philip. Ah, yes, a sin-offering; but are you sure it was for the souls of the dead men? because it might be a sort of trespass-offering, to turn away the anger of the Lord, like the little golden mice that the Philistines sent.

Frank. Well done, Philip; that is sharp of you. I don't know about the little golden mice; but you may see by the next verse, that it was really for the pardon of *these poor men*, and to obtain *for them* a happy resurrection. Look here, at the 44th verse: "If he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." And look here again, at the next verse: "Whereupon he made reconciliation for the dead"—see, it actually says *for the dead*—"that they might be delivered from sin." Well, I don't wonder you Protestants dislike the Book of Machabees. I don't know what Aunt Mary could make of that. She must borrow a little of my ability for twisting, I think. [*They all laugh.*]

Philip. Oh, I can tell you how she would

get out of it. She would say, "Oh, that is only the Apocrypha," that is not in the *Bible*.

William. Not in the Bible, Philip?

Philip. It is not in her Bible, Uncle William.

William. Ay, ay, that may be; for I always see her reading out of one of your new-fashioned, new-fangled Bible-Society Bibles now. But that's the Bible that belonged to her father and mine; and out of that they saved their poor souls, if they did out of any.

Frank. Do you mean that the Bibles given away by the Bible Society are different from other Protestant Bibles?

Philip. No, not exactly that. Protestants don't reckon the Apocrypha of the same authority as the rest of the Bible, you know; and so, to make their Bibles come cheaper, they just printed them without it.

William. Cheaper! cheaper! Well, considering the thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds that they have raised, they might have given us our Bibles whole and entire, I think.

Frank. And so they would, if the Apocrypha, as you call it, had gone as much against the Catholics, as it really goes in their favour. The truth is, that because it has so many strong passages on our side, it was a great point with your "honest" Reformers to get rid of it; and not daring to throw it off altogether, they just dubbed it "apocryphal," which means

of doubtful authority ; and then, after a few generations——

Philip. Then comes the Bible Society, and, for the sake of economy, quietly drops it out altogether.

Frank. One would have thought that the Bible Society should have been a protector of the whole Bible, certainly ; but they can't help themselves, poor people ; the whole Bible would condemn them. But let us return to our passage. It is curious to see how, even in your own Protestant translation, it seems to justify the whole doctrine and practice of our Church with regard to the dead. See, these poor men had sinned ; but it was hoped either that their sin was not mortal, or that they had repented before their death ; else it would have been superfluous and vain to pray for them : but they died in sin, and they were slain, as we are expressly told, by the hand of Almighty God, in punishment of their sin ; and then what did the Church, the Jewish Church, the Church of God in those days, do for her poor children ? She did just what the Church does *now* for her departed children. She offered prayers and sacrifice “to make reconciliation for the dead.”

William. No wonder, certainly, the Protestants try to get rid of a testimony like that ; it does go right against them.

Philip. And the best of it is, that they call themselves “Bible Christians” all the while.

Frank. As you go on, and compare the teaching of the Catholic Church with the Bible, you will be more and more struck by its perfect agreement with every part of the Bible: while I am daily more and more surprised to find how much of the Bible the Protestants cast aside, as if it was of no value; and that not only what you call the apocryphal books, but even the very Gospels themselves,—our Lord's own teaching.

Philip. Yes, about fasting, for instance, and alms. But, Frank, I want you to explain to us about indulgences. I don't understand a bit about it.

Frank. I dare say not; it is rather a difficult matter to understand thoroughly, and especially for Protestants; but I will try and explain it as far as I can. I am afraid, however, that it must not be to-night; for it is not an affair to be settled in ten minutes, and it is past nine. Suppose you bring your uncle to me to-morrow evening, and then we can talk it over leisurely.

Philip. Oh, that will be a capital plan; only we cannot be with you much before eight, because we have settled to work in the garden as long as ever we can see, to get things on a little.

William. Yes, indeed; Philip is very good about the garden; but after it gets dark we will come, and be very much obliged to you, Mr. Frank.

Frank. I shall expect you then, about eight ; and good night, Mr. Peters.

Philip. Good night, uncle.

William. Good night to you both.

DIALOGUE IV.

Frank Andrews, reading ; enter William Peters and Philip Somers.

Philip. Oh, Frank, I have something amusing to tell you.

Frank. You are all the more welcome. I am very glad to see you, Mr. Peters. Pray sit down. Well, Philip ?

Philip. Oh, I need not have asked you to explain to me about indulgences ; for when I got home last night, I found Aunt Mary haranguing away to my mother and Kitty most learnedly.

Frank. And a fine explanation she gave, I dare say ; what did she say ?

Philip. Oh, rare stuff ! She said that Catholics believe that all the good works and sufferings of the Saints are put into a sort of a joint-stock treasury ; all at least that they don't want for their own particular salvation, for you know Catholics are always supposed to make their salvation depend upon their own good works.

Frank. Oh, yes, that is an old story against

us ; and I dare say I can pretty well guess what your aunt said besides ; for there is none of it that I have not often heard before. Did she not say that the Pope had the key of this joint-stock treasury ; and that when any wicked wretch came to die, he had only to send to the priest, and giving him a cheque upon his banker, he would receive in return an order upon the Pope's treasury, to any amount of good works that he might stand in need of ; and then he has only to present this order to St. Peter, when he knocks with the hammer at the gate of Paradise, and he will be let in directly ? Isn't that about it ?

Philip. Well, it is pretty much what she said ; and then she lifted up her eyes to heaven, and wondered how any people could be found to believe so absurd and wicked a religion.

William. Poor Aunt Mary ! She little suspects that the wickedness and absurdity is all her own. But now, Mr. Frank, will you please to tell us, as you promised, what your Church really does teach about indulgences ?

Frank. I will begin by telling you what the Catechism says : that an indulgence is a releasing from the temporal punishment which often remains due to sin after its guilt has been remitted.

Philip. That sounds very difficult. I don't think I understand that word *temporal* exactly. What is *temporal* punishment ?

Frank. Punishment that lasts only for a time, like a penance in this life or in Purgatory. Whereas punishment in hell is, you know, *eternal*.

William. I thought an indulgence was an easy way of getting pardon for our sins.

Frank. Pardon *beforehand*, perhaps? Leave to commit sin *beforehand*? that is, I believe, a common notion among Protestants; but it is all sheer nonsense. No one, neither Bishop nor Pope, no, nor the whole Church, can give leave to commit the smallest sin.

William. I confess that was my notion; but it is pardon for sin *somehow*, is it not? some easy way of escaping hell?

Frank. It has nothing to do with *hell*, nothing to do with the *eternal* punishment of our sins at all. It is, as the Catechism says, a letting-off some part of the *temporal* punishment which, in strict justice, is due to our sin even after the eternal punishment is remitted. But the sin *must* be forgiven as to the *eternal* punishment before we can get the indulgence. It is almost always the condition of gaining any great indulgence that we go to confession, and receive the holy Communion worthily first.

Philip. Oh, then you must be what we should call *very good* indeed, before you can get an indulgence.

Frank. Our indulgences are not so easy as your Aunt Mary's, you see. A single act of faith is sufficient, according to her doctrine,

not merely to obtain an indulgence, but a full remission of all punishment, *eternal* and *temporal*. But we must be very good, as you say, or, as we say, in a state of grace, before we can begin to think of getting an indulgence.

William. Well, if I must go to confession first, I don't think I should reckon it any such great indulgence. That going to confession is a terrible thing. I don't think I could ever bring my mind to it.

Philip. But without you bring yourself to it, you can never be a Catholic, uncle : can he, Frank ?

Frank. No, indeed ; the Church positively requires that all her children should go to confession once in the year at least. But I assure you, Mr. Peters, that it is not so hard when you come to do it, as it looks beforehand ; the priests are so very kind and considerate, and they only wish to know just what is necessary for their guidance. Then you are quite certain that they will never reveal to any body what you tell them.

William. There is great comfort in that, I'll allow. Still, I am sure I should be in a mortal fright, if I knew I was going to-morrow to Father Evelyn, to tell him all that I have ever done wrong all my life.

Philip. Faith ! and so should I. But I *must* go ; for I *must* become a Catholic. I can't rest as I am, out of any Church—neither Protestant nor Catholic—neither fish, flesh,

nor fowl. I *must* go ; but I am glad it is not to-morrow.

Frank. I will tell you how to make it easy, Philip.

Philip. Will you, indeed ? Come, now, that's a secret worth knowing. Open your ears, Uncle William !

Frank. In the first place, think well over your sins. Con them over and over again. Think how base and ungrateful it is of you to sin against the great God who made you. You, who are mere dust and ashes, to rebel against Him who breathed into you the breath of life.

William. That is right enough, to be sure. We are angry, and more than that too often, with the poor dumb brutes that won't obey us in a moment, and yet we didn't *make* them.

Philip. Neither make them nor give them reason to know that they *ought* to obey us. Certainly this thought should humble us.

Frank. And we may go a little further yet. We are not only sinful and rebellious,—not only dust and ashes sinful and rebellious against the Hand that made us, but we are *proud* too ! *Proud*, and *sinful*, and *rebellious* !

Philip. Ay, ay, and that is why we are so unwilling to go to confession ! I understand you, Frank ; and true enough, thinking of this seriously, meditating upon it, as *you* would say, ought to make us willing to bring shame upon ourselves.

William. And thinking of our sins—conning them over, as you call it—would make us not only ashamed, but *afraid*.

Frank. Exactly so. And then you would long to get rid of your sins—to be forgiven, and to know that you are forgiven.

Philip. I suspect it is that longing after forgiveness, and the want of a priest to give it, which makes people hang on to that notion of being justified by faith only as they do.

Frank. No doubt; poor sinful man cannot rest without some sensible means of obtaining pardon for his sins; and having rejected the means which God has given, the sacrament of penance, he is driven to foolish inventions of his own. But you have not got all my receipt yet.

Philip. Your receipt for confession made easy? Well, I am glad of that; for it don't seem to me easy *enough* yet, Mr. Frank.

Frank. Well, then, having got up your courage, and laid down your humility, go to Father Evelyn and begin at once, and out with the *worst* thing you ever did; after that, all the rest will come quite easy.

Philip. Oh, Frank, that's a bit of humbug. Of course, after telling the *big* sins, the *little* ones will come easy, if one had but the courage to tell the big ones, that is. Common sense tells that.

Frank. But common sense cannot tell you; only *experience* can tell you how easy it is,

when once you are upon your knees before the priest, to pour out all your heart to him. They are, as I said just now, so kind and so considerate, and they help you to get through: they know how difficult it is; they are accustomed to the work: and they show you, by their gentle tone and tender manner, how much they are interested for you.

William. I should be afraid that they would be shocked at me, and hate me.

Frank. Oh, no, never! In truth he must be a bad man indeed, who could tell them worse things than they have but too often heard before. And then, from long experience, they come to understand the working of the heart and soul. If you tell them a little, they will guess a great deal.

Philip. Like the doctors, who always seem to know half your symptoms without being told: if they are clever ones, at least.

Frank. Well, it is like that; the priests are our *spiritual* doctors, and having been well trained and taught, they know well what they are about.

Philip. Our Protestant parsons are not taught all that. Mr. Meager once wanted me to come and make my confession to him; but I told him no; if I made up my mind to confess to any body, it should be a real Catholic Priest, because they are used to it; whereas the Protestant ministers are only making experiments.

Frank. And you were very wise there.

William. Yes; I would never put myself in the hands of a quack doctor any way, if I could go to a regular-bred physician.

Philip. Nor I. But, meantime, what's become of indulgences? we have quite forgotten them.

Frank. No, indeed; we have been talking of the way of preparing to gain one.

Philip. Yes; you said just now that we must go to confession and be forgiven, before we can get an indulgence.

Frank. Yes.

William. That's what I can't understand, that our sins are to be forgiven, and yet if we don't get this indulgence, we are to go to Purgatory.

Frank. Not that we "*are to go*," but that we *may have to go* to Purgatory, *though* our sins are forgiven.

Philip. I don't understand that either clearly; so please, Frank, explain it to us.

Frank. Willingly; and it will help you to understand better about indulgences. Let me, then, just ask your uncle, if it has not sometimes happened to him to punish a child, even after he has forgiven it.

William. Why, yes, it has sure enough. My wife and I make it a rule always to forgive the children for any thing that they have done wrong, if they come and tell us fairly; we do

this in order to encourage them to tell the truth. There's nothing I hate like a lie.

Frank. But suppose it happens that the child falls often into the same fault, and still comes and confesses it, and is really sorry for it, how do you manage then?

William. Oh, in that case I get my wife to punish the child; it must be punished as an example to the others, and for fear it should get into a way of doing wrong, and coming and confessing it, and then being forgiven, and thinking no more about it. But I should say, punish it lightly.

Frank. And the first fault you would forgive freely?

William. Oh, yes; one must always be merciful to the *first* fault.

Frank. Just so does our heavenly Father, the most merciful of all fathers, deal with us. When first a man is brought to a sense of his sins, and comes with faith and repentance to receive holy Baptism, Almighty God receives him like a merciful Father, and gives him a full and free pardon of all his sins, how great and how many soever they be.

Philip. Do you mean that exactly, Frank? Suppose Father Evelyn had seen that wretched old Smith; suppose he had talked to him and persuaded him to be a Catholic, and made him sorry for his sins—

Frank. *Truly* and *deeply* sorry.

Philip. Yes, yes, *truly* and *deeply* sorry, a

true penitent, and had then baptized him; do you mean to say that God would have *freely* and *fully* pardoned him?

Frank. Yes; *freely, fully, entirely.*

William. And then sent him into Purgatory?

Frank. No, no, my good friend; this is the case of the *first* fault; and by the mercy of God, and through the merits of Christ our Lord, it receives a *full* pardon—what we call a *plenary remission*. But this is for the *first* fault only. Purgatory is for sin repeated after baptism.

Philip. Ah, I begin to see light. As the child who is often disobedient must be punished in order to warn the others—

Frank. And to avenge, as it were, the authority of the parent,—

Philip. And yet will be forgiven, because he is sorry, and comes to confess his fault; so we are *once fully and freely* forgiven *all in baptism*; but if we sin again after that, then, for a warning to others, and to avenge the majesty of Almighty God, we must suffer *though we are forgiven*.

Frank. Yes; “we must suffer though we are forgiven.” We must do penance either in this world or in the next.

Philip. Oh, now I understand what poor Judy meant when she said the other day, that she was willing to suffer still more, if it was the

will of God ; that she would much rather suffer in this world than in the next.

Frank. She meant that the debt must be paid, and that she would rather pay it here than in the next world, in Purgatory.

Philip. Ah, yes ; we must pay to the uttermost farthing there it seems.

Frank. And *here* we may get an indulgence from the Church, the dispenser of God's mercy, for a part of our debt at least. I think if I tell you a little of the history of indulgences, as Father Evelyn explained it to us the other day, it would help you to understand the matter better.

Philip. Oh, do ; for I am sure I don't see my way clearly yet.

Frank. Perhaps you know that in the first ages of the Church the discipline was much more severe than it is now. Then, if a person committed any great crime, such as theft, adultery, murder, or apostacy, he was excommunicated, that is, not allowed to receive holy Communion, nor come into Church to assist at Mass, for seven, ten, twenty years ; and during that time he would remain outside the door of the church, sometimes even in sackcloth and ashes, weeping and entreating the prayers of the faithful as they entered.

William. Oh, that is a great deal worse than your confession ; but you would not get any one to go through that now-a-days.

Frank. Very true ; as Christianity spread,

and the world entered into the Church, people became, alas ! less afraid to sin, and more afraid to do penance ; so by degrees *public* penance became more and more rare ; and at last, in our days, it seemed to have fallen quite out of use, and now only the sacramental penance remains.

Philip. Stop a minute, please, Frank ; you told me the other day that the Church was the keeper of the faith, and that she never had, and never would, alter any thing to please any body.

Frank. I did tell you so, Philip : and it is quite true of the *faith*,—*that* she never will alter. But it is the faith *only* that is unalterable, and not the rules of discipline ; they may be altered as often as the Church sees fit.

Philip. I don't understand clearly why that is so.

Frank. The doctrines are truths revealed by Almighty God Himself. What Almighty God has taught, men must not presume to alter.

Philip. Oh, certainly ; that I see clearly.

Frank. But rules of discipline are merely regulations, which the Church, in the exercise of the power committed to her, has laid down for the guidance of her children's conduct ; and as a line of conduct may be wise at one time, and unwise at another, so the rules which would be wise at one time may be unwise at another. Do you understand the matter now ?

Philip. Better, but not quite well.

Frank. Then I will try to explain it better another day; it would take up too much time to-night. For the present we will go on with the indulgences. You will have no difficulty in allowing that the Church may alter her own regulations if she sees fit?

Philip. Why, certainly, if she has power to make regulations, she has power to alter them.

Frank. Exactly; and so, as I said just now, the Church did in time alter her rules for penitents, and imposed lighter and shorter penances, such as might serve to deter people from sinning, and yet not drive them out of the Church. But while the severe discipline was in force, she did sometimes, in cases where the penitent showed an extraordinary grief—and *always* in cases of danger of death—grant *indulgences* to the penitents; receive them, that is, to holy Communion before their time of penance was fully expired. It was one way of doing honour to the martyrs, to grant this indulgence to any one for whom they particularly requested it when on their way to suffer, or while lying in prison.

Philip. Oh, I like that thought.

Frank. Yes, it is beautiful and touching; and especially as Father Evelyn explained it. He said, the martyr, going to his sufferings, and taking pity upon his poor fallen brother, and asking indulgence for his weakness, seemed to show, while giving his own body to be

burned, that he had the true charity, without which his sacrifice would not be acceptable.

Philip. It was indeed a beautiful thought, to reward the martyr through his own charity.

Frank. The more you become acquainted with the Church, the more will you be struck with the beauty of her charity. But to return to indulgences: as you are a bit of a Bible Christian, Philip, I ought to tell you that there is in the New Testament a remarkable instance of an indulgence.

William. Yes, tell us that, if you please. I suppose I am a bit of a Bible Christian too; for certainly I feel more sure of any thing, if you can give me chapter and verse for it.

Frank. Of course; the only thing is, to be certain, when we have got the chapter and verse, that we understand the sense aright. I think, if you will give me the Bible, Philip, that I can give your uncle chapter and verse.

Philip. Ah, Frank, you look very wicked; I know you of old; and whenever you take to the Bible, it is a sure sign that there is mischief in the wind. [*Philip hands the Bible to Frank.*]

Frank. A fine character you give me, Mr. Philip; and more fitted for a heretic than a Catholic, never to quote the Bible but for mischief. [*He continues speaking, and turns over the leaves as he speaks.*] I dare say you remember that, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul speaks of one who had

committed the dreadful sin of taking his father's wife (oh, here it is in the 5th chapter, Mr. Peters), and at the 4th and 5th verses he charges them that in the name of the Lord Jesus [*he reads aloud, pointing out with his finger the passage to Peters and Philip, who stand looking over one on each side; Frank and Philip bow at the holy name, and William seeing them, does so too*], "you being gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus, to deliver such a one to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." There, you see, is the man plainly excommunicated,—delivered over to Satan.

William. Is that the meaning of being delivered over to Satan? I thought it meant being given up to the devil for ever.

Frank. Oh, no; for it says that the spirit may be *saved* in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Philip. The day of judgment, I suppose, that means?

Frank. I suppose so. Now look [*he turns over the leaves of the Bible slowly*] at the Second Epistle, the 2d chapter, and the 7th verse, we come to the indulgence; he desires them to pardon and comfort him, lest he be swallowed up by overmuch sorrow; and now look again at this 10th verse, "And to whom ye have pardoned any thing, I also. For what I have pardoned, if I have pardoned any thing, for

your sakes have I done it in the person of Christ." You see that this was not a common pardon, but it was given solemnly "*in the person of Christ.*"

Philip. And so was the excommunication also *in the power of our Lord Jesus Christ?*

Frank. Yes; so both together form a good example of what is called the power of the keys, the power of binding and loosing, which so puzzles Aunt Mary; and this latter part is a clear indulgence.

William. Indeed, I don't know what Aunt Mary would say to it all. But I begin to see one thing, that you were right, Philip, when you told Jane last night that you could learn more in a quarter of an hour by listening, than in seven years of *reading* the Bible for *yourself*. It sounded very strange to me then, and almost profane as it were; but now I see you are right.

Philip. I dare say, uncle, you never understood clearly any one of those texts before?

William. No, certainly I did not; and I am very much obliged to Mr. Frank for his kindness and patience in explaining them.

Philip. And, as he said just now, the key that opens the lock is no doubt the right key; so I think you had better go with me to Father Evelyn's to-morrow night, uncle, and put yourself under instruction at once.

William. Well, I should have no objection to that; but as I am old, and not much used

to this sort of thing, I think I should prefer waiting a little, and hearing more from your friend here, if he will allow me to come in now and then of an evening.

Frank. Most willingly. I shall always be glad to see you, and tell you any thing as far as I know ; but of course, Father Evelyn's instructions must be much better than mine.

William. Maybe so ; but you see I am more at my ease with only you and Philip ; I can attend better, and I can ask any questions I please. And now I am going to ask you to explain one thing more, and then we must be going homewards.

Philip. Yes, indeed, it is getting late.

Frank. Oh, there is no hurry ; what did you wish to ask me, Mr. Peters ?

William. I have been told that you can get an indulgence for a certain number of days or years just for saying a little prayer, or perhaps for only bowing the head.

Frank. Let me explain first about the days and years for which an indulgence is granted. You recollect what I told you about the old regulations of the Church—that for every great sin the sinner was to do penance for a certain number of days, or weeks, or years, as the case might be.

Philip. Oh, I see ; as the indulgences are to let off from the penance, they too must count by days, and weeks, and years.

Frank. Exactly ; and, moreover, you will

understand another thing which puzzles a great many Protestants, why a man should want to gain indulgences for hundreds and thousands of years more than he could ever live.

William. Why, to be sure, if an indulgence were only leave to commit sin, a man could not want one longer than his life lasted.

Frank. And, on the other hand, if one act of theft merited a penance of twenty years, how many hundreds of years might a man owe to the offended majesty of Almighty God and the discipline of the Church, if he had lived all his life long in the practice of theft and dishonesty, as too many do?

Philip. I think I understand that.

William. And so do I. And now will you explain about getting the indulgence for such a trifle as a little prayer.

Frank. You will find, upon inquiry, that there is a misunderstanding here. An indulgence may be attached to a prayer or an act of devotion, but that prayer is to be said *devoutly* and *sincerely*, or the act of devotion is to be performed with *one's whole heart*,—and that supposes a great deal of piety, you know. And, as I told you, in almost all cases of great indulgence a worthy confession and communion are among the conditions.

William. Yes; and as I said then, if I must go to confession first, I should not reckon it, any way, a very easy indulgence to get.

Frank. I very much suspect that those who cry out against the ease with which indulgences can be gained, never tried sincerely and heartily to gain one.

Philip. I don't know how that may be, but one thing I see plainly: if a man feels that he is a great sinner, he will be so glad to get an indulgence, that he won't be likely to quarrel with the terms of it. And so good night, Frank.

Frank. That is very true. Good night, Philip; good night to you, Mr. Peters.

William. Good night, and thank ye, Mr. Frank; and if ye will allow me, I will look in again the first vacant evening.

Frank. By all means do, and I will try and explain to you something about dispensations.

DIALOGUE V.

Frank Andrews and Philip Somers.

Frank. Ah, you are early, Philip; I did not expect you so soon. What has become of your notable agreement to work in your uncle's garden, as long as you could see, wasn't it?

Philip. Yes, that is the regulation. But he wanted some seeds for to-morrow, so I went to Rowton to get them; and as it would not be worth while to go all the way to the West Lodge for half an hour, it was settled

that I should come here and wait for him, and we might go home together afterwards.

Frank. Oh, I see; he gave you a *dispensation* for the evening.

Philip. Yes, a "*dispensation*," and "as he made the regulation, I suppose he can break it if he pleases."

Frank. Yes; for the benefit of the garden he made the regulation, and for the benefit of the garden he may allow you to break it. He made the regulation, and he can dispense with it; there, now you have the whole affair of *dispensations* exemplified. It is nothing very difficult, you see.

Philip. Hem! is that all? No, it seems simple enough. But oh, there comes Uncle William; he has dispensed with himself too, I suppose.

[*William enters—Philip calls out:*]

Hullo, uncle; so, do you know you are worse than a *Papist*? you are playing *Pope*.

William. Playing *Pope*!

Philip. Yes, granting dispensations. Isn't that playing *Pope*?

Frank. Do you think, then, Philip, that none but the Pope can grant dispensations? We should be in a bad plight if we were always obliged to send all the way to Rome to get a dispensation.

Philip. Ay, true; we had just settled that you, Uncle William, could dispense with my

working on in the garden till dusk, because *you* had made the regulation.

William. Why, to be sure, I suppose I may settle what I please about my own garden.

Frank. Certainly; and so may every Bishop settle as he pleases about his own diocese, in many things, at least; and the priest in his own parish.

Philip. But it seems to me, Frank, if this be so, that your priests would soon be all at sixes and sevens, just like our ministers.

William. Stop a moment, if you please, Philip; and let Mr. Frank just explain to me what a dispensation really is. You forget that I was not here when you began your talk. What do you mean by a dispensation?

Frank. A permission not to observe some regulation of the Church, which we should without this dispensation be obliged to observe.

Philip. Well, but surely that is what Protestants say: a permission to do something wrong, to commit a sin.

Frank. No, no; as I told you last night, no one, neither Bishop nor Pope, no, not the whole Church, could ever give leave to commit a sin, even the smallest possible sin. A dispensation is a permission not to observe a regulation of the Church, not a permission to disobey a law of Almighty God.

Philip. Does the Pope, then, or the Church, if you please, never give any one leave to break a law of Almighty God?

Frank. Never ; not only she *does* not, but she *can* not. But the regulations which the Church makes, or which the Pope makes, or which any particular Bishop makes, the Church, or the Pope, or the Bishop, may excuse people from observing ; and this is called a dispensation. Let me give you an example.

William. Yes, do please ; I understand much better by an example.

Frank. Let us take it with regard to abstinence. You know Catholics are ordered not to eat meat on Fridays, and on some other days. It is a law of the Church, which we are all bound to obey. But suppose a person is ill, and requires meat to restore his strength ; then, if he asks his priest, the priest will give him a dispensation, and then he may do innocently what, had he done it without permission, would have been wrong. But if a man were to go and ask the priest to give him a dispensation to get drunk, the priest *could* not give it.

William. I see. And if I wanted a dispensation to eat meat on Fridays, or any thing of that sort, should I have to give the priest any thing—money or a present—in order to get the dispensation ?

Frank. Oh, no, no ; I assure you that is all Protestant nonsense. If you want a dispensation, you just go and ask the priest, and you tell him what you want, and why you want it ; and then, if he thinks it right, and he can, he

will give it you ; and nobody ever thinks any thing at all about money or presents ; that is all stuff and nonsense.

Philip. But you say, “ *if he can.*”

Frank. Yes, there are certain dispensations which only a *Bishop* can give ; some that only the Pope himself can give ; but for common cases the priests have power given them to dispense.

Philip. Now, then, I come round to my objection, or rather to my question : How happens it, if your priests can do as they please in these matters, that you are not all at sixes and sevens, as we are ?

William. Yes, if one priest may give a dispensation, and another refuse it, that will be like Mr. Meager, who teaches his people to fast, and Mr. Evans, who calls fasting a carnal observance.

Frank. No, no ; you must not fancy that in these matters our priests do just as they please ; they all act according to *rule*, to *one rule* : if your case comes under the rule, you will have the dispensation ; and if it does not, you will be refused.

Philip. Oh, I see. How curiously every thing seems provided for in your Church !

Frank. Yes, we are enjoying the fruits of the wisdom of accumulated ages ; nay, of the Divine Spirit working in the Church.

Philip. And we, the fruits of ages of accumulated squabbling.

Frank. And of each man deciding according to his own private judgment.

Philip [after a little pause]. Why, Uncle William, what are you thinking about? You look as full of care as if you were going to say your Catechism to Mr. Meager, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Lowe, all at once.

William. That would be a hardish job to be sure, if I were to take in all their explanations with it, Philip. But, to tell you the truth, I have pretty well made up my mind, that when I set about learning my Catechism again, I'll go to Father Evelyn to be taught. However, that is not what I was thinking about just then.

Philip. Tell us, then, what it was; something very deep, to judge by the wrinkles it made on your brow.

William. I was thinking of what you said last night, when Mr. Frank was explaining to us about the Church altering the laws of penance. I thought, as you did, that the Church was never to alter in any thing.

Philip. And Frank explained to us that it was only in matters of *faith* that she was not to alter, but that in matters of *discipline* she might and would alter as much as she pleased.

William. Yes, I don't think I understand that clearly.

Philip. Nor I, *clearly*. I think that word *discipline* puzzles us.

Frank. Call it *disciple-ing*, and then it will

explain itself; managing and teaching disciples.

Philip. Oh yes, now I see; the matter of faith concerns what we are to *believe*, and the matters of discipline, what, as disciples, we are to do.

Frank. Very well; now I think you have it.

Philip. Do you understand, Uncle William?

William. I think I do.

Frank. Let me give you some examples of what I mean. I am anxious that you should understand the matter well, because it is one of the things that Protestants puzzle over and blunder about, in a manner that to us Catholics seems quite wonderful.

William. Certainly I have never been taught the difference between matters of faith and matters of discipline.

Philip. I have heard Mr. Evans talk of faith, and Mr. Meager of discipline; but I never saw very clearly which was which, nor what was what. So please, Frank, set about and teach me.

Frank. Well, then, we call matters of *faith*, all those truths that Almighty God has been pleased to reveal to us, whether by His holy Word, or by His holy Church. Of course, since Almighty God has revealed these truths, we are bound to believe them.

Philip. Of course, He would not have taught us any thing that was not *true*.

Frank. Nor any thing that was not *necessary* for us to know and believe.

William. Certainly that is most likely.

Frank. Further, as these truths concern the nature of Almighty God, and the relation of man to Him, they must remain always the same—what is once true will be always true, and so it comes to pass that the Church never *can*, and never *will*, alter the *faith*. Let me give you an example of this.

Philip. I like an example : it always helps me to understand, as Uncle William says.

Frank. I will take the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. We are taught to believe that there are three Persons so united as to be but one God ; and that of these three Persons, the Father is the Maker of all things ; the Son the Redeemer, who gave Himself to die upon the Cross for us ; the Holy Ghost the Spirit who abides always in the Church, to preserve her from error, and to guide and sanctify her children. Now, then, this is true, or it is not.

Philip. Certainly ; and I see if *once* true, it is *always* true.

Frank. So, then, if the Church has once taught it, she must always teach it.

Philip. Yes ; or it would follow that either she has been wrong before, or that she is wrong now ; that is clear ? Do you see it, uncle ?

Frank. Let me repeat : the Church is infallible ; she cannot teach what is wrong ; she always was infallible, and never could teach

what was wrong ; and as one thing only can be true, she must always teach that one thing.

William. Yes ; I think I see it plain now.

Frank. If it would not tire your patience, I should like to show you in another way that the true Church, the keeper of the faith, *cannot* alter it.

Philip. Oh, go on ; don't be afraid of tiring us.

Frank. It is certain that our Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles, when they founded the Church, taught what was right in religion : is it not ?

William and Philip [at once]. Certainly, certainly.

Frank. Then if the Church ever altered any thing that they taught, she must have altered from *right* to *wrong*, from *true* to *untrue*.

Philip. Certainly, certainly ; and that, as she is *infallible*, she cannot do.

Frank. So you see that any teaching in religion which contradicts the *old* teaching cannot be true ; and Luther's famous doctrine of justification by faith *only*, which was in full contradiction to the teaching of the whole Church, and never heard of before his time, must needs be a false doctrine. Is that plain now ?

William. Yes, it is quite plain ; and I see that the faith cannot alter. But now about discipline.

Philip. Yes, discipline ; making and man-

aging rombustical disciples, like you and me, Uncle William.

Frank. Speak for yourself, if you please, Mr. Philip. Whatever *you* may be, I am sure your *uncle* is as quiet and teachable a disciple as any body could wish to have.

William. Thank you, Mr. Frank, for giving me a good character; my tall nephew there is rather one of the saucy ones.

Philip. Well, then, Frank must *disciple* me,—a good opportunity of showing off his skill.

Frank. With all your fun, Philip, I am sure you are earnestly seeking to know the truth. But if I thought that, like other persons whom I have known, you were only looking for amusement, and arguing for victory, I might perhaps be tempted to shut up my Bible, and wish you good night, by way of the most useful *discipline*.

Philip. Shut up the Bible by way of discipline!

Frank. Yes, that is a piece of discipline which you Protestants—

Philip. Oh, don't say *you* Protestants, please; I am sure that I am no Protestant, now, nor you, Uncle William, either.

William. I don't know, if my Bible is to be taken away from me, that I can promise to stand that.

Frank. You needn't be afraid, Mr. Peters; the Church will never take the Bible from her

children unless when they are using it to their own destruction.

Philip. And then certainly it ought to be taken away from them.

William. In that case ; but—

Frank. Protestants doubt if that case can ever occur. And yet, if they only look around them, and try to count up the numerous sects that have sprung up, each claiming to ground itself upon the Holy Bible, one would think it might make them doubt, at least, whether reading the Bible, and forming *one's own* interpretation of it, is really the way to come at the truth.

Philip. Oh, Uncle William is got beyond that ; for you know what he said last night, that we could learn more in a quarter of an hour's listening than in seven years' reading.

William. Yes, and I say so still ; the Bible is a very puzzling, difficult book, and therefore I should like to be taught how to understand it ; but I should not like to have it taken quite away from me ; that is very different.

Frank. You are quite right, Mr. Peters ; and what you have said agrees exactly with the discipline of our Church. She wishes and encourages her children to read the Holy Scriptures, provided only they will read them according to her teaching, and with the interpretation of her saints and wise men ; and up to the time of the so-called Reformation, she never laid any restrictions upon their having

the Bible, and reading it whenever they could do so. Do you know who *first* prohibited the use of the Bible? Why the first *Protestant* king, Henry the Eighth.

Philip. Old Harry?

Frank. Yes, old Harry; the greatest tyrant that ever ruled over this country. Having, for his own wicked ends, broken up the authority of the Church, the clergy began to teach, and the people to believe, and in due time to *teach* also, all sorts of strange doctrines. And old Harry tried to assume the authority which belonged to the Pope, and he ordered his subjects to believe sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, just as suited his own changeable fancy. But rebellion against the Church led to rebellion against the King; and at last, finding that the people quoted Scripture against him, and that the more they read the Bible the more unmanageable they became, he issued an order that only *gentlefolks* should be allowed to have Bibles.

Philip. But after Henry the Eighth's death the people were allowed their Bibles again.

Frank. Yes; and it became the great boast and maxim of Protestants, that every body was to read the Bible, and every body to interpret it for themselves.

Philip. And a pretty mess they have made of it; that we must allow.

Frank. If you consider the matter, it must be so; the greater number of men are ignorant,

or foolish, or wicked; the ignorant and the foolish *cannot* find the truth; the wicked do not *wish* to find it. In interpreting a very difficult book like the Bible, and a book of very strict morality, the majority, therefore, will misinterpret it; and all sorts of error will grow and spread in consequence.

William. And therefore, you suppose, the Church forbids the use of the Bible?

Frank. "Forbids!" oh, no; she does not *forbid*; but she *restricts* in some cases; just as a careful mother takes the knife away from the child who is too young to use it, and gives it to another who knows how to take care of his fingers.

Philip. There is, then, some foundation for what Protestants say of the Scriptures being withheld from Catholics?

Frank. Yes, there is some foundation of truth; but a great deal of misrepresentation, and I doubt not of misunderstanding; and that is one reason why I led you to this instance of the moveable discipline of the Church: it is a very good instance.

William. Explain it to us a little more, if you please; for still it seems strange to me to think that Christians do not want the Bible.

Frank. Oh, God forbid! God forbid I should say or think such a thing—oh, no, no; the Catholics, believe me, prize the Bible as much, nay more, than Protestants *can* do. For to Catholics the Bible speaks through the

Church, with a clear and steady voice ; the Bible is to them no source of jarring heresy and endless puzzles, but the fountain from which flows life and truth ; or rather, the rock from which the fountain flows.

Philip. But still, if you take the Bible away from Christians, that is as much as to say that they do not want it for their salvation.

Frank. Individual Christians do not want it for their salvation. What do you think the early Christians did, before the New Testament was written ?

William. Oh, I suppose they learned their religion of the Apostles.

Philip. And those whom the Apostles entrusted to help them.

Frank. Of the Bishops and the priests, in other words. And after the Apostles' time, many ages passed, you know, before the art of printing was discovered ; there were no books, except a very few, written out by the hand : they were, of course, very dear : luxuries for the *rich* only. How did the poor, *Christ's poor*, learn their religion in those days ?

Philip. Oh, you once told me, Frank, how they were taught their religion in saying the Rosary.

Frank. Yes ; that was one way ; the use of pictures and images was another ; and a catechism, by word of mouth, was another. And do you know that our missionaries in

heathen lands still teach in that same way? I read the other day, in one of our missionary reports, of a priest, who, finding great difficulty in explaining himself to some poor heathens in their own queer language, he painted a picture of heaven and hell; and then the people easily understood his meaning.

Philip. Ah, yes; and in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, which you lent me, I read of a whole nation who were converted by a picture of the last judgment, painted by a holy man who was sent to paint hunting-pieces for the king;* and no wonder.

Frank. No wonder, indeed. A picture teaches in a moment, and much more distinctly than a book.

Philip. That is quite true. I remember once, when I was a youngster at school, poor dear old Mr. Worth had been talking to us for half an hour about crucifixion, and trying to give us some notion about it; but I am sure it was only confusion worse confounded with me; because, as he spoke always of hanging upon the cross, I had also the idea of being hanged by the neck. At last, when he saw that we were puzzled, he thought of showing us a picture of the crucifixion in an old Prayer-book; and then we all understood in a moment all about it.

William. Oh, yes, there is nothing like seeing with one's own eyes.

* St. Methodius; see Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, Dec. 22d.

Frank. Then what a folly to give up the use of pictures and images,—and all for what?

William. Why, for fear of idolatry.

Frank. As if any person brought up in a Christian country, now-a-days, too, when the schoolmaster is abroad, as they say—as if any body *could* be so absurd as to worship a picture or a statue. Oh, it is too ridiculous!—But to go back to what I was saying; Christians being taught their religion in these various ways, by pictures, and catechisms, and so forth, they did not need to read the Bible, *each man for himself*; nor do we really *need* it now.

Philip. Why, certainly we may learn all our religion perfectly—what we are to believe, and what we are to do—just as well by word of mouth,—in fact, we are learning it so of you, Frank, at this moment, by *word of mouth*.

Frank. Yes; and perhaps you would get on all the faster if I had not to stop, and explain the texts out of the Holy Scriptures which you have read and misunderstood.

William. Well, that's true, I must allow; and so, sometimes, our Bible learning does us more harm than good, it seems.

Frank. Certainly it does, if it makes us proud and conceited.

Philip. Frank, I have just made a great discovery!

Frank. Indeed! and what is it? Pray let us have the benefit.

Philip. Well, do you know, I never did learn my religion out of the Bible, after all. By thinking of it, I see that I didn't learn my religion by that perpetual reading of the Bible at school. I just learned to read, and that was all.

Frank. And that you might have done as well or better out of any other book.

Philip. Yes. As for my religion, such as it was, I learned it partly from my father and mother at home, while I was young, and partly from my catechising at school; and since that from Mr. Meager's sermons. For, after all, Frank, Mr. Meager's sermons did me good.

Frank. And not poor Mr. Evans'?

Philip. Why, yes, they did me good too; but they did me good *backwards*. His doctrine was so contrary to my common sense, that it helped me to believe Mr. Meager's.

Frank. And Mr. Meager's was, to a certain degree, Catholic. He taught you that there was a Church, and that you were bound to obey it. So far, so good.

Philip. And then, when I looked for a Church to obey, I was obliged to come to you, because nowhere else could I find one that could or would tell me *clearly* and *with authority* what I was to do.

Frank. So it is, that one little bit of truth leads to another. And now to go back to the subject of Bible-reading. I think you see

clearly that reading the Bible is not *necessary* for every *individual* Christian; that people may, and in general no doubt do, learn their religion in other ways, and learn it better and more easily too, and——

Philip. And therefore we may as well leave the Bible for the *clergy* and *learned* men.

Frank. We may at least be well content to leave the matter in the hands of our wise and loving mother the Church, and let her regulate it as she thinks best, according to circumstances. But in this country, as you know, we are allowed to have Bibles and read them as much as we please, provided only we have the version which our Bishops have examined and approved as a faithful translation.

William. But abroad it is not so, I have heard.

Frank. In France and in Holland it is, I believe, the same as in England. But in Belgium and in Italy, I have been told that it is still necessary to ask permission of your priest. But it is, I believe, a mere form. The truth is, that Catholics are content to learn their religion from the clergy, and they never think of picking it out of the Bible for themselves. And as for the practical parts of the Bible, they have that in their Mass-books, and Vesper-books, and books of extracts compiled for their use.

William. What would Thomas Peters say to that?

Philip. What do you say to it yourself, Uncle William?

William. Well, I feel queer to think that I can be saved without reading my Bible every day; and yet I must allow that Mr. Frank is right.

Frank. If we had been arguing the point as to whether it is wise to give the Bible to *every* body without restriction, I should have begged you to observe that it contains many things not suited for indiscriminate reading; but I intended rather to call your attention to the matter as an instance of moveable discipline.

Philip. Ah, yes, that is where we set out; and see where we have got to; and see how late it is, and I promised to be at home before nine.

Frank. I was going to take another instance: the giving Holy Communion in one or in both species.

Philip. You mean the giving or not giving the cup. Oh, do tell us about that; I am very curious about it.

William. And so am I: it is one of the things that people always bring up against the Catholics; but it is getting so late.

Frank. It is getting too late for a long argumentation, if Philip must be home by nine; but I think I can explain it to you in a few minutes.

Philip. Oh, do try, then.

Frank. I will try, and try to be short. Ob-

serve, the Church has always held that it is sufficient to receive Holy Communion in *one* kind.

Philip. What! has it ever been thought enough to receive the wine only?

Frank. Yes; in the first ages of the Church infants received Communion; and they had only the wine given to them.

William. As more easy for them to swallow; but I had no idea that young children, *infants*, had ever been allowed Communion. Is it ever allowed now among Catholics?

Frank. Not amongst us *Roman Catholics*; but I have been told that among *Greek Catholics* infants are still communicated a few days after baptism, and at regular times afterwards. Here is, you see, another instance of what I called the "moveable discipline" of the Church.

Philip. Which we have stumbled upon just in time.

Frank. Just in time for an example. But these examples are not rare; you will find many and many; for the Church, like a wise and loving mother, is always ready to adapt herself, as far as she may, to the changing wants and condition, and even desires, of her children. And pray remember that every such instance is a proof that our Church is no phantom of the imagination, but a *living reality*, which *has power*, and *exercises* it perpetually whenever she sees occasion; and so you will

see by what I am going to tell you about Communion in both kinds, and the use of the cup, as you call it. In the first ages, in times of persecution, it was often necessary to carry the Blessed Sacrament secretly to the sick at home, or to the martyr in prison; for no martyr willingly went to his suffering without being first fortified and cheered by receiving the Body and Blood of the Blessed Saviour. In order to accomplish this, the poor Christians were obliged to have recourse to many contrivances; and as it was, of course, much more easy to carry the bread safely than the wine, the communion was often given in that one kind only.

William. And so the poor martyr was disappointed of his wish to receive the saving blood.

Frank. No, no, my good friend. If the Protestant doctrine had been true, it would really have been so; or rather he would have received neither, but only a piece of bread. But, thank God, the Catholic doctrine is, that our Blessed Lord is received "whole and entire under each species." So then the tender infant, not yet able to swallow any thing substantial, and the poor martyr, to whom a liquid could not safely be conveyed, both were strengthened, both were cheered; the Church, the loving mother, provided for each according to their wants and necessities.

Philip. Certainly if all had been reckoned

necessary then that is reckoned necessary now in the English Church, both the babies and the martyrs must have often gone without Communion.

Frank. Yes; you must have two or three persons always, besides the minister, must you not?

Philip. Yes, "two at the least," the Prayer-book says, and I have often wondered why.

Frank. Oh, I can tell you that. It is to put aside any idea of a sacrifice. To offer sacrifice, the priest wants no congregation: he can do it quite alone. But for Communion there must be more persons than one engaged.

Philip. That is true; and I should like to know more.

Frank. Not to-night; we must not make excursions, you know, because it is late. We can take that subject some other time; for the present, remember that the Church teaches that our Blessed Lord is received truly and entirely under either kind; and she has therefore given Communion under one or both kinds, and in either kind as was rendered by circumstances most convenient. Once she ordered all her children to receive in both kinds.

Philip. Oh, why was that?

Frank. Because, at that time, there were certain heretics, one of whose vagaries was, to reckon wine a thing evil in itself. As these heretics strove to keep themselves concealed,

it was found difficult for the Church to rid herself of them; and finding that they would receive Communion only under the species of bread, she commanded all to receive in both kinds, and so detected those who held the heretical doctrine.

William. Oh, that is curious. So the Catholic Church at one time actually *ordered* people to receive the cup as well as the bread?

Frank. Yes; and at another time she allowed it to be left optional. At the beginning of what is called the "Reformation," in the hope of satisfying some of the Protestants, the Pope of that time (Pius IV.) authorised some of the German Bishops to allow the use of the cup to those persons who wished for it.

Philip. And were they satisfied?

Frank. Oh, no, of course not; it was only a plausible excuse. The spirit of insubordination was at work, and this was a popular subject of complaint; and as soon as this grievance was redressed, another was found.

William. Ay, that's always the way in politics, and I suppose it's the same in religion. Those that are upon the look-out for grievances can always find them. I've often said, Take away one, they find another.

Frank. That's true, indeed; and most often I believe it is the spirit of pride that makes the grievance, and the spirit of insubordination that finds it.

Philip. Well, that sounds very wise; and

I dare say it is very true; but if we stay to discuss the matter, uncle, Frank will suffer two great *grievances*, I am afraid; for it is getting very late. So let us say good bye, and turn towards home.

William. Good-bye, Mr. Frank. I am sure I am very much obliged to you. You have taught me a great deal; and I hope you will go on to teach me a great deal more.

Philip. Remember you have promised to give us some farther teaching about Communion and Sacrifice. I want some clear notions about them.

Frank. I see; at present it is a case of "Purgatory, dispensations, and indulgences."

Philip. Yes; thorough confusion. Good night.

DIALOGUE VI.

*Martha Peters' cottage. Martha Peters and Lucy.
Mary Hartwell and Jane.*

Martha. Well, really, I think Thomas must be very much softened to let you come and see the funeral.

Lucy. I am sure he would not have allowed you to come three months ago.

Jane. No, indeed; and ten days ago even, he would not have allowed us to come and see poor Judy *alive*; but he certainly was much

struck by several things that Uncle William said to him that evening; and he spoke of them afterwards to my mother.

Mary. I think it was partly because he considered the funeral a sort of sight that he let us come.

Lucy. And so it was a sight, and a beautiful sight too. Was it not, aunt, very beautiful to see them, as they came up to the church, the priests and the boys in their white surplices, and chanting, and Frank carrying the cross before the body?

Martha. True emblem of poor Judy's hope! the last words she spoke were, "Mercy, mercy, sweet Jesus!" and her last action, to kiss the crucifix which I held to her poor parched lips.

Lucy. And do you remember, mother, how she sprung up that last morning, when we thought her asleep, and she heard Father Evelyn's step under her window?

Jane. Was Father Evelyn coming to hear her confession?

Lucy. No: she had made her confession the night before. He was bringing her the Blessed Sacrament. She knew that he was coming. She had been lying quite still, and with her eyes shut, so that we reckoned her asleep. But all at once, before I heard his foot, she suddenly sprang up, and opened her eyes, and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, with a look I shall never forget, "Oh, there He is; there

is my dear Lord coming to bless poor Judy's dying pillow!"

Martha. Yes, it was beautiful to see her deep devotion; and then she made us take her out of bed, and place her on her knees, though Father Evelyn advised her to stay in bed. "What! receive my Blessed Lord in my bed?" she said; "no, thank God, I can still kneel!"

Lucy. And Protestants say that we don't love our Blessed Lord!

Jane. But the music! Oh, mother, was not the music beautiful?

Mary. It was indeed. Did you not say, Lucy, that it was some of the Psalms that they were chanting?

Lucy. Yes, aunt, the 51st and the 130th as *you* count them.

Mary. "Have mercy on me," and "Out of the depth." Ah, and two beautiful psalms they are.

Jane. And the music suited the sense. It was so wailing and so wild. Is your music always so beautiful, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, yes; it is always very beautiful; not always so mournful, of course.

Martha. Shall I tell you what struck me most to-day? It was the mourners. Poor Judy's husband and her children; to see how earnestly they were praying; and to think they were praying for her.

Mary. It must, indeed, be a great comfort to be able to follow the dead with our love be-

yond the grave; and to think that our prayers do them good, even when we can see them no longer. It must take away that feeling of utter separation, which is the worst to bear.

Jane. That alone is enough to make one wish to be a Catholic. But tell me, Lucy was the ceremony in church what you call *Mass*?

Lucy. Yes; what we call a Black Mass: that is, a Mass offered specially for the dead person.

Jane. How do you mean? A mass *offered* for the dead person? You speak as if it was a sacrifice.

Lucy. Yes; the Mass is a sacrifice. We often call it the Holy Sacrifice; and it may be offered for the benefit of the dead or the living.

Mary. When we read in the Old Testament of a sacrifice, I think there is always a victim, as well as an altar and the priest. Now you have the altar and the priest, Lucy, I know; but where is the victim?

Lucy. Ah, dear aunt, we have the greatest and noblest of all victims.

Martha. Remember, dear sister, that we believe that our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ is really and truly present upon the altar. His Body and Blood, His Soul and His Divinity, being present there, the priest offers Him up to His Father, the spotless Victim to the God of all purity; and we, the people, join with the priest as closely as we can.

Jane. I don't seem to understand that.

Lucy. I don't wonder, I am sure; for I was very much put out at first. It was all so entirely different from the Service of the Established Church.

Mary. Yes; our service is called "Common Prayer," because as good Mr. Worth used to tell us, we all pray together in common to the common Father of all for the mercies and forgiveness which we all in common stand in need of; and a very beautiful thought it is.

Jane. Yes; only we might do that as well without the minister as with him.

Martha. We might, for instance, all kneel down together now, and pray to Almighty God together, just as the Methodists and Quakers do; but none can offer *sacrifice* but a *priest*, one regularly appointed and commissioned by our Lord Jesus Christ to do so.

Mary. We have Bishops, priests, and deacons in our Church, you know, Martha. Don't you remember when young Mr. William Worth was first ordained that his father preached a sermon all about it?

Martha. Oh, yes, I remember it quite well; the poor young man looked so ill that we all thought he would never be strong enough to preach continually in that large church; and so it proved, poor fellow! And I remember Mr. Worth's text, "How shall he preach except he be sent?"

Mary. From which he explained to us that

we ought never to run after preachers that are not regularly ordained and sent by the Bishops, and that nobody ought to preach who is not sent by the Bishops, as the Apostles were at first sent by our Lord Jesus Christ; and Timothy and Titus—

[*Enter Frank Andrews and Philip Somers, who speaks abruptly :*]

Ay, ay; but all that was about preaching; and if you had gone up to old Mr. Worth when he came rustling out of the vestry in his nice silk gown and smooth white bands, and asked him if he was going to offer sacrifice, he would have looked very queer at you, I fancy. Well, Lucy, my dear, how do you do? I have not seen you for weeks and weeks; and you, Jane, and both dear aunts, how are you all?

Jane. Really, Cousin Philip, you do startle one so! Where did you jump out from?

Philip. Oh, I didn't jump at all. I and Frank just walked quietly up to the door, and then we heard such a discussion going on, that we were afraid to come in; were we not, Frank?

Frank [*laughing*]. I dare say *you* might be frightened, Philip.

Jane. Oh, poor Philip! He is such a *timid* bird, to be sure! But come, since you heard what we were talking about, and since you are more than half Catholic, they say, will you explain to us what is the difference between a

priest who offers sacrifice, and a priest who only preaches?

Philip. A-hem! I think I had better turn over that task to my good friend Frank here.

Frank [*smiling*]. Not a very hard task, I think. He who only preaches sermons is only a preacher, and he who offers sacrifice is a priest.

Philip. Nay, now, Frank, that's just one of your quickset answers that always provoke me so.

Frank. I am sure I am very sorry. I did not intend to provoke you.

Philip. No, indeed; I am sure you didn't; and I am ashamed of myself for being so.

Jane. Shall I tell you, Cousin Philip, why that sort of answer does so provoke you? Because it is a *short* way of showing you that you are a goose. [*They all laugh.*]

Philip. Thankye, Jane; you certainly know how to say a sharp thing. However, I believe for once you are right; so I will just eat my bit of humble pie quietly, and beg of you, Frank, to explain the matter a little more to us.

Frank. Very willingly; but I must first protest against your cousin's conclusion, that your not understanding distinctly the difference between a priest and a preacher——

Jane. Both begin with a P.

Frank. Proves you a *goose*. It only shows that you have been brought up a *Protestant*;

the truth is—your aunt will not, I hope, be angry with my saying so—that Protestants are not taught things *clearly* and *distinctly*. As some believe one thing, and some another, so some *teach* one thing, and some another; and all becomes uncertain. Some of your preachers are called ministers, and some are called priests: for instance, if I went to one of Mr. Meager's people, and asked where his "*minister*" lived, he would——

Philip. He would turn up his nose, and say, "That's the *priest's* house."

Frank. But if I asked one of Mr. Evans's people the same question, he would——

Philip. He would look very much astonished, and say, "Do you take me for a Papist?" That's true, we must allow.

Frank. And yet what difference is there between Mr. Meager and Mr. Evans? they are both ministers in the Establishment, and both preachers.

Mary. And both of them priests.

Frank. One as much priest as the other, certainly; but according to our *Catholic* notions, neither is a priest, for a priest is one who is duly ordained to offer sacrifice, and *no other*. In our sense of the word, therefore, neither of them is a priest.

Philip. That is clear, certainly.

Frank. And you see that in a Church like yours, which professes to have *no sacrifices*, it would be absurd to have priests.

Mary. But we have priests in our Church, and bishops, and deacons.

Frank. Yes, *nominally*. It is one of the many inconsistencies, and, if I was not afraid of offending you, I would say *make-believes*, of the English Church, as she calls herself. But may I ask what is the real distinction between a deacon and a priest in your Church, Philip?

Philip. Why, let me see. A deacon can preach, and a deacon can read prayers.

Jane. No, Philip; a deacon can't say *all* the prayers. He can't say the Absolution; he only says the Collect for the forgiveness of sins instead.

Philip. Ah, yes; that is true. He can't say the Absolution; all the rest he can; and he can baptize the babies, and he can administer the Communion.

Mary. No, Philip; a deacon can only give the cup, and not the bread.

Frank. Then do you reckon it in your Church a less dignity to give the cup than the bread?

Mary. I suppose so; I have always heard that the deacons are allowed to give the one and not the other; and also that the deacons are not allowed to consecrate the bread and wine for the Lord's Supper.

Frank. Oh, I see; with you the especial office of the priest is to give absolution, and to consecrate the bread and wine. But why, then,

do those who are in that way priests dislike to be called so?

Philip. The Anglo-Catholics, those who wish to be as much like Catholics as they can, do not dislike it; but, on the contrary, they seem particularly to desire it.

Frank. Like your *Meagerites*, as you call them; but the *Evanites*?

Philip. Oh, they are good Protestants, and dislike the word *priest*, because it sounds Popish.

Jane. And, according to Mr. Frank, they are right; for we have no *real* priests amongst us, it seems; certainly we have no sacrifice that ever I heard of.

Mary. We have the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, as the Sacrament service says.

Frank. That, of course, is only figurative.

Philip. But a *real* sacrifice requires a *real* victim, I suppose.

Martha. And a *real* priest, and a *real* altar.

Philip. Yes; whereas a real preacher wants nothing but a real preaching-gown and a real pulpit.

Frank. Then, now, I think you see the difference plainly, don't you, Philip? and now you will no longer be provoked with my "quickset answers." "He who only preaches sermons is," you see, "only a preacher, and he who offers sacrifice is a priest." It is simple matter of fact.

Philip. And I was looking for some wonderful argument.

Jane. I should like to ask Mr. Frank one question, if I may.

Frank. As many as you please.

Martha. But first let us sit down and make ourselves comfortable round the fireside. [*Mary takes out her knitting; Martha and Lucy their work.*]

Jane. Philip said just now that a real sacrifice requires a real victim; and you say that your priests offer a real sacrifice. What, then, is the victim they offer?

Frank. Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. [*All bow their heads at the Blessed Name, here and elsewhere.*]

Jane. So my Cousin Lucy said just now, before you came in; but I don't clearly understand what she meant, and that is just what I want to have explained.

Frank. We, Catholics, believe, you know, that after the priest has pronounced the words of consecration, our Lord Jesus Christ is *really present* upon the altar.

Jane. And we believe that, in a way at least. Our Catechism says that "the body and blood of Christ are *verily* and *indeed* taken in the Lord's Supper."

Frank. You believe it perhaps, as you say, "in a way;" and it seems to me another instance of the "make-believe," as I called it just now, of the English Church.

Mary. Why do you call it "*make-believe*," Mr. Frank? Why should you suppose that we do *not* believe that "Christ is *verily* and *indeed* taken in the Lord's Supper," as the Catechism says it is?

Frank. I would not be uncharitable; but is it not positively said in a note at the end of your Communion Service, that the natural body and blood of Christ are in heaven, and not here? Besides, actions speak louder than words. I have heard, that when there is any of the consecrated bread and wine left, the ministers, after the service is over, call the poor people and give them this consecrated bread and wine, and that they eat and drink it without any ceremony or respect, just as if it was so much common food. Did you not tell me, Philip, that you had often seen this?

Philip. Yes, indeed, every Sacrament Sunday; and once I saw a poor old woman going home with ever so much of the bread in her apron, and she was eating it as she went along.

Mary. Are you sure it was consecrated, Philip?

Philip. Yes, it was part of what was left; and I saw Mr. Evans give it to her.

Jane. Oh, I remember it, too, quite well. There was a great deal left that day; and we passed old Margaret as we were walking home together, Philip.

Frank. Allow me now to ask, could this

sort of thing have happened if either Mr. Evans or old Margaret had believed that bread and wine to be *really* and *indeed* the body and blood of Christ our Lord? Must we not, in very charity, suppose that they do not believe it?

Jane. Oh, but nobody does believe *that*.

Frank. In the Protestant Church? I think you are right, and that nobody does *really* believe it in the Protestant Church; and I am sure we ought to hope that they do not.

Martha. I am quite sure *I* never did believe any such thing; and, more than that, I never heard talk of such a thing till Mr. Meager came to Rowton.

Frank. May I ask what exactly you did believe?

Martha. I hardly know. I thought the bread and wine were *solemnly* blessed by the minister, and that we were to eat and drink it in remembrance of our Blessed Lord's death and passion.

Mary. But did you not think that you received our Lord's body and blood?

Martha. Well, yes, somehow; *by faith*.

Jane. And you, mother, only thought that you received it *by faith*?

Frank. You did not, Mrs. Hartwell, believe, I suppose, that the bread and wine was really and truly *changed* into the true body and blood of Christ our Lord; so *that the bread and wine were no longer these, but only the blessed body*

and blood under the appearance of bread and wine ?

Mary. Oh, no ; that is the Catholic doctrine, what you call——

Frank. Transubstantiation. Yes ; and that is what we believe. We believe that when the priest has said the words of consecration, the bread and wine is *quite and entirely changed* into the blessed Body and Blood, which the priest then offers as the only *victim* really worthy of the infinite majesty of Almighty God. This is the *real victim*, making the *real sacrifice*, first offered in a bloody manner, upon the altar of the cross by Christ Himself, victim at once, and Priest ; and since that time repeated, though in an unbloody manner, whenever the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered.

[*A slight pause ; then Jane says :*] You believe, then, that our Lord Jesus Christ is really and truly present upon your altars : *really and truly* ; as really and truly as I am here present at this moment ?

Frank. After the words of consecration are pronounced by the priest ? Yes, that is what we believe.

[*Jane thinks for a moment, covering her face with her hands, and then looking up, exclaims :*] Oh, what a wonderful, beautiful thought ! Oh, how I wish I could believe it too !

Frank. Ask our Blessed Lord to give you faith ; it is a divine gift, to be obtained by prayer,

and never refused to those who ask for it sincerely and humbly.

[*Jane covers her face again with her hands, and then looking at Frank, says :*] Pray for me; and you, dear aunt and Lucy, pray for me. I am not good enough to pray for myself.

Frank. Gladly will we pray for you; but be assured that “a contrite and a humbled heart God will never despise.”

Mary. Will you explain to us, if you please, Mr. Frank, how you *prove* this doctrine—which is indeed, as my daughter says, most beautiful, as well as wonderful. Almost, it seems, too wonderful and too beautiful to be true.

Frank. It is indeed wonderful, most wonderful; and would be past belief, if we did not know that our Blessed Lord’s love to His children is infinite, as well as His power unbounded.

Philip. Still, knowing that, it is very hard to believe.

Frank. Yes; so hard, that, as we know, many of our Lord’s own disciples found it *too* hard; and, rather than submit their understanding to His teaching, they turned back and left Him. But, by the wonderful providence of God, in so doing, they furnished us with the strongest confirmation of the truth of the doctrine which they rejected.

Philip. I don’t quite understand that.

Mary. Mr. Frank is referring to the sixth

chapter in St. John's Gospel; but I always heard that was to be taken *figuratively*.

Frank. Do you think if our Blessed Lord, our merciful Redeemer, had really been speaking figuratively only, that He would have allowed those poor men to leave Him in error, in an error so excusable, and which He could have set right in a moment? Is this like Him who desired with so earnest a desire even to pour forth His blood for the salvation of man?

Philip. Certainly one might expect that He would have called them back and explained it to them.

Frank. Yes: He would have shown them that what they were required to believe was nothing really hard,—nothing but a mere figure of speech, such as we make use of every day. But did he do so? On the contrary, we are expressly told that when “the Jews strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?” our Lord was so far from explaining away what He had said, that He *repeated* it in a *stronger* form, and with a solemn asseveration: “Amen, amen, I say unto you, Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.” Supposing that our blessed Lord really intended to teach what the Catholics say he did, could He have put it into clearer language? On the other hand, if He really spoke *figuratively*, is it consistent with His

divine charity and truth to suppose, that when He saw that he was misunderstood, He would only repeat the mistaken doctrine under *the same figure*?

Jane. Impossible! Oh, impossible!

Mary. Quite impossible!

Philip. Then we must suppose that He really meant that we must *somehow* eat His blessed body, and drink His blessed blood.

Frank. And how can that be, except in the blessed Sacrament of the altar?

Mary. It is so, certainly.

Martha. And that, you see, Mary dear, agrees quite well with what He said at the last supper: "Take, eat; this is My body."

Frank. Yes; and still more strongly: "Drink ye all of *this*, for *this is My blood*, which shall be *shed* for many for the remission of sins." Can words be stronger than these? Could our blessed Lord find words stronger, if He meant to teach the Catholic doctrine?

Mary. And that other text: "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Oh, what a fearful reality your doctrine gives it! He may well be said to eat and drink damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

Jane [*falling on her knees, and with her hands clasped, looking up:*] I believe, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

[*Her mother stoops down, and kisses her,*

and wiping the tears off her cheeks, and off her own, she says:] My dear child! my dear, dear child!

Jane [gets up]. And now I know why the people all knelt down before the altar with that look of love and awe. I wondered then; but now I know. Oh, happy people; when shall I be amongst you again? When may I too kneel, and feel that I am in that glorious presence?

Lucy. This very evening, dear Jane, I will take you into the chapel; and the Blessed Sacrament is always there.

Jane. I thought it was only at Mass.

Frank. No; it is only during the Mass that the bread can be consecrated, and only during Mass that the Holy Sacrifice is offered; but it is usual in Catholic churches to *reserve* the Blessed Sacrament; that is, to keep it always on the altar, so that the faithful may at all times enter and pay their devotions; so, then, if you go with your cousin this afternoon, your pious desire may be gratified; and no doubt you will find your infant faith confirmed by such a visit.

Philip. What will Uncle Thomas say?

Jane. My father? Oh, I will go and pray for him. My Blessed Lord will not refuse me the first favour that I ask of His *own blessed Self*.

Mary. My husband will be sadly grieved if we turn Catholics, that is certain; but I don't

think he will feel it as he would have done a little while ago. He has seemed very much altered, and less bitter against the Catholics, since he had that long conversation with his brother William the other evening. He was surprised to find that he had not really any *good* arguments to bring against his intention of being a Catholic; just as I was with you, Martha, my dear.

Philip. And I think he was greatly shocked, though he wouldn't own it, with the clamour of joy and exultation that was raised over that wretched man's death-bed.

Mary. Yes, he knows better than to be satisfied with that sad scene; and then, in contrast with that, came all that Susan North told us of the blessed end that poor Judy made, dying so full of faith and humility, after her long suffering illness.

Frank. Indeed the contrast is striking.

Philip. And do you really think that there is any chance of my uncle turning Papist with us after all? Oh, that would be good; and my Kitty too shall be of the party.

Lucy. It would really be delightful. But I am afraid it is too good to be true. It must be a miracle to convert Uncle Thomas.

Martha. Well, that is just what he said to my good man—that if he could see a miracle, that would satisfy him; but, like St. Thomas of old, nothing else would.

Frank. If he would really yield to a miracle,

I think I could satisfy him ; for I could give him an account of a most wonderful miracle, one that I have seen with my own eyes.

Philip. But will he yield to your account ? will he be satisfied without seeing with *his* own eyes ?

Frank. Ah, I don't know that.

Mary. I think he would be much influenced at least, for he has a great respect for your character, Mr. Frank. We all know that you would not say a thing that was not true.

Philip. And that you are not a silly fellow, to be easily taken in, moreover. Don't blush, Frank.

Frank. I am sure I am much obliged to you all for your good opinion. I will try to deserve it.

Jane. But what is this blessed miracle that is to help us to convert my father ?

Frank. I am afraid that I must leave that till another time ; it would be too long to tell now, for I was to be at the Hall by twelve o'clock.

Jane. I long to hear it.

Mary. A blessed miracle it will be to us, I am sure, if it does convert him ; for otherwise I do not know what we shall do.

Lucy. Don't fear, dear aunt. Almighty God never fails to help those who risk all for His sake ; and then we will pray hard for you to our sweet Mother, the help of Christians ; "never hath it yet been known that she has

refused her aid to any that have sought for it," as our dear little prayer says. I must teach you that prayer, dear Jane; it is my comfort in all my troubles.

Mary. Let us say it now then, dear Lucy, for I see great troubles coming upon us.

[*They all kneel down, and Frank says, in a tone of deep devotion:*] "Remember, O most gentle Virgin Mary, never hath it yet been known that thou hast deserted any who have had recourse to thy protection, implored thine aid, or sought thine intercession. With this full trust, O Mary, Mother of Jesus, and Virgin of virgins, to thee do I come; to thee I hasten; to thee I fly; before thee do I kneel a trembling but repentant sinner. Despise not my supplication, Queen of heaven, refuge of sinners; listen to my words, O Mother of the Word Eternal; hear, oh, graciously hear me, a miserable exile, crying to thee from this valley of tears; assist me, I beseech thee, in all my necessities, now and for ever—and specially in the hour of my death, O most kind, O most gentle, O sweetest Virgin Mary. [*All answer:*] Amen."



COTTAGE

CONVERSATIONS.

Fourth Series.



PHILADELPHIA:
H. & C. McGRATH,
NO. 1 SOUTH EIGHTH ST.

PREFACE.

THE details given in this little book of the two Holy Virgins of the Tyrol, are taken chiefly from the MSS. of a friend, and filled up from the accounts given by Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Allies; they may be depended upon as strictly correct.

The account of the Martyr Bishop, Dr. Herrares, is also authentic; it is taken from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, for July 1840, vol. iii.



COTTAGE CONVERSATIONS.

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DIALOGUE I.

Hartwell's Cottage. Mary Hartwell at work; enter Martha Peters.

Martha. Oh, Mary, dear, how is my poor brother? Lucy's account frightened us sadly.

Mary. He is better, thank God, much better; and he is gone out a little bit: but it was a strange attack; something of a fit, I am afraid.

Martha. Do tell me all about it. Lucy said he was seized in the road.

Mary. Yes; just at the foot of the hill. He had been to Farmer Burton's to take an order for some hurdles; and they gave him a little of their beer to drink; but you know that's

never over strong. He set off home, and came along quite well, and just as usual, till he got nearly opposite the old lime kiln. There his head began to swim, and he felt very giddy; and he tried to reach the bank, to sit down; but before he could do that, all seemed to go round in a whirl; and down he fell, off the path into the road.

Martha. And market-night too; and all those half-drunken men driving home in their light carts. What a mercy that he was not driven over!

Mary. It was a mercy, indeed; and under God's blessing, it was that good Frank Andrews that saved him. If he had not come by, I don't know what would have happened; for it was getting dark. Thomas heard several of the carts drive by, and tried to get up.

Martha. Oh, he was sensible, then?

Mary. Why, he was and he wasn't. He says he felt like a man in a dream. He tried to move, and he tried to call out, but he couldn't. At last he heard some wheels that seemed to be coming very fast, and close upon him; and then he gave himself up for lost; and he recommended himself to God's mercy; and that is the last that he recollects, till he came to, and found himself at home.

Martha. And that something coming so quick was that dear good Frank?

Mary. Yes; Almighty God sent him to save my good man. It was getting darker and

darker ; but Frank spied something white in the road ; and so, like a good creature as he is, he stopped, and got out ; and at first he thought it was a drunken man, and was going to move him out of the way, and lay him on the bank, and leave him to himself, to get sober again ; but on turning him over, he saw who it was, and that he seemed quite insensible ; so he stopped a man going by, and together they lifted poor Thomas into the cart ; and then Frank brought him home here, and sent the man on for Dr. Black.

Martha. Just like him ; always so kind and thoughtful.

Mary. Oh, that was not all. He helped me to give him a little hartshorn, as soon as we could get him to swallow ; and then he helped me to get him up stairs and into bed ; and, in short, did all that an own brother could have done. I shall never forget his kindness.

Martha. And was he there when Thomas came to himself ?

Mary. Yes ; he was standing by him, and holding him so as to keep his poor head up high.

Martha. And what did Thomas say ? Was he not angry ?

Mary. No ; I was afraid he would be ; and I almost wished that Frank would go, when I saw that he was coming to. But I told him quick what had happened, and how kind Frank

had been to him ; and afterwards I was very glad that Frank stayed ; for when he spoke, in his kind voice, and asked my husband if he was better, he answered, quite mild and subdued, " Yes, thankye ;" and then, very low, I heard him say, " You are very good to me ; I don't deserve it."

Martha. Oh, I am very glad of that ; and what then ?

Mary. After that we persuaded him to take a little hot brandy and water, for his teeth chattered with cold ; and Frank went down to the Lion to fetch some, and I mixed it for him ; and by that time John and Jane came in from market ; and then Frank, seeing that he was no longer wanted, got up to go away.

Martha. And did Thomas wish him good-bye ?

Mary. Oh, yes ; and held out his hand to him. And when Frank asked if he might look in to-day, and see how he was, he said, " I shall *always* be glad to see you. I must be very ungrateful if I was not, for you saved my life, I am sure."

Martha. Oh, come, that is good. Is not Jane quite pleased ?

Mary. Yes, indeed, she is. She says it is the answer to Lucy's prayer.

Martha. And Lucy will say so too. But now tell me what the doctor said.

Mary. Why, he did not say much. He seemed to think it was a sort of fit ; and he left

him some pills and a draught to take ; and said he would call again to-morrow. But I hope Thomas will be quite well again by then, for he seems very much better to-day.

Martha. It is a great mercy that it has gone so quickly ; but I don't like the thought of a fit at his age. He is not a young man now.

Mary. No, indeed. We are both growing old ; and Thomas is older than his years, because of the wear and tear of sea-service.

Martha. Well, if it please God that we may have the happiness of seeing him a good Catholic.

Mary. Oh, Martha, don't say a word of that. I am sure, if he were to hear you, or to suspect that we were thinking of such a thing, it would just ruin all.

Martha. Do you think I need to be told that, Mary, my dear ? It was not yesterday that I made acquaintance with poor Thomas, I fancy. Oh, here comes Jane. Well, Jane, what news ?

Jane. Very good news, I think, Aunt Martha. Father's better in body, and better in mind. I think Lucy's pretty prayer must have brought us such blessings.

Martha. Well, you know, I told you long ago, that if you want any thing, you must go to our Blessed Lady and ask her to help you. She is, as Father Evelyn said the other day, our Queen Esther, to whom the golden sceptre is always held out.

Mary. Catholics are always accused of praying too much to the Blessed Virgin ; but if they find their prayers always answered—

Martha. How can they help it? Why, if I got into any trouble, how could I help running off to my dear good lady at the Hall, who has been such a kind friend to us? it would be ungrateful if I didn't.

Mary. Why, yes, indeed. But, Jane, where did you leave your father?

Jane. Just down by the stile, mother. I told him you thought he had better come in, now the sun was getting low, and he said he would come soon ; but he felt the fresh air revive him.

Martha. That looks as if he was a little feverish.

Mary. He has been thirsty too all the day. I don't feel at all easy about him.

Jane. Oh, mother, don't fret. I am sure father will soon be better : it was only a little fit, just on purpose to bring him acquainted with that good Frank.

Mary. How you talk, child ! Hush, there he comes.

Martha. Certainly he seems to walk feebly, and not as he used to do.

Mary. I will go and meet him, and bring him in. [*She goes out.*]

Jane. Dear aunt, is it not strange? And does it not look as if it was a miracle, in answer to our prayers?

Martha. It does indeed seem like an answer to our prayers ; but not a miracle, I think. A miracle seems to be something out of the common way ; and that requires the immediate hand of Almighty God, as it were.

Jane. Well, then, this is not a miracle, certainly ; because father might have fallen down in a fit, and been picked up by Frank, and got well by the doctor's medicine, all the same if we had not said any prayers at all. Yet somehow, I don't like to think that.

Martha. Oh, no ; I don't think that ; I would not say that. I do fully believe that it was all in answer to our prayers. But then our prayers may be answered without a miracle ; and we ought to be just as thankful when it pleases God so to answer them.

Jane. Certainly we *ought* ; and yet I don't think I can feel so thankful for any thing that comes in an ordinary way, as I should do for something wonderful or miraculous. I hope it is not wrong or ungrateful. Do you think it is, aunt ?

Martha. No, my dear. I think it is very natural. Any thing out of the common way touches us more, and, for the time, makes our feeling brighter, as it were ; but perhaps we are not really more thankful than when we feel less.

Jane. Do you know, aunt, I find it very hard to be thankful. When I want any thing, I can easily pray for it ; but when I have got

what I want, I sometimes forget almost, or quite, to thank God for it.

Martha. Ay, ay; that is the way with most of us, I am afraid; but it is very wrong, and must be very displeasing to Almighty God.

Jane. Well, I will try and mend that. But, aunt, to go back to miracles. Catholics believe that miracles are still wrought often, don't they? I have heard Mr. Evans say, that all the miracles that Papists talk and boast about, are the lying wonders foretold by our Lord; for that true miracles have ceased since the days of the Apostles, and that there are none now.

Martha. Well, as far as his own Church is concerned, I dare say he is right enough; but as for the Catholic Church, why he just knows nothing about the matter.

Jane. But, dear aunt, have you ever seen a miracle yourself?

Martha. No, I can't say I have; and, considering I have not been a twelvemonth in the Church, that is no great wonder. But, you know, Frank said the other day, that he had seen a wonderful miracle, and with his own eyes.

Jane. Yes, yes; and I have been longing to ask him about it ever since. But I want my father to hear it. How shall we contrive that?

Martha. Oh, no need to contrive. Just ask our Blessed Lady, and you will see that all

will come right without any contrivance of ours. But here is your father. [*She goes up to Thomas, as he comes in, and holding out her hand, says,*] Oh, my dear Thomas, how thankful I am to see you so well!

Thomas. Ay, indeed, it is matter of thankfulness. I have had a narrow escape, I can tell you.

Martha. It was very lucky that Frank Andrews was just coming by and in his cart too, so that he was able to bring you safely home.

Thomas. Why, I call it more than "*lucky*;" I call it a *Providence*.

Martha. Yes, indeed, and well you may; it was quite a *Providence*.

Mary. And very kind of Mr. Frank.

Jane. He was playing the good Samaritan, I think.

Thomas. Very true, Jane; he did not stop to consider whether I was a Jew or a Gentile, Protestant or Papist; he saw me in distress and danger, and stopped to help me; and it was all the kinder of him, because I had not been over civil to him, even in my own house. But he never seemed to think of that, first or last. He said he would call in to-day: has he been?

Mary. No, my dear; nobody has called while you were out. But he will come soon now, I dare say; for the evening is closing in, and the men will be leaving their work.

Thomas. I have often heard say that Catholics wish nothing but evil to those whom they

call heretics, and even that they think it a duty to kill them. I am sure if I had known, when I heard those quick wheels coming as I lay upon the ground, that there was a Papist in the cart, I should have expected that he would have run over me, and thought that he had done a good deed.

Martha. Ah, my dear brother, you will know better one of these days what Catholics really are. He must be a bad Catholic indeed that is not full of charity, and always glad to help any one in distress.

Mary. Why, to be sure, that teaching of theirs, that every good action one does is to count in heaven, in gaining for us more and more happiness, and greater and greater glory, must make all who believe in it upon the watch, as it were, to seize every opportunity of doing good.

Jane. And one would think that the teaching that makes people eager to do good must be good teaching.

Thomas. There must be a great danger of making people proud, if they are always looking after their good works, and trying to make out their own salvation like.

Mary. St. Paul tells us to "work out our own salvation."

Thomas. In "fear and trembling."

Martha. Exactly: and if you will take my experience, that is just what comes of Catholic teaching. We are taught that we must do

good works to obtain our salvation, and that our reward will be in proportion to our works ; and therefore, as Mary said, we must be eager to seize every opportunity of doing good.

Mary. And if the reward is to be in proportion to the works, it would make us always afraid and trembling lest we should not have done enough after all.

Martha. So it does ; and more than that, it makes us look narrowly into all our works, to see if they are *good enough* ; and so we come to be more sharp-sighted to find out all their defects and shortcomings.

Mary. Ay, and alas, we shall find plenty of them in the best things that we do.

Martha. Yes, indeed, plenty to keep us humble. No fear of our getting puffed up from trying to do good ; more fear of getting into a fit of despair because we do so little. If it was not for our good priests, who comfort and help us on, we might well be always in fear and trembling, and worse than that.

Jane. So one would think. But, aunt, how do the priests help you ?

Martha. Why, they are all trained in a particular way to know what is right and what is wrong ; what is sin and what is not ; what is mortal sin, that is, *great* sin, and what is venial sin, that is, *little* sin ; and so, when we go to them in confession, they are able to tell us exactly what is the rule—what we *must* do, what we *may* do, and what we *must not* do.

Thomas. Well, I suppose Mr. Evans and Mr. Lowe could do that as well as your Father Evelyn.

Jane. I think they would tell us different things; for I have heard Mr. Evans say that it was a great sin to read the newspapers and write letters on a Sunday; and we know Mr. Lowe does both often enough.

Thomas. I suppose *he* doesn't think it wrong.

Martha. And Mr. Evans does.

Jane. And then, how are we to know who's right?

Martha. Exactly; then comes the old story—among Protestants nothing is *certain*. Every one teaches according to his own opinion; some one way and some another. But Catholic priests *must* teach according to what the Church has laid down; and so they *must* all teach the *same* thing.

Mary. And a great comfort that must be. What a rest to the weary, seeking soul!

Jane. But, aunt, what you said just now about our good works getting us to heaven, and gaining rewards for us, seems to me very like what people accuse the Catholics of.

Mary. Making us to be saved by our own good works, and not by the merits of Christ?

Martha. Oh, no, no, no. First, I did not say, Jane, that our good works would get us to heaven *by themselves*, and without being joined to the merits of our Blessed Lord. Oh, no; nothing we can do would have any merit, or be

pleasing in the sight of Almighty God, *except so far as it is united with the infinite merits of Christ our Lord.*

Jane. But how are we to do, Aunt Martha, to unite our works to those of Jesus Christ our Lord?

Martha. We must be united ourselves to Him; and that is done in the sacraments.

Jane. Oh, that is what the catechism means when it says, that in baptism we are made members of Christ. Then, aunt, the Catholics believe that in baptism we are *really* united to Christ, and not only in a make-believe, as it were?

Martha. Yes, in baptism we are made members of the Church.

Mary. And the Church is the body, of which "Christ is the head, and we are the members."

Jane. Oh, I see; and all that is *real*! I always thought it was only a way of speaking, like Pilgrim's Progress. So, then, it is true that we are rewarded for our good works; and yet there is no reason that we should be proud of them. That is a wonderful thought; that we can be united, made one, that is, with our Lord Jesus Christ; so one with Him, that what we do gets, as it were, a merit which of itself it would not have. But what, then, of our sins?

Martha. Our sins destroy that union, and separate the soul from God; and as the soul

matter could not be settled for a day or two, I thought I would come over, and talk to you about it. You know I *must* care about my godchild.

Martha. Oh, yes, to be sure; and I do wish it was a Protestant family; but we can't have every thing; and really, in all other respects, it seems to be a most comfortable place. Old John, the gardener, tells me that Mrs. Godwin is a sweet-tempered lady; and the children are well brought up; and the head-servants are all very respectable, and have lived a long time in the family. All that looks well.

Mary. So it does. But then, the better they are, the more danger there will be of their enticing Lucy, you know.

Martha. Oh, Mary, you don't think there is really any danger of Lucy's turning Catholic?

Mary. Why, I hope not; but they say the Catholic religion is very enticing.

Martha. Miss Benson said that; but her uncle laughed at it, and said, "He did not think that Lucy was such a fool as to be taken in by their nonsense."

Mary. Oh, you did ask Mr. Lowe, then? I am glad of that. But Miss Benson did not approve of the scheme, did she?

Martha. Why, no, she did not; but when her uncle advised me to send Lucy, she would not say any more against it; but she told Lucy she would give her a new Bible, and mark all

the texts for her that go against the Catholics ; and Mr. Lowe said he would give her some tracts about Catholics. So, you see, she will be pretty well prepared ; and Lucy is a sharp girl ; I'll be bound she will give them an answer if they begin.

Mary. I hope they won't begin ; for I think it is a very bad thing for young girls to be disputing about religion ; and it is not likely she could be a match for older persons.

Martha. Suppose, after all, she *should* turn Catholic ; I don't know that there would be so much harm in that. I believe Catholics are as good as Protestants ; and I dare say they will find their way to heaven as well as we.

Mary. Oh, Martha, don't talk so lightly ; a change of religion is an awful thing ! If it is not *very right*, it must be *very wrong*.

Martha. Well, I don't know ; but it seems to me that the best people and the most religious are often changing their religion, if not quite, yet very much. Look at Miss Benson—I don't think there is a better young lady in the country, and see how she is changed since she went last summer to stay a month with her brother. I declare to you she is quite another thing from what she used to be, and has different books in the school, and talks quite different to the children. And then that good old Mary North—why she has quite left the Church and is become a Wesleyan, and goes to meeting with the best of them.

Jane [*looking through the window*]. There is Mr. Frank coming, I declare; so now we will ask him about it, and hear what he will say; I want to know all about miracles. I should so like to see a miracle.

Thomas. I dare say you would, but—

Mary. “Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.”

[*Frank enters. Thomas holds out his hand, and they shake hands cordially.*]

Frank. How do you feel to-night, Mr. Hartwell? I was very glad to hear so good an account of you this morning from your daughter.

Thomas. Oh, thank you, I think I am getting on bravely; but I feel all-over like, and shaken.

Frank. I don't wonder, for the road was hard, and the path just there is very high.

Mary. And my good man does not fall lightly; so of course he must expect to feel the jar; but I hope it will soon go off.

Thomas [*holding out his hand again*]. And meantime, Mr. Frank, I have to thank your kindness that it was no worse. But for you, I don't think I should have been here alive now.

Mary. Indeed we have all reason to be very thankful to you, Mr. Frank.

Frank. And I am sure I am very thankful that I had the opportunity of being of use.

Jane. Mr. Frank, you are just proving the truth of what my aunt said a minute ago, that Catholics must always be glad to seize every opportunity of doing good.

Frank. Certainly; as we are taught that when we do good to any one for the love of our Blessed Lord, He graciously considers it as done to Himself; that must make us eager to seize upon any occasion of showing Him our gratitude and affection.

Mary [says half aloud]. Yes; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Jane. Oh, Mr. Frank, now you are putting the matter in another light. We were saying, that as Catholics believe that they are to be saved by their good deeds, and rewarded according to their good deeds—

Frank. Don't say "saved by their good deeds." No Catholic would say that; "rewarded according to their good deeds," if you please; for Almighty God, in his infinite goodness, has promised to reward us for what we do in his service.

Jane. Well, I don't exactly mean that Catholics think that they will be "saved by their good deeds;" but I mean that they think they can't be saved without them.

Frank. There you are right enough; and, as your aunt said, that belief ought to make Catholics eager to seize every occasion of do-

ing good ; eager to accumulate good works, if I may say so.

Mary. Yes ; and your thought, Mr. Frank, that our Lord will accept, as done to Himself, all that is done for His sake, will come in to give a zest and relish, as it were, to all we do.

Martha. You see Catholic teaching does, as I said, really make it a *pleasure* to do good works.

Frank. Yes, indeed ; and so, Mr. Hartwell, it is plain that I am quite as much obliged to you as you can be to me.

Thomas [smiling]. Well, Mr. Frank, I am glad you have proved that to your own satisfaction ; but, however, I must not let you Catholics run down my poor Protestant Church, as if that teaching was all your own. That chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel is read often in our Church ; and if we don't profit by it, that is our own fault.

Frank. Why, no, not quite, I think. If, after you have heard that chapter read, Mr. Evans gets up and preaches you a sermon, in which he says that good works are of no avail towards your salvation ; that you must be saved by *faith only* ; that must, in some sort, do away the effect of the chapter ; and the rather as it is much easier to make an act of faith, than to live in the habit of doing good works.

Mary. Yes ; justification by faith only is a

much *pleasanter* doctrine than justification by works, we must allow.

Jane. In point of fact, we never have been taught to do good works on that principle. I don't think I ever heard that text used, except when the Bishop preached the charity sermon; then, I remember, it came in at the end. But when I gave my sixpence, I did not really think I was giving it to our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you mean that Catholics really believe that, and do give for that reason?

Frank. Certainly I do mean that.

Jane [*thoughtfully*]. There is a wonderful reality in the Catholic religion.

Martha. The Protestants read the Bible, but the Catholics practise it. [*A pause.*]

Thomas. Just before you came in, Mr. Frank, Martha said that God speaks in the Church as well as in the Bible, and by the same Holy Spirit. If that could be proved, why all disputes would soon be settled; for then it is clear that the teaching of the Church *must be right*.

Frank. The teaching of the Church *must be right*, or we shall make Christ our Lord the author of sin, which would be fearful blasphemy.

Mary. God forbid!

Jane. Please to explain, Mr. Frank; I don't understand what you mean.

Frank. Christ our Lord commanded us to hear the Church, did He not?

Jane. Yes.

Frank. To listen to the Church, to obey the Church that is ?

Jane. Yes. Well ?

Frank. If the Church may teach wrong, we may do wrong in obeying her ; we may be led into sin, that is, even by obeying Christ our Lord and “hearing the Church.” But to say that would be, as I said just now, rank blasphemy.

Mary. Yes, indeed it would. My dear husband, does it not seem plain to you ?

Thomas. Why, yes ; it seems plain to me *now*, that since our Saviour Jesus Christ ordered us to obey the Church, He would in course take care that the Church didn’t order us to do any thing wrong.

Frank. It certainly is so ; and thus you see you have the infallibility of the Church made sure to you in a very clear and easy way ; that is a great step.

Thomas. Yes ; but after all, I am not *sure*. That seems quite clear to me *now* ; but if I were to go to-morrow to Mr. Lowe or to Mr. Evans, they would talk it all over, and make it out the other way. Mr. Evans would say that we are to go to the Bible, and not bother about the Church. Mr. Lowe is not against the Church ; but he says the Church is not particular what she teaches or what we believe ; and he too would say that we must go to the Bible.

Frank. Well, we have been to the Bible, and the Bible says, "Hear the Church."

Thomas. And then comes the puzzle, *which* Church am I to obey. Oh, I wish, as I said just now, there were miracles in our days, as in the days of old. I often think that would settle all so clear.

Frank. Do you think, then, that a miracle would satisfy you?

Thomas. I am certain sure that it would, if I could see it with *my own eyes*.

Frank [*smiling*]. You would not be content to see it with *my eyes*, I suppose?

Thomas. Have you really ever seen a miracle *yourself*?

Frank. I have indeed; a very great and wonderful miracle; a lasting miracle too; one that you might see, I believe, at this very time, if only you could take the journey.

Jane. A *lasting* miracle? I thought all miracles were done quickly, in a moment, as it were.

Frank. No; this has been going on for years, and is what we may call a standing miracle.

Jane. Oh, do tell us all about it.

Frank. I am afraid it would be too long a story to tell, and perhaps tire your father.

Jane. Oh, no; I am sure it would not tire us. Let us just sit down round the fire; and here, father, you shall sit in your great chair, and then you won't tire, will you?

Thomas. I don't feel tired ; but if I do, I can go to bed, you know.

Jane. Come, then, Mr. Frank, please begin. [*She puts two or three chairs, and they all draw round the fire.*]

Frank. Have you ever heard that it has pleased Almighty God, from time to time, to bestow upon particular persons the honour of bearing, in their own bodies, the marks of our Lord's wounds ?

Mary. No, indeed ; I never heard of such a thing.

Jane. I don't think I know what you mean.

Frank. I mean that there have been saints and holy persons who have had wounds on their bodies just like those which were inflicted on our Blessed Lord in His passion ; for instance, wounds in their hands and feet, like those made by the nails in *His* blessed hands and feet ; wounds round the head, as if made by a crown of thorns ; and a wound in the side, as if pierced by a lance.

Jane. Oh, how very wonderful ! But who made these wounds ? How do they come ?

Frank. They seem to be the work of Almighty God, and in different cases have come more or less gradually. In the two cases which I saw—

Jane. Oh, you have seen them, then, yourself ?

Frank. Yes, thank God, I *have* seen them ;

and it was in one case a most beautiful, and in the other a most awful sight.

Mary. The resemblance, then, was very perfect?

Frank. In one case it was so to a degree that was quite overpowering.

Jane. And this, then, was the miracle you saw. Oh, tell us all about it.

Thomas. Yes; tell us all about it, pray.

Frank. You know, perhaps, that a few years ago I went abroad with Captain George Weston, a relation of Mrs. Godwin's. She had held many a long conversation with him about religion, and lent him many books to read, and offered many prayers for his conversion; for she was very anxious about him.

Martha. He was in delicate health, was he not? And Mrs. Morley told me he was a most amiable young man.

Frank. He was indeed very amiable, very good, and sincerely anxious to find out the truth; and Almighty God rewarded him. He died in the bosom of the Church, and with the help of all the sacraments. God rest his dear soul! [*He pauses a moment, and Martha says, Amen.*]

Jane. And you went abroad with him?

Frank. Yes. In the course of his study as to religion, he came to the same feeling as that of my good friend here, Mr. Hartwell. He felt the force of Mrs. Godwin's arguments; but yet he could not come to a sufficient feeling of as-

surance to justify him in taking such an important step as changing his religion. At least, he thought so; and one day he said to his cousin, "Oh, if I could but see a miracle, that would settle me!" It happened that she had been reading a little book written by the Earl of Shrewsbury a short time before, and giving an account of his visit to these two extraordinary young women.

Jane. Oh, they were young women, then?

Frank. These two were young women; but it has not always been so. The great St. Francis was so marked, and it is supposed St. Paul also.

Thomas. St. Paul?

Mary. Oh, yes. Don't you remember he says at the end of the Epistle to the Galatians, "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of our Lord Jesus." But I never knew what that meant. Is that what it really means?

Frank. It is supposed, as I said, that he bore these glorious marks; but I do not know whether it is certain.

Jane. Well, but go on with your story, please.

Frank. Mrs. Godwin lent him the book; and after he had read it, he gave it back to her, saying, "Well, now I will go and seek for myself; and if I find every thing as this book says, I will be a Catholic." And he determined to set off immediately, though it was

the depth of winter, and he was not very strong. I was his servant, you know, and, luckily for me, he took me with him. We had a delightful journey, in spite of the cold; but I need not tell you any thing about that.

Jane. Any other time, I should delight to hear it all; but now I seem to care for nothing but the miracle and these two wonderful young women. What are their names?

Frank. The name of one is Maria Morl; the name of the other is not so easy to say, Domenica Lazzari. They are called in the country "the holy virgins."

Martha. Do they live together?

Frank. Oh, no. Maria Morl lives at a little village called Caldaro; and Domenica Lazzari lives, or did live, for I believe she is now dead, at another village called Capriana. Both are in a part of Germany called the Tyrol, and not very far from each other. But Maria and Domenica have never met: they know something about each other, however, in some wonderful way; for Maria sometimes says, "Ah, poor Domenica is suffering a good deal to-day."

Jane. How do you mean that she "knows" it in some wonderful way?"

Frank. I mean that it is not by letter, or any common mode of communication; but by a sort of supernatural knowledge.

Mary. A revelation, in short.

[*Thomas fidgets upon his chair, and looks*

as if he was going to speak ; but Frank says :] I should not use that expression ; but I shall be able to explain this matter to you better by and by, when you know more about these holy virgins.

Jane. How old are they ?

Frank. They were about thirty when I saw them ; but Maria looked very much younger. Her countenance struck me as very beautiful, —a sort of heavenly beauty.

Jane. And Domenica ?

Frank. Oh, poor Domenica was dreadful to look at ; her face was all covered with blood, and she seemed to be suffering great agonies of pain.

Jane [*shuddering*]. With blood ? Why ?

Frank. You shall know presently ; but I think it would be better if I tell you more in order what we saw.

Mary. Yes, indeed ; we shall understand better, if Jane will let you begin at the beginning, and tell us the story regularly.

Jane. But mother, I must ask questions if I don't understand.

Thomas. You ask too many questions, Jane.

Frank. Oh, no, no. Let her ask as many as she likes ; only I think I can tell my story better, if I take it all just as it happened.

Jane. Yes, to be sure. Well, I won't interrupt you, if I can help it.

Frank [*smiles*]. I will begin, then, at the beginning. We travelled very fast, because

my master was obliged to be back by a certain time. It was very cold—oh, so cold; for it was the depth of winter. But I knew what we were going to see, and I didn't mind the cold. I was only a little anxious for my dear master, who was never very hardy. However, he bore the journey very well; and one fine afternoon, about three o'clock, we drove into Caldaro, a poor little straggling street of a village, and put up at a wretched little inn; and while my master dressed himself, I went with a letter of introduction, and a note to try and find out Father Capistran, a Franciscan monk, who lived in the convent close by, and who was Maria's confessor.

Jane. Oh, it was Maria you went to see first.

Frank. Yes. Well, as I went up the street, I saw such heaps of people going in and coming out of the churches; for it was Sunday. They looked very curious; for they were dressed almost all alike in green jackets and breeches, and high peaked-up black hats. But what struck me most was, that they all seemed so devout and earnest in their manner, and were all so kind to me, a poor stranger. When I showed them the direction of my letter, they pointed out my way; and seemed so patient, when I could not understand.

Jane. Why did you not tell them at once where you were going?

Thomas. You forget, child, that they don't speak English in those outlandish countries.

Jane. Oh, to be sure, I forgot that. Then it must have been very hard for you to find your way.

Frank. Yes, indeed; and I don't know how I should ever have found my way to the convent and Father Capistran, if one good-natured man had not taken pity upon me, and called a little boy, to whom he said a few words in German, and then made signs for me to follow him. The little boy trotted on before me, and led me up the hill to a neat little church and monastery; and he pulled the bell by a long wooden cross, which hung down for a handle.

Jane. A cross for a bell-pull; how strange!

Thomas. In Catholic countries you will see the cross every where. On the tops of the churches, and at the corners of the streets, as well as on the bell-handles.

Frank. Yes, indeed; and it seemed very beautiful to me to see the blessed sign of our redemption every where, placed as in honour and remembrance; and my dear master was much struck; and when we came back, he said, to me one day, "England looks like a heathen country, after Belgium and the Tyrol. Nothing to remind us that we are Christians; and so few churches too."

Thomas. That is true; but it is not only churches and chapels—I should not object to them, they are all in honour of God; but those little chapels to the Virgin.

Frank. They too are in honour of God.

We honour her, because she is the Mother of God, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. —But to go back to our convent. When we pulled the bell, the door was opened by a friar in a long brown cloak and hood, and girt with a cord round his waist. The little boy said something to him, and I showed him my letter; and he then admitted us into a sort of passage, or gallery, which is called a cloister, the walls all covered with paintings.

Jane. Oh, I know what a cloister is: I have seen the cloisters in the great church at Canterbury.

Frank. Yes; there are beautiful cloisters at Canterbury, that were built by the old monks; but now they are all falling into ruin for lack of money to repair them, I am afraid.

Mary. How sad! But go on, Mr. Frank, with your story, please.

Frank. After waiting a little while, and looking at the pictures, which were all of a kind to give instruction, and raise pious feelings in the soul, Father Capistran came down to me. Oh, he was such a reverend figure; tall, grave, kind, thin, pale; dressed like the other, in a long coarse brown cloak, with a shaven crown, and sandals on his feet. He looked so venerable, yet so kind. I knelt down, as I gave the letter, to ask his blessing.

Jane. But you could not speak German; how could he understand you?

Martha. Actions speak louder than words, Jane.

Frank [smiling]. Yes; and when a priest sees a Catholic kneel down before him, he knows pretty well what he wants.

Jane. And he gave you his blessing?

Frank. Oh, yes; and then began to read the letter and my master's note.

Jane. Did your master know German?

Frank. No; but he knew Latin very well; and all the Catholic priests understand Latin, you know. While he was reading, I looked into the church of the convent, for we were standing close to the door. It was literally crammed with people; and presently, as the music burst forth, down we all fell upon our knees, the good father, the porter, my little guide, and myself.

Jane. Why?

Frank. The music gave us notice that the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the church: the reason that I mention it is, that I was going to say what a great happiness it is for Catholics that their religion really is *Catholic*. Go where they will, all over the world, they find the same services; so that, though in a strange country, they do not feel outcasts. I cannot tell you how touching it seemed to me to hear those dear home sounds in a foreign land; and to feel that I was, though so far from my native country, yet worshipping amongst fellow Christians.

Thomas. Certainly we English folks cannot do that. Once out of England there is very little church for us. But, Mr. Frank, how can you think it right to fall down upon your knees in that way, before a mere piece of bread?

Frank. Indeed, Mr. Hartwell, I should not think that right at all. I should think it very foolish to kneel down before "a mere piece of bread;" and very wicked too, if I did it with the intention of giving divine honour to the piece of bread.

Martha. You know, brother, that Catholics believe that our Blessed Lord is really and truly present in the Blessed Sacrament.

Frank. Yes; and without stopping to prove that we are right in our belief, yet you will allow, I am sure, Mr. Hartwell, that as the Catholic does believe our Blessed Lord to be really present there, he cannot be guilty of idolatry in bowing down before it. He may be mistaken in the *fact*, if Protestants are right in their belief; but in his intention he bows down to his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,—that cannot be idolatry.

Mary. No, indeed.

Jane. Oh, go on, Mr. Frank; I am longing to hear about Maria.

Frank. A little patience, and your curiosity shall be gratified. Presently after, we arose, and the good father having read his note, stood for a moment, seemingly considering how he should give me an answer. Then he pointed

out to me a church with a little tower, farther up the hill, and apparently attached to another convent; and by signs made me understand that I was to take my master there. This I did accordingly. We found a very pretty church, in which we knelt down, and said our prayers for a few minutes, till an old woman came up, and touched my master on the shoulder, making a sign for him to follow her. Of course, I followed him close.

Jane. Ah, yes; I'll be bound you wouldn't be left behind.

Frank. Not for a thousand pounds, I assure you. The good little old woman hobbled away through a small garden into a back passage, leading through one or two rooms into a small one, which had two beds in it, and one or two other women were in it. As Maria's chamber opens into this, I supposed these women were there to take care of her; but I don't know.

Jane. Does she, then, need to have somebody always waiting upon her?

Frank. No, not exactly that; but you will see presently, that she requires some one always to watch over her. At the door we found the good father waiting to receive us. He talked a little to my master; but they did not seem to understand each other very well; and my master told me afterwards, that it was because he pronounces Latin English fashion, and Father Capistran pronounces it foreign fashion; and it seems that English fashion is

different from all others. I waited rather impatiently; like you, [*to Jane*] I was very eager to see the wonderful person, of whom I had heard so much. At last their conversation ended; and the good father opened the door of Maria's room, and we went in. How shall I describe to you what we saw? It was dusk, and the room was rather dark; but still we could see the figure, just as it had been described to me, in white, kneeling upright in the bed, the hands together under the chin, the head a little raised, the whole body slightly inclined forward, and the large beautiful hazel eyes fixed upwards. I think I see her now. It was a sight I can never forget. Her long black hair hung down to her waist, over her back and shoulders; her face was pale, but not thin; and her countenance was like a statue of devotion. It was really a solemn sight; so still, so motionless. I remembered the motion of the throat being mentioned in a book that I had read; but I could not perceive anything of it. She was just like a marble statue.

Jane. How beautiful!

Mary. How wonderful! But you say she was kneeling upright: she cannot always remain in that position. Nobody could kneel long in that position, and on a soft bed too.

Frank. Certainly, no one could do it in a merely natural state of existence; but hers is, you know, as I told you, a supernatural state.

She remains for hours and hours in that way, in a sort of trance.

Mary. Is she not sensible, then, of what is going on around her?

Frank. No; so much otherwise, that a fly has been seen to walk across her eyeball, and she did not appear to perceive it.

Mary. Very wonderful! But the wounds?

Frank. On the back of her hand, near the wrist, was the point of the nail, just as such a wound might appear a few days afterwards, only without inflammation. We saw it very distinctly.

Jane. How large was the wound?

Frank. About the size of a nut cut in half.

Jane. And the wounds on the feet?

Frank. We did not see them at this time; but we did afterwards. They are much like those on the hands.

Mary. Do these wounds bleed?

Frank. Yes, occasionally; a few drops of blood comes from them on Thursday evenings, or Fridays.

Mary. The very time of our Lord's suffering.

Frank. Yes; and that leads me to mention that she seems to suffer in an especial manner always upon Fridays, during the hours of our Lord's passion, as I will tell you presently; but let me finish the account of our first visit.

Mary. Thank you; we had better go on regularly.

Frank. After we had stood some time gazing at this beautiful sight, Father Capistran began to explain to my master; and though he could not understand all that the good father said, yet he made out a part: he said that Maria, when in this state of ecstasy, was engaged in intense prayer and contemplation of the goodness and love of God. He also explained to him, that this state of ecstasy was always greater and continued longer on those days when she received Holy communion; and that she would then sometimes be lifted up off her knees, so that her feet scarcely touched the bed; and he said that he had even seen her raised entirely from it.

Jane. Oh, is that possible? Can you believe that?

Frank. I have not the least doubt of it, though I did not myself see *that*. But you must remember that I engaged to tell you of something miraculous; and, as I said just now, the state of existence of this wonderful creature is undoubtedly supernatural.

Jane. Perhaps, after all, it is not so easy to believe a miracle as I thought it to be.

Mary. Very true; and therefore we ought to be careful how we wish to see a miracle. To see one, and not to believe, would be awful.

Thomas. Like the Jews of old.

Jane. But they *saw* the miracle ; I am only hearing of it.

Frank. It is the same disposition, I think, that believes or disbelieves in either case. Father Capistran went on to explain, that though Maria often remained for hours and hours entranced in this way, yet he could always bring her to herself by speaking to her ; and as my master begged him to do it now, he went close to her ; and whispered, calling her by her name. After a slight pause, he did it again ; she then sank down on her back in the bed, with her head on the pillow, and her hands under her chin, but her eyes fixed as before, and without waking from the trance.

Jane. Then she did not come quite to herself ?

Frank. After a little while, he went nearer to her, and called her again. She then put her hands down, and turned to him, just like a person waking out of sleep, and seemed to answer him a word or two.

Mary. “ *Seemed* to answer him ! ”

Frank. Yes ; she speaks in a sort of inward murmur ; but the good father understands her. However, she returned immediately to her state of ecstasy again.

Jane. Just like a person so fast asleep, that he is with difficulty waked to answer a question ; and is fast asleep again the next moment.

Frank. Exactly ; that was exactly it.

Mary. And she was dreaming of heaven and the love of God. Ah, it was cruel to awaken her!

Frank. Yes; so the good father seemed to think; and I believe he wished us to go. He said that she had received Holy Communion that morning; and that was the reason that the ecstasy was so strong upon her. But my master explained that he wished much to speak to this holy creature, and to ask her prayers for himself, and his brother and sister; and he told him his own position, and anxious desire to find out the truth.

Jane. But if she was so swallowed up, as it seems, in her ecstasy, how could the good father make her sensible of all that?

Frank. As her confessor and spiritual director, he has some extraordinary power over her; and though insensible to every other outer thing, she knows and obeys his voice.

Jane. How very extraordinary!

Frank. It is indeed all *extraordinary*—out of the common order. You must keep that always in your thoughts.

Mary. And did the good father contrive at last to waken her?

Frank. Yes; he went up, and spoke to her, just as he had done before, as far as I could see; but this time she woke up thoroughly; and the first effect of it was to make her look much younger, and give her quite a childlike look of pleasure and confusion.

Jane. Confusion, because of the strangers ?

Frank. Yes, I suppose so. She smiled very sweetly at Father Capistran, just glanced at us, and instantly pulled down her sleeves, which were frilled at the ends, over her hands, and put them under the bed-clothes.

Jane. What was that for ? To hide the wounds, do you think ?

Frank. Yes, I think so ; for I have heard of it from other persons who have seen her ; so that it seems to be a sort of habit ; and I remember to have read in Lord Shrewsbury's book, that the first time the wounds were known to bleed, she was found by her confessor sitting up in bed, and wiping her hands with a cloth, and looking at them like a frightened child. Seeing the blood, he asked her what it was. She answered, that she did not know, but she thought she must have hurt herself ; but, in fact, these were the wounds, which continued from that time on her hands ; and after a little while, made their appearance on her feet and her side.

Jane. Her side ?

Frank. Yes ; there is the wound of the lance also : this, of course, we did not see : but it has been seen by the nuns and other respectable women.

Mary. How wonderful ! oh, how very wonderful ! You may well say that it is out of the common order of things. It is indeed most wonderful.

Jane. Mr. Frank, you say you read this last part in Lord Shrewsbury's book. Have you got that book, giving an account of this wonderful Maria? Oh, how I should like to see it!

Frank. Yes, I have got it, and you shall see it. There have been several accounts published of these holy virgins, for thousands and thousands of persons have gone to see them. Lord Shrewsbury's was one of the earliest and best in English: it was published as far back as 1841; but lately there has been published another, by a clergyman of the Establishment, which is very interesting. Mrs. Godwin has it, and she was so kind as to lend it to me; and I dare say I can borrow it again for you.

Thomas. I should like very much to see both the accounts.

Frank. You shall; I will bring them. [*The clock strikes.*] Oh, how late it is! I beg your pardon for staying so long.

Thomas. It is very good of you, Mr. Frank; and if you will stay and eat a bit of supper with us, we shall be very glad.

Frank. Thank you very much; but I must go home; they will be waiting for me.

Jane. Oh, Mr. Frank, you are not going away without telling us what Maria said to you, when she waked up.

Frank [*smiling.*] That would be too cruel; and happily it will not take me long to tell.

The father explained to her who we were, and what we wished for. I too had begged for her prayers, as well as my master. She understood him at once; and looking at us, nodded her head quickly, as much as to say, "I will;" and then, drawing both her hands out, she made signs to him to bring her a box of little pictures, which she took into her lap; and in a few moments gave my master two, saying, or seeming to say—for I could not distinguish a word any more than before—that she sent them to his brother and sister as memorials of her prayers for them. So the good father interpreted her murmur.

Jane. Why does she speak so low? Is it that she cannot, or that she does not like to speak louder?

Frank. I think it is that she cannot; that she has not strength. You must know, though I have not yet told you, that she lives almost entirely without food; a little fruit, or a small piece of bread now and then, when Father Capistran desires it, is all she takes.

Mary. And yet she has strength to kneel upright in that fatiguing position, in which we could not kneel for more than an hour at a time.

Martha. That shows more clearly that her state is really something miraculous.

Frank. She has been known to remain thirty-six hours at a time entranced, and kneel-

ing in the same position. Upon this occasion, however, she did not rise from her bed ; but lying still, became entranced again, as soon as she had given the pictures. Her appearance, however, was equally beautiful. She looked now like a dying saint. We stood gazing at her for a few minutes, and then went away, thanking God for allowing us to see so wonderful and beautiful a sight, and hoping to be allowed to pay her another visit.

Jane. And did you see her again ?

Frank. Yes, I did ; but we must not begin upon that now.

Martha. Why, no ; this is a good stopping place ; and as Mr. Frank is going home, I will gladly go with him, for it is quite dark.

Jane. But when shall we hear the rest of the story ?

Thomas. Mr. Frank will come again soon, I hope ; for I also should like to hear the rest.

Frank. Suppose I come in to-morrow after Vespers ; and then I will bring the books with me.

Mary. Do ; and we shall have a nice long evening to finish the story.

Jane. We have heard nothing yet of the other.

Frank. Domenica ? No ; so you see there is a long story yet to come.

Jane. So much the better. Oh, so much the better !

Martha. It is indeed, very interesting ; and

I shall take care to run over to-morrow, and hear the rest.

Mary. Do, my dear sister; and bring William with you, if you can.

Martha. Yes, I will. Good-night, good-night: [*to Thomas*] I hope we shall find you almost well to-morrow.

Thomas. I don't expect that much; but good-night. Good-night, Mr. Frank; and thank you for your story.

Frank. I am sure you are very welcome: good-night. [*They all shake hands, and Martha and Frank go out.*]

DIALOGUE II.

Hartwell's Cottage. Thomas Hartwell, Mary and Jane; William Peters and Martha, Frank Andrews.

Jane. And you have brought us the books? Oh, thank you.

Frank [*giving her one*]. This is Lord Shrewsbury's, and this [*laying the other on the table*] is Mr. Allies'.

Jane [*opens the first, and reads the title*]. "Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq., descriptive of the"—

Frank [*looking over her shoulder, pronounces slowly*]. "Es-ta-ti-ca, of Cal-da-ro."

Jane. "Es-ta-ti-ca," what does that mean?

Frank. Person in an ecstasy, or trance.

Jane. Oh, that is Maria, then; yes, and she lived at Caldaro, I remember. What is the next?

Frank. Ad-do-lo-ra-ta of Ca-pri-ana.

Jane. And what does "Ad-do-lo-ra-ta" mean?

Frank. One greatly afflicted, that is the poor Domenica. She was indeed greatly afflicted.

Jane. Was? Ah, yes; you said she was dead, poor thing!

Frank. No, happy creature! She is gone, no doubt, from her sufferings on earth to her crown of glory in heaven.

Mary. She suffered with great patience, then?

Frank. Yes, with the most wonderful resignation and patience.

Martha. Do you know any thing, Mr. Frank, of the early life of these wonderful young women?

Frank. You will see all that is known, I believe, in that book of Lord Shrewsbury's. They were both of them very religious, and humble, and pure,—quite models for young persons in their rank of life.

Mary. What was their rank?

Frank. Domenica's was something like our own; her father was a miller: the father of Maria something higher, and of a noble family, but poor, I believe. She lost her mother early,

and all the care of the household fell upon her. She assisted her father, and took the greatest care of her brothers and sisters. One of her brothers is a Franciscan friar, like Father Capistran; and one of her sisters is a nun. When I saw her she had lost her father, and was living, as I said, at a convent under the care of the nuns.

Jane. And Domenica?

Frank. Her father also was dead, when I saw her; and she was living in great poverty with her married sister. I should tell you that, though so poor, neither she, nor any of her family, nor Maria Mörl either, would accept of any present.

Thomas. Ah, then, it was not for money.

Frank. No; and as for Domenica, the Bishop of Trent offered to take care of her, and put her in a convent, as he had done for Maria; but she begged not to be separated from her sister; and accordingly she lived with her till the time of her death.

Jane. And will you now tell us about your visit to Domenica?

Frank. Would it not be better to hear first what I have still to tell you about Maria?

Mary. Oh, certainly, that would be best.

Jane. Is there more, then, about that sweet Maria?

Frank. More, and more wonderful than any thing that you have heard yet.

Jane. So much the better ; I am very glad of it. Pray go on.

Frank. I have told you how she is marked with our Lord's wounds : but that is not all the resemblance. On every Friday, and more especially on Good Friday, she seems during her ecstacy, to sympathise with our Blessed Lord in a marvellous manner. She seems to pass through all the stages of His passion with Him.

Martha. Oh, how wonderful !

Jane. I don't quite understand.

Frank. I will describe it to you as well as I can ; but first I must tell you, that when we went back to our inn, we found there an English Catholic gentleman, a Mr. Irvin. My master and he soon made acquaintance ; and it was a most lucky thing for us, because he spoke German pretty well, and Italian a little ; and he knew a great deal more than we did. He told us that we ought to stay and see Maria on a Friday, and that he was going to do so himself ; and he was going on afterwards to see Domenica : and so it was soon settled that we should go together.

Martha. That was very lucky, certainly.

Frank. Yes ; I learnt many things that I should never otherwise have known ; for my master allowed me always to be in the room with him.

Jane. And you heard all that the gentleman said ? and you went on the Friday ?

Frank. Yes. We found her kneeling up in bed ; but instead of that look of intense devotion, she had the look of extreme suffering. Her hands were crossed upon her breast : she was very pale ; and as we watched her, the suffering seemed to increase ; the lower part of her face was much convulsed, and at last became black. She seemed in great anguish, her breathing became oppressed, convulsive sighs escaped from time to time, and at last subsided into a moaning which wrung the heart. At last, a deep flush of red passed over her cheeks, her poor mouth was parched, and her swollen tongue seemed glued to the upper part of it. The convulsions came on stronger and quicker ; the hands, which at first were sinking by degrees, now fell rapidly ; the nails turned quite blue ; the fingers worked convulsively, like those of a dying person ; and the death-rattle even sounded in her throat. Her head drooped, and we thought the last struggle was at hand. Suddenly she threw herself back on her pillow, in a sort of agony, her arms outstretched, as if she was nailed to the cross. She remained in this position some little time. We stood watching by her, and several other persons who were in the room, thinking every breath must be her last. But no ; after a while she raised her head, and rose again rapidly upon her knees, with a sort of energy which seemed incomprehensible after what we had just wit-

nessed ; the hands returned to their usual position under the chin, and the countenance resumed its lovely peaceful expression ; and she seemed again what we had seen her the day before.

Mary. Oh, how wonderful ! how awful !

Thomas. And did you really see this yourself, Mr. Frank ?

Frank. I did indeed see it with my own eyes ; and as I said to you yesterday, if you could take the journey, you might see it too ; for hundreds and thousands of people have seen it.

Jane. And you say that poor Maria goes through this agony every Friday ?

Frank. So we were told ; and it was explained to us.

Jane. Oh, I am glad that you are going to give us some explanation, for I cannot seem to understand it yet.

William. Nor do I see the reason of that holy and innocent creature suffering such dreadful agonies.

Frank. There is a mystery in the value of suffering which we do not easily understand, perhaps. But one good reason for these marvellous sufferings, and one that the patient sufferer would reckon a sufficient one, may be found in the numbers of conversions brought about by a sight at once so awful and so touching. Not only have many Protestants been brought to the true faith, but many and

many bad Catholics have been converted and reformed.

Mary. It would indeed be difficult to stand by that bedside and remain a Protestant, still more an infidel.

Jane. Mr. Frank, you were going to give us some explanation.

Frank. We were told, that at these times of especial remembrance of our Lord's sufferings, this wonderful and holy creature was engaged in a meditation upon them so intense that they were, one might almost say, realised before her; and being united to our Blessed Lord, by a love quite beyond our comprehension, she was privileged, in a manner, to share in His sufferings which she was contemplating.

Jane. I don't think I understand now.

Frank. I dare say not. In truth, it is not a fact to be explained and understood, so much as a wonderful instance of God's dealings with His saints, to be received in humble and adoring faith.

Mary. Yes, indeed; it seems almost a presumption to endeavour to scan such wonderful doings—they are quite beyond us.

Jane. How I should like to see Maria!

Frank. Would you like to see a picture of her? I have brought you one which was drawn by my dear master, and gives a very good idea of her.

Jane. Oh, thank you; that is very kind.

[*She looks intently at the picture, and the others look over her, while Frank explains it.*] She is tall and thin.

Mary. The figure is very graceful. You said her face was beautiful; this little drawing can hardly show that.

Frank. I should rather say that the expression of her face was beautiful; something so innocent, so sweet, so heavenly, that in gazing upon it one forgot to notice the features.

Mary. Ah, yes; it was as if you were seeing an angel.

Jane. What is that over the head of the bed?

Frank. A crucifix; and opposite the foot of the bed, a picture of our Blessed Lady and the Infant Jesus. There were other pictures and images of saints about the room.

Jane. And there is another crucifix; and what are all those candlesticks for?

Frank. There was a chest of drawers just opposite to her, dressed up to look like an altar.

Martha. Ah, poor thing, she could not get to church; no wonder she longed for an altar.

Frank. She could not go to church certainly; but she was not altogether cut off, for there is a church close to her bed, as it were; and that window looks into it, and on to the altar.

Martha. Oh, that is very nice for her, poor thing! But can she look upon the altar?

Frank. I don't recollect exactly how that was; but I have no doubt that she can, because every thing seemed done to make her happy and comfortable. The room was a good size, very clean and airy: there is another window in it, looking into the garden.

Jane. There is another chest of drawers, too; and what is that on the table by the side of the bed?

Frank. A little glass vase, with some flowers in it, though it was in the dead of winter.

Mary. Given to her, no doubt, by some kind friend.

Frank. Most likely: for she is petted, as one may say, by all around her. Once, I remember, there was a plate and some apples upon it. She eats a little fruit now and then, as I told you, or a small piece of bread.

Jane. And is that all she has? She cannot live upon that.

Frank. She has not eaten any thing else for many years. But Domenica Lazzari is much more wonderful in that respect; she had eaten *nothing* for many years.

Jane. Many years! Do you really mean years?

Frank. Yes; I mean that for many years—fifteen years before she died—she ate nothing, *absolutely nothing* but what she received in Holy Communion.

Martha. She was able to receive Holy Communion, then, to comfort her?

Frank. And there is something extraordinary about that, which I must tell you. On the 14th of April, 1834,—I wrote down the date for fear I should forget it,—she received Holy Communion; and immediately after, she was seized with convulsions. The priest tried to remove the Host from her mouth, but could not; neither could she swallow it; and so it remained upon her tongue for forty days.

William. Then during that forty days she could not have swallowed any thing.

Mary [*speaking to herself*]. Forty days; our Blessed Lord fasted forty days.

Frank. No; certainly she could not have swallowed any thing during that time.

Jane. And what happened at the end of the forty days?

Frank. I am not quite sure; but I think the Bishop of Trent, her bishop, came, with clergy in procession, and removed it from her mouth, and received it himself.

Jane. How extraordinary! But did she never receive the Sacrament again? I thought you said—

Frank. Yes; after a time she was able to communicate again; and for the rest of her life it was not only her only food, but her great comfort, and the only relief which she could find for her sufferings.

Mary. Does she suffer more than poor Maria?

Frank. Yes, a great deal.

Martha. Mr. Frank, will you tell us about your visit to Domenica all in order, just as you did about Maria?

Frank. Yes, willingly. It was, as I told you, in the depth of winter, and very cold. My master and Mr. Irvin had determined to walk across the mountains from Caldaro to Capriana.

Jane. To walk! Why did they choose that, I wonder, when they might have gone in a carriage?

Thomas. Carriages cannot easily go over mountains in winter, child. Don't you know that they are generally covered with snow?

Frank. Yes, indeed; and we found it difficult enough even to walk. But, besides this, there was another reason: by walking across the ridge, we could get there in eight or nine miles; but to go by the carriage-road, we must have gone forty round.

Jane. Ah, now I understand; and you set off. But how were you to find your way through the snow?

Frank. We had a guide to go with us. We set off very early in the morning, as soon as it was light; and, oh, a hard walk we had of it, I can tell you, scrambling and sliding up and down the sides of the mountains, wading over

or through the mountain streams, and especially as the evening drew on.

William. But you set off in the morning: do you mean that you were all day going that eight or nine miles?

Frank. We stopped in the middle of the day for an hour or so, to get some dinner; and a nice comfortable dinner we had in a clean tidy little inn, at a village on the mountain side. But we did not rest long, because our guide had warned us that we should find the road very bad; and we were little inclined to be benighted. So we pushed on as well as we could; but it was slow work. Often, in ascending a ridge, we set foot on a slippery spot, and down we went, rolling back as much as took many minutes to crawl up again, besides tearing our hands against the rugged bushes or sharp stones in trying to save ourselves.

Jane. Oh, poor creatures! But, then, when you had got over the top, it must have been fine fun bowling down on the other side.

Frank. Oh, no, indeed; it was ten times worse, I assure you. We could not keep our footing at all, and many and many a summer-set we made; and many more and more *serious* falls we should have had, but for the great kindness of our guide, who, surefooted as he was, and accustomed to these mountain scrambles, not only kept up himself, but was always ready to help us in our misfortunes; never laughing at our awkwardness, but seeming to

pity us sincerely, picking us up when we fell down, and choosing out the best parts for us to walk in.

William. Well, that's more than most of our lads would have done, I fear.

Frank. Yes; I remember thinking so at the time. And often, indeed, while we were abroad, I was struck by the civility—I might rather say the ready kindness—of the people to us strangers and foreigners; and when we came back to England, I could not help remarking, on the contrary, how rude and gruff they all seemed; and more especially if they came across a poor Frenchman or Italian speaking broken English.

Thomas. That is quite true, and every one remarks it.

William. Why should it be so?

Jane. Perhaps religion has something to do with it.

Martha. I am sure we Catholics are always told that we ought to be kind and good to all.

Thomas. And do Catholics always do as they are told?

Frank [smiling]. Indeed, I am afraid we cannot say that.

Jane. And Protestants too are always told to be kind to every one. So that won't explain the matter.

Mary. I am afraid we are a very proud people. We think England the finest country in the world, and look down upon every other

nation as much beneath us; and pride is a great enemy to kindness.

Jane. And arn't we the finest people in the world? I'm sure I always heard so. What do you say, Mr. Frank? You look as if you were thinking of a great deal.

Frank. I am thinking that perhaps, as you say, religion has a great deal to do with it. If England is right in her *new* religion, she may well be proud, as she is, of so fine an invention.

Jane. If she is right; but if she is wrong?

Frank. If she is wrong; if the Catholic Church be God's own Church, then is England only a poor blind rebel, who has thrown off the gentle yoke of Christ, her true Lord and Master, to wear the iron yoke of man; and fancying it a gold chain around her neck, she is proud of her slavery.

Jane. That sounds disagreeable, certainly; and then, because we are proud of this fine gold chain of ours, we are uncivil to those who don't wear it. Is that what you mean, Mr. Frank?

Frank. Something near it. If you hear English people talk of foreign Catholics, it is always as of poor ignorant superstitious idolators, and of themselves as greatly enlightened, and possessing a *pure reformed* religion; this is the very spirit of the Reformation, as it is called. One great weapon of those reformers was persuading the people that they had been duped and made fools of; the most ridiculous

falsehoods were then put into circulation by those who coveted the riches of the Church; and they have been kept up ever since. But this is not exactly what I was thinking of when your mother said that we are a proud people. I was thinking of what Father Evelyn said the other day, that pride is the root of every heresy. Perhaps England fell into heresy, because she was proud; no doubt she *continues* in it, because she *is* proud. But talking of our guide and his kindness, we have quite forgotten poor Domenica.

Jane. Oh, no; I am sure I had not forgotten her; but you had not got to Capriana. You were only coming down the hill.

Frank. I was going to tell you that upon the top of it we were fortunate in meeting with a little boy, who turned out to be not only an inhabitant of Capriana, but a cousin of Domenica's, and he undertook to show us the way; and very lucky it was for us; for the path now became more steep, through dark fir-forests, along the edge of a tremendous ravine, down which they said the mules often fell and were killed. Streams often crossed the path, or ran along it, quite frozen, so that the walking was most dangerous; and I don't know how we could have got along without the help of our two guides; and even they fell now and then, but not so heavily as we did. My poor master was so exhausted that he could scarcely drag one foot after the other; and I was my-

self almost done up: and then came a whistling, piercing wind, that made it very, very cold. We were pretty well wrapped up; and besides, our frequent falls, and the constant expectation of them, kept us in a glow; but the poor little boy was the very picture of cold; his hands buried in his clothes, his teeth chattering, and his little nose red and blue, and shivering and shaking all over; yet he was very cheerful, and seemed to pity us much more than himself.

Mary. Poor little man! I hope there was a nice warm supper waiting for him when he got home.

Jane. What could he be doing out there all by himself, I wonder;—but go on, Mr. Frank, please; I want to get to Domenica.

Frank. Ay, and so did we, I can tell you; and at last, to our great satisfaction, the little fellow pointed out to us the cottages of Capriana, and the steeple of the Church peeping through the trees. It was about four o'clock when we slid and tumbled down our last descent off a stream of ice, and entered the little street of the village, which stands upon a sharp sort of ridge; and it was so entirely encrusted with ice, that the men, women, and children, whom we found all in motion in the village——

William. Just going home from their work, I suppose.

Frank. No doubt, as it was near sunset.

But I was going to tell you, in order to give you an idea of the extreme cold, and of the steepness of the path, that they could not walk, but were obliged to crawl along by the walls of the cottages, catching at the rails, or stones, or any thing that could serve to give them a footing.

Jane. Oh, how wretched to live in such cold !

Frank. Presently, the little boy pointed out to us Domenica's cottage, a mere hovel ; it was one of the first we came to. We rapped at the door, and it was immediately opened by a woman of about forty, Domenica's eldest sister, and married, I think. We all entered into the room ; and there, in a little bed, with her face turned towards the door, and but slightly covered, lay a small wretched figure, thin, and wasted to a frightful degree. She looked like some poor creature dying of a dreadful accident. Her face, from the forehead to the mouth, was covered with blood, which had dried upon it. Her hands were clasped upon her breast, the fingers entwined closely, and the wounds very conspicuous on the backs of her hands. Her eyes turned mournfully from one side to the other ; the whites of them glaring from the dark mass of blood surrounding them. The window was open, and the wind whistling in piercingly cold, and blowing the curtain about.

Jane. Oh, Mr. Frank !

Frank. Yes, indeed; and that was not enough to cool the fever with which she was burnt up; but her sister often fanned her with a large fan, which seemed to refresh her much. The poor thing lay perfectly quiet and patient, yet seemingly in great suffering, turning her eyes sometimes slowly from side to side, looking at us all with an expression of great kindness and gentleness.

Mary. It was a sad sight, indeed.

Jane. Very different from that sweet Maria.

Frank. Oh, yes; it was a pleasure to look at her; it seemed to give one a glimpse of heaven. I can imagine that angels and saints worshipping before the throne of mercy must look like her. But poor Domenica! one's heart seemed to shrink up with awe and sorrow in gazing at her. When we went nearer to her, we saw the marks of the thorns all round her poor forehead; her poor wan hands were not only wounded as if by large nails, but also joined together somehow, so that she could not separate them, but only part them a little, as if they were hinged together at the tips of the fingers.

Jane. It was the blood from the wounds in her forehead, then, I suppose, that covered her face.

Frank. Yes. And now I am going to tell you something very wonderful. This blood does not run down the face, as it naturally would run in the position in which she lies, but it

runs as it would run off a person suspended on the cross. Do you understand me?

William. I don't think I do.

Mary. You mean that the blood did not run straight off from the forehead towards the ears.

Jane. As it did when we put leeches on little Jane, aunt; do you remember?

Martha. Yes, I remember; but how, then, did it run?

Frank. Down towards the *chin*, as it must have done from our own blessed Lord as He hung upon the cross, with His poor agonised head drooping; so that the tip of her nose, which, as she was lying, would naturally have been left free from blood, was thickly covered with it. Nor was this all: it turned off on each side of the mouth, where the beard would be. [*A moment's pause, followed by exclamations of awe, surprise and wonder. Frank goes on.*] It was the same with her feet, and very remarkable; for blood ran actually upwards towards the toes, instead of down towards the instep.

Thomas. You saw this, Mr. Frank, with your own eyes?

Frank. I did, most certainly; and you will read in those books, that not only Lord Shrewsbury and his Catholic friends saw it, but that Mr. Allies and his two Protestant friends, all three ministers of the Establishment, saw it. In fact, as I said before, all that I have told

you has been seen by thousands and thousands of persons.

Thomas. And are you sure there was no trick in the matter? It would not be difficult to make sham wounds, and lay on the blood.

Frank. Having seen the wounds and the poor sufferer myself, I should say at once that it was quite impossible that it should be a trick. But perhaps you will be more convinced by remembering the circumstances of our visit. We came into the village late in a cold winter evening, not by the high road, but off the mountains. We went straight to the cottage, which was one of the first we came to; and without stopping to ask any questions, her own cousin being, as I told you, our guide, we opened the door, and walked in at once. I told you too, if you recollect, that the window was standing open. Now, supposing this to be a trick, do you think we should have found every thing ready and prepared, even to the window open in that bitter cold night? What chance of their expecting strangers that night across the mountains? And for what end all this suffering? For, after all, if the wounds were made by themselves, the pain must have been dreadful to bear; and all for what?

Thomas. No, to be sure; and you told us they would take no money.

William. But you said that many conversions were made by the sight.

Frank. Can you conceive a person so full

of heavenly charity as to be willing to suffer so much for the conversion of poor erring souls, and yet so false and dishonest as to use such means to obtain the accomplishment of her charitable desires?

Mary. Impossible! quite impossible!

Frank. Certainly; it appears to me much more difficult to believe this than to believe that an almighty and merciful God should have added one more to the long list of miracles worked to soften the heart of His rebel creature man.

Thomas. Yes, I must allow that.

Jane. Mr. Frank, will you let me now look at the picture of poor Domenica? [*Frank gives her the print.*]

Jane. Ah, poor, poor thing! Poor suffering creature! But now your sad sufferings are over; and you are gone to your reward in heaven. Oh, it is a comfort to think of that!

Mary. [*looking at the picture*]. The room does not look so nice and comfortable as Maria's.

Frank. Oh, no. In fact, the house was little better than a hovel. Besides this room there seemed only one other, a kind of outhouse, which opened into a garden on the steep face descending into the valley. In this room there was a fire for cooking, but no chimney; and it was, of course, half full of smoke. A small passage cut off Domenica's room from the door.

Jane. There is no ceiling to the room, only the plain rafters.

Mary. And the room is only paved, not boarded.

Jane. Ah, they were very, very poor.

Frank. Yes, poor people. Their tricks, if they played any, had not made them rich, most assuredly.

Mary. Certainly no trick could have borne that open window night and day.

Frank. Inded it would have killed any body in common health; and poor Domenica seemed to know it; for, after a little while, she made a sign to her sister, who came and put her ear close to Domenica's mouth, and then she explained to Mr. Irvin, while the poor sufferer looked at us with eyes full of kindness, that Domenica thought we should be cold, and begged us to go in to the fire.

Jane. And did you go?

Frank. Oh, no; we had still a little warmth left in us from our walk, so we begged to be allowed to stay a little while; and we sent the guide to the inn to order supper; and the sister left the room for a while.

Jane. To warm herself, I dare say.

Frank. Very likely. Meanwhile we were left alone with the poor afflicted one; and my master went and sat down by her, and tried to explain, in his bad Italian, who he was, and why he had come all the way from England to see her and Maria; and though his Italian was

very bad, and mixed up with Spanish and Latin, she seemed to understand him perfectly; and twice nodded assent when he begged her to pray for him, and for his brother and sister. Afterwards Mr. Irvin, and then I, went up to ask her prayers for me and mine. I could do it only in English; but she seemed quite to understand me: and when I put into her poor hands a little cross that I had bought for my mother, and asked her to kiss it, she did it affectionately and repeatedly, lifting her clasped hands, and pressing it to her poor lips, and turning her head round on the pillow, and looking at me with an indescribable expression of kindness and good-will, which I shall never forget.

Mary. Poor afflicted Domenica! Ah, I think I should love her even more than the sweet Maria.

Martha. My dear sister, that is just like you. No surer way to your heart than to be in need of your help.

Mary. And that is very natural, surely. But has not Mr. Frank something more to tell us? Did you stay much longer with Domenica?

Frank. No, but a short time. Her sister came back; and she told us, though very kindly, that we had stayed long enough; and indeed we found that we were getting dreadfully cold, as the glow of our walk went off. So having first asked her to give us some of the little prints which she keeps to give to her visitors,

we took our leave, filled with pity and love, for one so gentle and so afflicted, so suffering, and yet so full of kindness and sympathy.

Jane. Poor Domenica! poor dear Domenica! And did she give you some prints?

Frank. Yes, she did.

Martha. So, then, instead of gaining anything by your visit, she actually gave you something out of her poverty.

Frank. Yes; and she often gives some of these prints to her visitors, we were told. They are quite common things; but still they must have cost her something.

Mary. However common, they were valuable as coming from her.

Frank. Yes; she kissed each picture as she gave it; and no doubt she said a prayer for the person to whom she gave it. But besides, she chooses the print so that there shall be something suitable in it to the person for whom it is intended. For instance, she gave my dear master a print of St. George and the Dragon; and to me she gave a print of St. Francis.

Martha. Your patron saint.

Frank. And a saint who bore the same wonderful marks of our Lord's passion as herself.

Jane. I don't see exactly why St. George and the Dragon was especially suited to your master.

Frank. He was in the navy; and St. George was a soldier, you know. He is reckoned the patron saint of England, and especially of the

army and navy, at least it was so in the good old Catholic times ; and when they charged in battle, " St. George for England " was their war-cry ; and so " St. Andrew and Scotland," " St. Patrick and Ireland."

Mary. That reminds me of Daniel, and the Prince of Persia, and the Prince of Grecia.

Frank. Those were guardian angels, not patron saints.

Thomas. The cross of St. George and the cross of St. Andrew laid across one another make the Union Jack ; at least so the Papists used to tell us at Malta.

Frank. Yes ; the English flag.

Jane. Now I know the reason why they put St. George and the Dragon on the money. Why do you smile so maliciously, Mr. Frank ? What have you got spiteful to say ?

Frank. To confess the truth, I was just thinking that I could not see any reason for the people of England putting St. George on their flag and their coins, while all the time they don't believe in St. George a bit.

Martha. No, indeed ; neither in the saints in general, nor St. George in particular. I remember to have heard Protestants say, that they don't believe that there ever was such a person as St. George at all.

Frank. That is to say, *they* don't know any thing about St. George and his history ; and so they please to doubt of his existence.

Jane. Or perhaps they don't believe in a

dragon, and so they won't believe in St. George either.

Frank [*half laughing*]. Likely enough; any thing is reason sufficient for closing their eyes, and turning aside from the light of Catholic truth.

Mary. Well, Mr. Frank, we cannot do that upon the subject of miracles, after what you have told us. We *must believe*; and upon your authority it is easy to do so.

Frank. You are very good, I am sure, to rely so much upon me. But I wish you to have a less suspicious testimony; and therefore I mean to ask of you to allow me, some time, to read to you the account of these two holy virgins published by Mr. Allies.

Jane. The account given in this book? Oh, that will be very nice.

William. Do you mean that he has seen Maria, and even Domenica, and seen all that you have seen, and yet remains a Protestant.

Frank. Alas, it is so!

Thomas. Perhaps he suspects a trick.

Frank. No, he says distinctly not, as you will see when I read his account.

Jane. When will you read it? Why not directly?

Frank. I think it will be better another time; and to-night I will finish my account of Maria.

Mary. Oh, you have more to tell us of that sweet Maria?

Frank. Yes; we were so happy as to see her a third time before we left Caldaro.

Jane. Oh, delightful! I am so glad there is more to come; it is like finding another chapter when you thought you were at the end of an amusing book. But did you see nothing more of poor Domenica next day?

Frank. No; I told you my master was much tied for time, so we were obliged to leave Capriana very early next morning; and that is one reason that I wish to read Mr. Allies' account to you. He saw much more of poor Domenica than we did; but we saw most of Maria.

Martha. Ah, that is lucky; so the two together will give us all.

Jane. But now tell us, Mr. Frank, what happened when you left poor Domenica.

Frank [*smiling*]. It happened that we were dreadfully cold—almost perished with cold, as we slipped, and stumbled, and scrambled down the steep street till we came to the little inn, where we found our guide and supper waiting; and after making our arrangements for setting off early next morning, we all tumbled into bed as fast as we could.

Jane. To dream of Domenica?

Frank. No, indeed; I dreamed of nothing but ice and snow, if I dreamed of any thing at all; for I was perishing with cold all the night. The room was a sort of loft over an outhouse, with a window blocked up, and only

rafters overhead. I heaped all my clothes over me, and tried in vain to get warm. Morning came, and found me shivering still. I was quite glad to get up.

Martha. And that is the climate in which poor Domenica keeps her window always open.

Mary. It supposes a continual fever upon her. I believe great pain always produces great fever.

Frank. She looked parched up with fever; and must, I think, have suffered much with thirst, since she could not swallow any thing to drink.

Mary. Thirst, we know, was one of our dear Lord's great sufferings.

Frank. I shall not trouble you with the history of our journey back: the day being fine, and the wind behind us, we got on much better.

William. And you were more accustomed to the work, perhaps.

Frank. No doubt. We stopped again at the little village where we had dined, and where we were just in time to hear Mass, as it was the feast of the Epiphany; and afterwards we made the best of our way to Caldaro, where we arrived, as we had hoped we should do, in time to pay another visit to Maria that evening. We went to Father Capistran, who took us directly to the convent. It so happened this time that when we got to the first

room, there was no one there; and Father Capistran having unlocked Maria's room-door, he went back to shut the outer door, and bid us enter Maria's room; so we went in alone.

Jane. Why do you notice that so particularly?

Frank. Because, to my mind, it goes a long way to prove that there was no trick. Observe, Father Capistran did not know that we were coming any more; when we went up to the convent, it seemed that we were not expected, for the old woman was not there to attend the door; and then the good father sent us in by ourselves, to take the chance of how we might find Maria.

Thomas. And how did you find her?

Frank. Just as before, kneeling up in the bed, entranced—motionless almost, one would think breathless; in this world, but not of it; her face turned up, her large eyes fixed, but not on any thing we could see; her features expressive of a holy awe; her lips slightly parted; her hands, as before, joined under her chin; and her long black hair streaming over her shoulders and white dress. The room being half darkened, and her bed in the darkest corner of it, added to the solemnity of her appearance. I know not why, but I felt more this time, on entering the awful, mysterious presence, than I had done before; and I suppose the others felt as I did. No

one spoke; and the silence was so deep, that it seemed as if I could hear my own breathing.

Jane [*drawing a long breath*]. Oh, yes; it is awful.

Frank. Awful to us; yet I observed that Father Capistran, when he came in, talked to my master just in his usual tone; while we felt as if it would be a sin to speak above a whisper.

William. Ah, you see, he is so much with her, that he is used to it like.

Frank. Yes; and he knows that, when thus entranced, she is quite insensible to all that is going on around her. She neither hears nor sees. In fact, it gave me the idea that her soul was absent from her body, and, so to say, worshipping in heaven.

Mary. As St. Paul says he was caught up to the third heaven.

Frank. Just so: it just gave me that idea. At my master's request, the good father now went up to her, and, as before, spoke to her in a whisper. After a short pause she sunk gently down upon her back, her head in the middle of the pillow, but still entranced; her hands still joined under her chin, and her beautiful eyes still fixed upwards. Father Capistran drew the bed-clothes gently over her, and then spoke to her again; and now her hands sunk down, her features changed, and

she looked at him with a sweet smile, and then glanced at us.

Jane. Just as she did before.

Frank. Yes; only she seemed now more thoroughly awake. The good father explained to her, first my master's wishes, and then, very kindly, mine. I wished her to kiss my cross and medals; which she did, taking them in her hands, looking at them lovingly, and kissing them several times before she returned them to me.

Jane. Oh, Mr. Frank, have you got that cross still?

Frank. My mother has it, and treasures it up most carefully. She will delight to show it to you the first time you can call.

Jane. Oh, I will surely.

Frank. Next I asked for a message for my father and mother. To this she answered, whispering something to the father, which, through my master, he told me was, that I was to salute them in her name, and say that she would pray for them. And she then made signs for her little box of pictures, from which she took three, which she gave me; one for my father, one for my mother, and one for myself. She had before given some to my master.

Jane. Yes, at the first visit—and Mr. Irvin?

Frank. Oh, he was not with us that last evening. Well, then my master began to explain that he wished to be allowed to leave something with her for the poor of Caldaro.

At this her face immediately clouded over, and she shook her head to refuse, while Father Capistran, in great haste, began to explain in Latin that she never received any alms; and my master made haste to explain, also in Latin, to the good father, and in his bad Italian to Maria herself, that he only wished to leave something with her that she might give away for him amongst the poor. At last he made them understand; and then Maria's countenance brightened, and she looked much pleased. She smiled upon him, took willingly what he gave, and then eagerly made signs to Father Capistran to bring her some other box of treasures.

Jane. She wanted to give him something more, as a reward for his charity.

Frank. Yes; the good father searched, and after fumbling and tumbling the drawer over, could not find what she wanted; while Maria, in the greatest eagerness, leant half out of bed, with her arms stretched out, and both her hands, showing the wounds quite plainly. She followed all his motions, pointing and making signs, and striving to speak, but in vain; all her efforts ended in making only a slight sound in her throat, the loudest, however, that we heard from her. At last, she motioned to him to bring the drawer to her; and as it was a very large one, she sent me to help. Accordingly we brought the whole drawer, from

which she immediately seized a small box, and playfully held it up, as in triumph.

Mary. Sweet creature ! as if to show you that, after all, she was not an angel yet.

Frank. Ah, she would need little change to make her one. Out of the box she chose two or three very pretty pictures, gilt and coloured, which she gave to my master, and then she took out two small silver medals of the Blessed Virgin, which she gave him with one hand, while with the other she pointed solemnly upwards, turning her face and her eyes up at the same time, and then fixing them on him.

Mary. How very striking !

Frank. Yes ; and more so because of the wounded hand, which was again very plainly seen.

Jane. Was not one of the medals for you ?

Frank. No. These two were, as the good father explained to my master, for his brother and sister. She then took out two little gilt medals, which she kissed, and with the same speaking actions, gave one to me, and one to my master, with looks of the kindest interest. She also desired Father Capistran to give us three little pictures upon which she had written her name with her own hand.

Jane. And have you still got those pictures and your medals ?

Frank. Yes ; and you shall see them all whenever you like. But these last pictures, with her name written upon them, Maria did

not give us herself: Father Capistran had them at the convent; and so he explained to my master, that we were to go there for them when our visit was over.

Jane. That got you a second view of the convent.

Frank. Yes; and I must tell you a little about that visit by and by.

Mary. Thankye, thankye; but what more of Maria?

Frank. We perceived that the good father thought we ought now to depart; and so we began to muster up our treasures; and my master missed the medal which she had kissed and given to him. We searched on the floor, Maria taking a great interest in the search, and Father Capistran went to fetch a candle. So we were left alone some time with this holy creature; and I begged my master once more to ask her prayers for us, which he did. She assented, as before, willingly, looking up, and nodding to us both, to show that she understood him.

Martha. What a dear, kind, lovable creature! and, as my sister said, it seems to bring her back to our world again, and make her a fellow-creature. But go on, Mr. Frank, pray.

Frank. When the candle was brought, we still could not find the missing medal; and Maria inquired which was lost; and after a little more useless hunting, she suddenly took another from her little box, and having found

a piece of green twist, she strung it herself rapidly, knotted it, gave it to him, making signs that he should put it round his neck, and the next instant she was again entranced.

Jane. Ah, that was what made her in such a hurry ; she felt the ecstasy coming over her.

Frank. Yes ; it gave me that idea, and that she felt that she could hardly resist the impulse long enough to do what she wished ; and the moment my master took the medal from her hand, her countenance changed, her eyes turned upwards, and her hands met under her chin ;—she was in ecstasy. Father Capistran held the light to her eyes, to show us how perfectly insensible they were now become, though wide open, and to all appearance wide awake.

Jane. Do you think, then, that she did not see, though her eyes were open ?

Frank. I think she certainly did not see any thing that we saw. It seemed to me, as I said before, as if the soul quitted for a time its tenement, and that the deserted body retained the last expression of the departing soul.

Mary. As I have seen a sweet smile come over the countenance of a dying infant at the last, and remain there even after all the features had settled down in the stillness of death ; giving one the idea that the last moments of the little innocent had been cheered

with some sweet vision of angels waiting to receive it.

Frank. Or our Blessed Lady, the mother of mercy, waiting to take possession of her child.

Jane. Ah, there is what Lucy calls the "poetry of the Catholic faith."

Frank. Poetry, not fiction. The Catholic religion is indeed full of it. But I was going to tell you that the good father also held the candle to the hands of Marie, that we might examine the sacred wounds more closely. They presented the same appearance as before; they were exactly like wounds made by nails driven through the hands, and just beginning to heal.

Mary. How wonderful!

Thomas. Very wonderful, certainly.

Jane. And then you went away?

Frank. Yes; but still lingering, and turning to gaze once more upon the unearthly sanctity of her countenance. . My mind, after the last visit, seemed full of love and affection rather than the awe which I had felt at first. I could think only of the sweetness and benevolence of her behaviour, even to me, only a poor servant, and the childlike innocence and angelic beauty of her face while awake from her trance, rather than upon the awful wounds and wondrous ecstasy; and as I went down the hill, and for hours afterwards, I went on repeating to myself, "Sweet creature! sweet

creature!" and laying plans, and treasuring up hopes of seeing her again at some future time.

Martha. Ah, yes; who knows? one of these days you may have a chance of going with somebody? You would make a good guide.

Frank. I should make a zealous one at least.

Jane. But about the convent, Mr. Frank? you were to go for the pictures.

Frank. Yes; when the time came, we went up to the convent; and seeing the church open, we went in. It was dark, except in so far as the lights upon the high altar and the altar of the Blessed Sacrament lighted it. Still there were many worshippers before each altar; and the good monks in the choir were chanting the divine office.

Jane. Stop a minute, Mr. Frank; you seem to make two altars in the church.

Frank. There were many more than two; and though only two were lighted, yet each had its little knot of worshippers kneeling around, although it was then getting late in the evening.

Jane [*looks puzzled*]. Still I don't understand. What is the use of having more altars than one in a church?

Frank. Oh, I see your difficulty. You must recollect that in our churches the use of an altar is to offer sacrifice upon; and it is possible, and a great convenience, in large churches, to have

Mass, that is the Holy Sacrifice, offered on different altars at the same time.

William. Does it not make a great confusion? It would be queer work, if Mr. Evans and the curate read prayers or preached both at once in Rowton Church, though it is a good big one. How could we follow both?

Jane. Oh, Uncle William, what an idea!

Frank. Our services are different *in principle* from yours. Yours consists in prayers and praises, in which you are to unite with your minister and the rest of the congregation, and in reading and preaching, which you are to listen to; two services going on at once would, therefore, as you say, make great confusion. But with us, the great service is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that the priest offers for us; we may and ought to unite ourselves to him, and join our wishes and intentions with his; but it is not necessary for us to say the same prayers that he does. We may say what prayers we like, only begging Almighty God to accept them, and to grant our requests, for the sake of the Holy Victim offered upon the altar. The priests generally, and more particularly abroad, speak very low in saying Mass; so that when you enter a large church in a Catholic country, though you see, by the lighted candles, that Mass is going on at several altars, you only hear a slight murmur at most, except when the little bell gives notice, as each priest comes to the more

solemn parts of the service, that the people may join with him.

Jane. That's the use of the little bell, then ; it gives notice whereabouts the priest is got to. Oh, I see ; and I understand now why it does not matter that the priest says Mass in Latin [*Frank nods assent*]. And now another thing strikes me. I remember in Canterbury cathedral that there are ever so many small chapels, as the man called them ; and he showed us where the altars had been. But they are all pulled down now ; and I remember that I wondered to myself what was the use of so many little churches inside the large one : but now I see. Doubtless, in Catholic times, there was, as you describe, Mass going on at several of those altars at once.

Thomas. Yes, I have seen that myself abroad, and Mass after Mass ; and the people coming and going, and the church filling and emptying from before daylight till ten or eleven o'clock. I used to look, and wonder what made their people so fond of church-going ; and when they didn't understand a word, too !

Jane. Ah, I know what makes them like going to church so much [*she stops and looks very red.*]

Frank. If you recollect, Mr. Hartwell, that we, Catholics, believe that our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, is *really* present in our churches—*really*, you will understand that every one who has any spirit of religion or devotion

in him will be eager to go to present his petition, and obtain a blessing from his gracious Lord.

Mary. Ah, yes. If we heard that our blessed Lord were in our church, oh, how eagerly should we run to pay Him our homage, to anoint His head with ointment, or wash His feet with our tears! [*A slight pause*].

William. But, Mr. Frank, you were going for the pictures.

Frank. Yes; I have not a great deal more to tell you. We waited a little while in the church, which was very beautiful, and covered with paintings and ornaments, looking as if the people delighted to adorn the House of God. Presently Father Capistran arrived, and took us up to his cell.

Jane. I am so glad; now you can tell me what a monk's cell is like. I remember reading of one once in which there was no bed, but a coffin. It seemed very shocking.

Frank. That must have been some very austere order. This was nothing of that sort. It was a small room, opening into a long gallery; its furniture was a bed, a large writing-table, with book-shelves above it, a chair, and a stool; and, what no good Catholic's room would be without, a crucifix.

Jane [*in a tone of disappointment*]. Nothing very wonderful.

Frank. No: all very simple, all very poor, but all very clean. The good father now be-

gan to talk a great deal to my master, and, as he told me afterwards, to tell him a great many things about Maria—some very wonderful; but as my master did not fully understand his German Latin, I have never thought it right to repeat them.

Jane. I am very sorry for that; I should like to know all about her.

Frank. Then you must read this book of Lord Shrewsbury's. It will tell you a great many, perhaps all the wonderful things that are yet known about her. After that, he asked a great many questions about poor Domenica, whom he had never seen, but had heard a great deal about.

Jane. Ah, yes; you said that Maria knew something of Domenica, and you were to explain it to us.

Frank. You will find something about that in Mr. Allies' account, and we will talk of it then. It is getting late now, so I will bring my story to an end; but I must first tell you a piece of monkish hospitality. Seeing we looked very tired, as in truth we were, the good, kind father took out of his drawer——

Jane. A bottle of wine?

Frank. No; some bunches of half-dried grapes, which he spread upon the bed, for the table was covered with books and papers; and pressed us to eat some, which we did willingly, and found them very refreshing—at least I did. After that he gave us the pictures, with her

name written in her own hand upon them ; and then sprinkling us with holy water from his little cup hanging by the door, he gave us his solemn blessing, and accompanied us to the gate of the convent, where he took leave of us. Dear, good, kind old man ! may Almighty God ever bless him, and our blessed Mother pray for him now and at the hour of his death. [*Martha, Mary, and Jane all say a devout Amen.*]

Frank. And so I am come to the end of my story ; and now I must run away.

Jane. Oh, but when will you read Mr. Allies to us ?

Frank. That must not be to-night, I am sure ; I fear I have already stayed too long. Your father looks quite tired.

Thomas. I am tired, but not of your story, I assure you.

Mary. But it is time for you to go to bed, my dear husband ; so we must keep Mr. Allies for another day.

Frank. I will call in some evening soon ; and in the mean time [*to Jane*] you may read to your father the account of two very wonderful miracles which Mr. Allies relates, and which he examined into with great care when at Paris.

Jane. More miracles ! more miracles ! Hurrah, hurrah ! But where shall I find them ?

Frank. You will find one at page 206, and

the other at page 256. See, I have put in these marks.

Martha. Mr. Frank, I wish you could fix a time for coming to read Mr. Allies, for I should very much like to hear it, and so would my goodman,—wouldn't you, William?

Mary. Suppose we say to-morrow evening, then?

Frank. Very well; to-morrow evening, if nothing happens to prevent it. And now, good night.

Jane. One moment. You must tell us one thing before you go. Your master was quite converted by seeing these wonderful things?

Frank. Yes, he was quite satisfied; and as we returned, he stopped in Belgium with a good priest, who had taken great interest in his conversion; and by him he was instructed and received into the Church before he returned to Mrs. Godwin. Oh, how glad she was, and how proud I was to bring him back a good Catholic! But he was not spared to us long. As I told you, he died about a year after. And now, really, good night. [*He goes off with Philip.*]

DIALOGUE III.

Hartwell's Cottage. Thomas is sitting in his arm-chair by the fireside, and William in the opposite corner, the rest round the table ; Mary and Martha knitting. Frank, with a book open ; Jane, by his side, looking over it. Philip snuffing the candle.

William. You said that Mr. Allies is a Church clergyman.

Frank. Yes ; in the title-page it says that he is Rector of Launton ; and Mrs. Godwin told me that he was once chaplain to Dr. Blomfield, the Protestant Bishop of London—your own Bishop of London.

William. Oh, don't say my own, please.

Martha. No, he is not a Protestant now. You're a Catholic, ar'n't you, William ?

William. Well, I don't quite know.

Philip. Oh, poor uncle ! Frank has so shaken you about, that you don't know what you are.

William. Well, I know I am not a Protestant, at least ; for I can see that they are altogether at loggerheads among themselves ; and I am sure I can't settle who's right or who's wrong ; so, as I said the other day, I would rather go to a church and a priest who can tell me spick and span what I am to believe, and what I am to do.

Philip. Then you must be a Catholic, uncle ; that's clear.

Frank. Mr. Allies had two friends with him, both of them also clergymen; and their accounts are given in the book, confirming Mr. Allies; but I need not read them.

Philip. Oh, no. Mr. Allies will be quite enough.

Frank. Well, this is a letter to a friend, dated Trent, August 1, 1847.

Jane [*pointing*]. Begin on this side, and read that little bit.

Frank. To make a preface? [*He begins to read:*]

“We are going north into the Tyrol, to see the Addolorata. I do not know if you have heard of her. She has now been many years subsisting almost without nourishment, having on her hands, feet, and side, the marks of our Saviour’s wounds, and on her head a series of punctures representing the crown of thorns. Blood drops from all these on Friday. I spoke with an eye-witness of this at Paris. The thing seems marvellous enough to go a hundred miles out of one’s way to see it.”

Philip. Indeed it does.

Frank. Now then for the letter.

“Trent, August 1, 1847.

“My dear Friend,—Since I last wrote to you, I have seen two sights more remarkable than any that ever fell under my observation before, and than any that are likely to fall again. I mean to give you as short an account of them, as will convey a real notion of them. Maria Domenica Lazzari”—

Jane. You did not tell us that Domenica’s name was Maria.

Frank. I did not remember it. But in Ca-

tholic countries almost every woman takes the name of Maria, out of respect to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God.

Jane [*whispers.*] So will I when I am made a Catholic.

Frank [*smiles, and reads on*].

“Maria Domenica Lazzari, daughter of a poor miller now dead, lives in the wild Alpine village of Capriana in the Italian Tyrol, which we had a walk of four hours, through the mountains, to reach.”

Jane. Like yours.

Frank. No, not like ours ; for it was in the midst of summer. August 1, you see ; it was very hot, no doubt. [*Reads :*]

“She was born March 16, 1813 ; and up to the year 1830 lived the ordinary life of a peasant, blameless and religious : but in no respect otherwise remarkable.”

Mr. Allies is a little mistaken in that ; for you will see in Lord Shrewsbury’s book, that Domenica was remarkable both for her piety and intelligence from her childhood.

“In August, 1833, she had an illness, not, in the first instance, of an extraordinary nature, but it took the form of an intermittent fever, confining her completely to her bed, and finally contracting the nerves of her hands and feet, so as to cripple them. On the 10th of January, 1834, she received, on her hands, feet, and left side, the mark of our Lord’s five wounds. The first appearance of these was a gradual reddening of the various points beneath the skin ; this was strongly marked on a Thursday ; and on the following day the wounds were open, blood flowed, and since that time they have never undergone any material

change. Three weeks afterwards her family found her in the morning, with a handkerchief covering her face, in a state of great delight, a sort of trance: on removing the handkerchief, letters were found on it marked in blood; and Domenica's brow had a complete impression of the crown of thorns, in a line of small punctures, about a quarter of an inch apart, from which the blood was flowing freshly."

Jane. What were those letters?

Frank. I don't know. Not understanding Italian, I lost a good deal; and besides, as I told you, we did not see so much of Domenica; and that is the reason that I wished to read Mr. Allies' account to you.

"They asked her who had torn her so? she replied, 'A very fair lady had come in the night and adorned her.' On the 13th of April, 1834, she took a little water, with a morsel of bread steeped in it; from that day to this, she has taken no nourishment whatever, save the Holy Sacrament, which she receives weekly once or twice, in the smallest possible quantity. Some years ago, when the priest had given her the Host, sudden convulsions came on, and she was unable to swallow It: the priest tried repeatedly to withdraw It, but in vain; the convulsions returning as often as he attempted it; and so It remained forty days, when It was at last removed untouched. We were assured of this by the Prince Bishop of Trent."

Mary. That is just as you told us; but you thought it was the Bishop who removed it.

Frank. Yes; I think I was told that the Bishop went with the clergy in procession, and that he removed the Blessed Sacrament from her tongue, and received it himself.

Jane. Very different from old Margaret eating her pieces of bread out of her apron.

Philip. Ah, you see, that he *really* believed that his Lord was *there*.

Mary. Yes; that explains all.

Frank reads :

“From the time that she first received the stig-mata——”

Jane. What is that word?

Frank. Stig-ma-ta? It is, I believe, a Greek word; and means marks or *wounds*. Father Evelyn once told me that it is the same word that is used in that passage that your mother quoted the other night about St. Paul.

Mary. “I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.”

Frank. Yes. [*He reads :*]

“From the time that she first received the stig-mata, in January, 1834, to the present time, the wounds have bled every Friday, with a loss of from one to two ounces of blood, beginning early in the morning, and on Friday only; the quantity of blood which now flows is less than it used to be. The above information we received chiefly from Signor Zoris, a surgeon of Cavalese, the chief village of the district in which Capriana lies. We carried him a letter from Signor S. Stampa, son-in-law of Manzoni——”

Jane. Who is Manzoni?

Frank. A man famous for some books that he has written.

‘Manzoni, whom we met at Milan last Sunday,

and who had just returned from a visit to Domenica, exactly a week before our own. He appeared quite overwhelmed at what he had seen, and gave us an exact account, which our own eyes subsequently verified. We reached Cavalese from Neumarkt on Thursday, having taken especial care so to time our visit, that we might see Domenica first on Thursday evening, and then on Friday morning; so as to be able to observe that marvellous flow of blood, which is said to take place on Friday. Signor Zoris most obligingly offered to accompany us; accordingly we left Cavalese shortly after one o'clock on Thursday, and reached Capriana by a wild road through a mountainous valley in four hours. As we got near the place, Signor Zoris said, 'I will tell you a curious instance of Domenica's acuteness of hearing. My wife and I were going once to visit her; when we were eighty or a hundred yards from her house, I whispered to my wife to go quietly, that we might take her by surprise. We did so accordingly; but much to our astonishment, she received us with a smile; saying, 'that she had not been taken by surprise,' and alluding to the very words I had used. He showed us the spot where this had occurred; and it was certainly an acuteness of sense far beyond any thing I can conceive possible.'

Jane. Ah, that is what you meant about Maria's understanding things in some mysterious manner. You said you should be able to explain it better when we had read Mr. Allies.

Frank. After all, I cannot really explain it. But I thought you would find it easier to believe when you knew more facts of the same sort.

Mary. Yes; when we know what wonderful persons those holy virgins are, far from being

surprised at the wonderful things they do, it would seem strange if they did nothing more than other people.

Philip. That is quite true.

Frank. I have heard some other astonishing instances of that supernatural knowledge, and of their seeming to read persons' hearts in a surprising way; but we will go on, and we shall come to one presently.

"We went straight to Domenica's cottage, and knocked at the door. Her sister was out; but in a few minutes she came from a cottage a little below, and let us in. At the inner end of a low room, near the wall, in a bed hardly larger than a crib, Domenica lay crouched up, the hands closely clasped over the breast, the head a little raised, the legs gathered up nearly under her, in a way the bedclothes did not allow us to see. About three quarters of an inch under the roots of the hair a straight line is drawn all around the forehead, dotted with small punctures a quarter of an inch apart; above this, the flesh is of the natural colour, perfectly clear and free from blood: below, the face is covered, down to the bottom of the nose, and the cheeks to the same extent, with a dry crust, or mask of blood. Her breast heaved with a sort of convulsion, and her teeth chattered. On the outside of both hands, as they lie clasped together, in a line with the second finger, about an inch from the knuckle, is a hard scar of dark colour, rising above the flesh, half an inch in length, by about the eighth of an inch in width; round these the skin slightly reddened, but quite free from blood. From the position of the hand it is not possible to see well inside; but stooping down on the right of her bed, I could almost see an incision answering to the outward one, and apparently deeper. I leant over her head, within a foot of the corona on the forehead, and closely ob-

served the wounds. She looked at us very fixedly, but hardly spoke. W—— heard her only say, ‘Dio mio’ several times, when her pains were bad.”

Jane. What means “Dio mio?”

Frank. It is Italian for “My God.” I remember hearing her say that several times when we were there, “My God, my God.”
[*Reads:*]

“She seemed to enter into Signor Zori’s conversation, smiled repeatedly, and bent her head. But it was an effort to her to attend; and at times the eyes closed, and she became insensible. By far the most striking point in her appearance this evening was the blood descending so regularly from the punctured line round the forehead; for it must be remarked that the blood has flowed in a straight line all down the face, as if she were erect, not as it would naturally flow from the position in which she was lying, that is, off the middle to the sides of the face. And what is strangest of all, there is a space all around the face, from the forehead down to the jaw, by the ears, quite free from blood, and of the natural colour; which is just that part to which the blood, as she lies, ought most to run. After about three quarters of an hour, we took leave, intending to return the first thing in the morning. Don Michele Santuari, the parish priest, on whom we called, was out; he returned our visit, for a minute or two, very early the next morning, but was going to his brother’s again.

“Friday evening, July 30th.

“When we visited Domenica at half-past five this morning, the change was very remarkable. The hard scars on the outside of her hands had sunk to the level of the flesh, and become raw and fresh running wounds, but without any indentation, from which there

was a streak of blood running a finger's length, not perpendicularly, but down the middle of the wrist. The wound inside the left hand seemed, on the contrary, deep and furrowed; much blood had flowed, and the hand seemed mangled; the wound of the right hand inside could not be seen. The punctures round the forehead had been bleeding, and were open, so that the mask of blood was thicker, and very terrible to look at. The darkest place of all was the tip of the nose, a spot which, as she was lying, the blood, in its natural course, could not reach at all. It must be observed again, that the blood flows as it would flow if she were suspended, and not recumbent. The sight is so fearful that a person of weak nerves would very probably be overcome by it; indeed Signor Stampa and his servant were both obliged to leave the room."

[*He lays down the book, and says:*] I remember to have been told, that there is sometimes in the room such a smell of coagulated blood, that it is hardly possible to remain in it. [*Reads again:*]

"While we were there, Domenica's sister, who lives alone with her, stood at the head of her crib, with her hands under her head, occasionally raising her. We fanned her alternately with a large feathered fan, which alone seemed to relieve her; for she is in a continual fever, and her window remains open day and night, summer and winter, in the severest cold."

Mary. Oh, poor thing; it is no use for her to open her window in summer time. There is no fresh breeze to cool her fevered frame then.

[*Frank reads:*]

"She seemed better this morning, and more able to

“speak, and at intervals did speak several times. I asked her to pray for us. She replied——”

Jane. There is more Italian, I suppose?

Frank. Yes; but you see Mrs. Godwin has written the English on the side for us.

Martha. Ah, that is so like my good lady; always kind and considerate.

Jane. You must read the English.

Philip. And for a good reason; he can't read the Italian.

Frank. Very true; English suits me best.

“I asked her to pray for me. She replied, ‘That I will do very willingly.’ Then we said, ‘Pray that all England may be Catholic, that there may be only one religion amongst us; for now there are many.’ She replied, I believe, in the very words of the Catechism: ‘Yes, there is only one religion, the Roman Catholic; out of this we ought not to hope.’ She observed, that other English had asked the same thing of her.”

[*He puts down the book, and says:*] This was what I meant when I spoke just now of her reading the thoughts of her visitors in a wonderful manner. Mr. Allies is like your friend Mr. Meager, Philip; he will be a Catholic, will ye nill ye; and he maintains that the Established Church is a part of the Church Catholic, though the Church Catholic will have nothing to do with her.

Philip. Oh, yes, to be sure. He calls the English Church the Anglo-Catholic Church; “*the Church in England*,” and “a branch of the one Vine.”

Frank. But then how does he get over the awkward fact of the *Anglo-Catholic Church* and the *Roman Catholic Church* teaching different doctrine?

Philip. Oh, he says they don't. I have heard him say in the pulpit that he holds all Roman doctrine.

Frank. He must except one, at least; that in his Church they have not the grace of orders; and consequently they have no bishops, no priests, no sacraments; no real ones, that is.

Philip. He does not think that, certainly; else, of course, he could not remain in the English Church. All he does would be a mockery; and I am sure he is quite honest and sincere in all his odd crochets.

Frank. But there seems a great inconsistency somewhere. It is clear that, whatever he may say or think, he does *not* hold *all* Roman doctrine after all.

Philip. But has the Roman Church ever absolutely pronounced that English orders are good for nothing? because that day that I met Mr. Meager, and he stopped ever so long talking about you, and about Father Evelyn, and about my becoming a Catholic, I mentioned that to him, as one thing that you had told me; and he said that it was not true; and that I was mistaken in supposing that the Roman Church had ever pronounced against Anglican orders.

Frank. The Church pronounces every day, and all day long, and in the clearest manner

if, as the old proverb says, "Actions speak louder than words." For observe, orders with us is, you know, a sacrament; and one of the sacraments which *must* not be repeated.

Philip. Like baptism—yes—well?

Frank. Well, the Church re-ordains every Anglican minister that becomes a Catholic priest.

Philip. Ay; but so you baptize every convert conditionally at least.

Frank. Yes, conditionally; but that makes just all the difference. The ministers of the English Church being very queer in their notions about baptism, and very careless in their mode of administering the rite, the Church, like an anxious mother, will not trust to their doings; and she orders every convert to be baptized again *conditionally*. The form is this: "If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee."

Jane. So, then, the person is made safe; if he was not baptized before, he is baptized now. But if he was baptized before?

Frank. Then nothing is done; for the baptism was only "if thou art not baptized,"—in case thou art not baptized, "I baptize thee."

Jane. Yes; I see.

Mary. Then, Mr. Frank, you don't reckon our baptism nothing?

Thomas. It would be queer if you did; for I have heard that old women are allowed to baptize in *your* Church!

Frank. Any body is allowed to baptize in

our Church, man, woman, or child, rather than a child should die unbaptized, and a soul be lost.

William. A soul be lost! Do you mean, then, that all the poor babies who die unbaptized are to suffer eternally in hell?

Frank. I should be very sorry to think so. But in fact we know nothing about that; all we do know is, that our Lord said, "Unless a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" and accordingly the Church teaches, that no person dying unbaptized can be admitted to the beatific vision, that is, to the glory and joys of heaven; and therefore she is especially anxious on the point of baptism; and, as I said, allows any one to baptize a person in danger of death. But then the person, the old woman, as your Uncle Thomas says, must do it *carefully* and *properly*, or it will not be a real baptism: there must be water, and enough to wash the child, for the word baptism means *to wash*; and then the right form of words must be used at the *very time* the water is poured on the child; and unless this is all rightly done, the child is not really baptized. Now I have been told that, from the custom of only sprinkling babies in the Established Church, it often happens that no water falls on the poor baby; in which case it is not *really* baptized at all.

Philip. That's true. Do you remember,

Aunt Martha, when I stood for little Philip, I told you I did not think that any water had gone upon him ; and you said the cap-border was wet, and so it was clear there had been water ?

Martha. Ah, I did not know then as I know now. But, thank God, that dear child, and all of them, are safely baptized now. I am sure Father Evelyn took pains enough ; he poured the water three times, as he said the words.

Frank. It is always done so in the Church, in order to make quite sure. But I have heard that in the Establishment it is very different ; and often, as I said, a chance whether the baby gets any water at all. You told me, Philip, some strange things that you read in the newspaper that Mr. Meager's servant used to lend you.

Philip. The *English Churchman* ? Yes, there was a great deal about it at one time ; and one man wrote up to say, that where he lived, somewhere in Wales I think it was, the babies were baptized without any water in the winter, because it was cold. And another wrote to say, that he had seen a hundred babies all done at once ; and the minister, to save time and trouble, threw a great splash all round amongst them, and then said the words. I suppose, Frank, you would not reckon any of them to have been baptized ?

Frank. I fear not, indeed, poor little things !

Martha. Ah, how shocking to think of !

Philip. Well, the *English Churchman* did some good, at least, about that; for I know Mr. Meager pours the water now three times, Catholic fashion. I heard old Aunt Mary complaining, the other day, that the baby was so soused, it would surely catch its death of cold. So they do it thoroughly now, at least.

Frank. That cannot undo what is past. So, as you see, the baptism of all is rendered doubtful; and therefore the Church, as I said, like a careful mother, re-baptizes conditionally every convert that she receives; unless, indeed, there be satisfactory proof that all has been rightly done. And here is another evidence, Philip, that your friend, Mr. Meager, is quite mistaken in thinking that he holds "the Roman doctrine," as he calls it. For the Church teaches, that if by a mistake a person should be ordained who has not been properly baptized, his ordination would be null, nothing worth; and, of course, all that he should do as a priest, or a bishop, would also be null, and nothing worth.

Mary. Oh, what a frightful idea!

Frank. Now, as it appears that baptisms are, and have long been, so carelessly performed in the Established Church, there could be no security for their ordination being valid, even if there were no other defect than this uncertainty about the baptism.

Philip. So that, in fact, if Mr. Meager did hold your doctrine, he would know that it must

be quite uncertain whether he is a priest or not ; for perhaps he was never baptized.

Jane. The bishop who, as he thinks, ordained him, might not be baptized.

Frank. Or any other bishop in the line, from the time of the Catholic bishops, supposing even that line to have remained unbroken, (*which, mind, I do not allow*), still supposing it to have remained unbroken, yet one unbaptized person among them would break up the whole ; and if no true priests, then no real sacraments, except indeed baptism, and that, by your own account, is rendered uncertain by the careless way in which it is administered. See, then, what an utter insecurity for every thing most precious in a Church. Could Mr. Meager remain in such a Church another day, if he believed this ?

Philip. I am sure he would not ; for, as I said just now, I have no doubt that he is quite sincere ; but I dare say he knows nothing of all this.

Frank. He ought to know it, since he sets up to teach others ; and if he would ask any Catholic priest, he would give him several good reasons why the Church always has, and always must, reject Anglican orders ; and why, in short, the Anglo-Catholic Church is really no church at all, but, forgive me the expression, a mere soul-destroying sham. And now let us go back to Mr. Allies.

Philip. To be sure we have left him a little

in the lurch; and, begging his pardon, only to prove him no priest at all. He would not be much obliged to us, I take it.

Frank. I think he would be infinitely obliged to us, if he could open his eyes to see the truth; and so thought that blessed Domenica; for what did she say to him? "There is one only religion, the Roman Catholic, and out of that we cannot hope for salvation." You see her decision was clear and undoubting.

Philip. Yes; and must have gone right home, and knocked at Mr. Allies' heart's door.

Frank. That is just what I was going to remark to you. She seemed to know somehow just where his weak point was, and directed her answer so, as you say, Philip, to knock just right against his heart's door. He asked her to pray that England might be all Catholic. Any common person would, therefore, naturally have concluded that he was a Catholic; but her answer shows, that somehow she knew the truth, and saw through his disguise. [*To Jane.*] You understand now what I meant?

Jane. Yes, quite. She answered his thought. You said you had heard many other instances of this——

Frank. Supernatural knowledge? Yes, I have; and very interesting they are to those who already believe the main facts; but for persons who, like all of you, are inquiring as

to what is the truth, an instance like this of Mr. Allies is far better. You cannot doubt his evidence; a clergyman, and a good and respectable person, as you believe him to be.

Philip. And then he tells the story so innocently! He does not seem to suspect the use that could be made of it.

Frank. Now let us go on. [*He reads:*]

“She has light and sparkling grey eyes, which she fixed repeatedly on us, looking at us severally with great interest. We told her, that the Bishop of Trent had requested us to call on him, and give him a report of her; and asked her if she had any thing to say. She replied, ‘Tell him that I desire his benediction, and that I resign myself in every thing to the will of God and that of the bishop. Ask him to intercede for me with the Bishop of all.’”

Jane. “Resign myself in every thing to the will of God and that of the bishop!” She seems to think herself equally bound to obey God and the bishop.

Frank. Yes, indeed; and if you had asked Domenica why she resigned herself to the will of the bishop, she would have told you, because he was to her the Representative of Almighty God.

Mary. St. Paul says, “We are ambassadors of Christ.”

Frank. It is not with us as it is with you. We believe that our bishops have a real authority and power given to them from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church.

Philip. Well, the Meagerites, as you call

them, also talk very grand about the bishop's authority.

Frank. Yes, they *talk* ; but how do they act? You know that Mr. Meager continues to hear confessions, though his own bishop has positively expressed his disapprobation of it ; and another has dismissed a curate out of his diocese for that very thing.

Philip. Oh, every body knows that the bishop disapproves of Mr. Meager's goings on.

Frank. And Mr. Meager, calling himself a *Catholic*, spurns at his bishop's authority, and does as he pleases. Ah, in truth, he who despises the authority of his bishop is no *Catholic*.

William. But after all, Mr. Frank, bishops are but men, and they must sometimes do wrong in your Church as well as in ours.

Frank. Oh, certainly ; bishops may fall into error, or, worse still, fall into sin. But in the true Church all is provided for ; there is always a remedy—a power to which appeal may be made.

Philip. Suppose that Father Evelyn did something very wrong ?

Frank. That is hard to suppose ; but if any priest is thought to do wrong, the case is laid before the bishop.

Philip. And if a bishop does wrong ?

Frank. The matter would be carried to the archbishop, or patriarch of the province ; and

from him there would still be an appeal to the Holy See, if necessary.

Philip. To the Pope?

Frank. Yes; and the Pope we *must* obey, for we believe him to be Christ's Vicar on earth.

Philip. But there have been very wicked Popes.

Frank. There have been a few wicked Popes, certainly—a very few; but not, as Protestants commonly suppose, a large proportion. On the contrary, nothing like one in twelve, as Judas among the apostles. Our blessed Lord did not promise that the Popes or the bishops should never fall into sin; but He did promise that the rock upon which He would build his Church should not fail before the gates of hell, and that the body of the bishops should be so guided by the Spirit of truth, that the Church should not fall into errors of faith; and that promise has been wonderfully fulfilled. The worst Popes in the worst times—I mean those Popes who led vicious and immoral lives—were never accused of heresy, of holding errors in *faith*; that has always remained untouched, and that is very remarkable.

Mary. To be sure, it is more wonderful a great deal, that the faith should have been preserved in spite of some bad Popes, than it would have been if all the Popes had been holy good men.

William. But, Mr. Frank, our bishops have power as well as yours. You said just now that one bishop had sent away a curate.

Frank. Yes, they have some power over the curates, it seems; but have they power over the rectors? Of course, I do not understand those things; but it seems to me that they would not allow their clergy to preach, some one thing and some another, as you say your ministers do, if they really had power to prevent it. But I was not speaking so much of the power which the bishop has, *because the law of the land gives it to him*, as of that power which *our* bishops receive from *Heaven*. It is a power which no man gave, and no man can take away. This is the power to which a Catholic—a *real* Catholic—submits himself, and would submit himself, even though his bishop were, as has often been the case, and is still in some countries, a fugitive and an outcast on the face of the earth; still he is to his people, by divine appointment, the representative of Christ our Lord; and who then shall dare to disobey him? So thought poor Domenica.

Jane. I wonder what Mr. Allies thought.

Philip. I shouldn't wonder if he envied poor Domenica both her faith and her bishop. I should, if I didn't hope soon to have the same faith, and as good a bishop.

Frank. Now let us go on.

Jane. Oh, there is more Italian, I suppose.

Frank. Yes ; I shall read the English :

“ I said, ‘ The more suffering here, the more enjoyment hereafter.’ She replied, ‘ Yes, we must hope so.’ Before we left, W—— repeated, ‘ You will pray for us ?’ She bowed her head ; ‘ and for all England ?’ She replied, ‘ As much as I can.’ After nearly an hour’s stay we took leave, hoping that we might all meet in Paradise. There is an altar in her room, at which Mass is celebrated once a week, and many small pictures of saints. Every thing betokens the greatest poverty.”

Jane. Ah, now we are come to the end of the story ; skip the remarks, and go on to Marie.

Frank. No, no ; the remarks are well worth reading, and they are not long. [*Reads :*]

“ It is most hard to realize such a life as Domenica’s, continued during thirteen years. The impression made on my mind as to her state, is that of one who suffers with the utmost resignation a wonderful and inexplicable disease, on which the tokens of our Saviour’s Passion are miraculously and most awfully impressed. The points in her case which are beyond and contrary to nature are these :

“ 1st. For thirteen years she has neither eaten nor drunken, except that very small portion of the Host which she receives once or twice weekly.

“ 2d. On the hands and feet, inside and outside, she bears the wounds of our Lord ; both sides run with blood. Whether the wounds go through is not known ; and on the left side is a wound which runs also.

“ 3d. She has on the brow, as I saw, and have described, and, I believe, all round the head, the mark of the crown of thorns, a series of punctures, and a red line, as if of something pressing on the head.

“ 4th. All these wounds run with blood at present, and during thirteen years have done the like, regu-

larly, and at an early hour on Friday, and on that day alone.

“Combining the first and fourth fact, we get a phenomenon which sets at utter defiance all physical science, and which seems to me a direct exertion of Almighty power, and of that alone.”

Philip. Oh, stop, stop, Frank; don't trot so hard over that rough bit of ground. What are all those hard words that you are slipping out so glibly?

William. Mr. Frank is a fine reader.

Frank [*laughs*]. I have read it often; but I will try and put it into plainer English.

William. Thank you.

Frank. What Mr. Allies says is this, that considering that Domenica had lived for many years—thirteen years—without food, except the very small portion that she took in holy communion, it was very wonderful, and quite beyond nature, how her body could furnish blood enough to lose a certain quantity every week. This, and the fact of the bleeding taking place every Friday, had completely puzzled all the doctors; and Mr. Allies thinks it can be only by a miracle. Now do you understand?

William. Oh, yes, thank ye, it is quite plain.

Thomas. Yes, it is quite plain, and very wonderful.

Frank reads on:

“‘Medical men,’ said Signor Zoris, ‘have been in abundance to see her, and have studied her case; but

no one has furnished the least solution of it.' He assured me he had seen the wounds on her feet a hundred times, and that the blood flowed upwards towards the toes, as we saw it did on the nose. Since, for the last two years, she has been contracted and drawn up by her disease, the feet cannot be seen."

Jane. That seems as if Mr. Allies did not see poor Domenica's feet after all.

Frank. Did I say that he had? If so, clearly I was mistaken. But now I recollect, I think it is in Lord Shrewsbury's book it is mentioned. I will look presently.

Philip. It does not really matter, because he saw it on the face.

Frank. True; give me the book, however, as I remember something else that I should like to read to you.

[*Philip gives him the book.*]

Mary. Every thing is interesting about this wonderful case.

Frank. You must excuse some repetitions; and you will bear in mind that it was in 1841 that Lord Shrewsbury saw her, that is, four years before we did. She was then less broken in pieces, if I may so say, by her sufferings; but in character just the same patient sufferer—the same gentle, kind creature that we found her. Their visit was on Friday, the 21st of May.

Jane. They chose a Friday on purpose, I suppose.

Frank. No doubt. [*He reads:*]

"She was, as usual, lying on her back in bed,

though comparatively free from suffering. The crown of thorns was as regularly and as distinctly marked across her forehead, by a number of small punctures, as if they had been pricked with a large pin, and the wounds appeared quite fresh, though no blood was flowing from them. Beneath, was a regular interval of about a quarter of an inch, also perfectly free from blood, so as to give the punctures which represented the wounds from the crown of thorns the most perfect possible degree of distinctness. Below this line, her forehead, eyelids, nose, and cheeks were entirely covered with blood, leaving only the upper lip and the whole of the lower jaw free from it. It had flowed in the morning, and was then dry. Her hands were firmly clasped over her chest, as of one in a state of considerable pain, and her whole frame was convulsed with a short, quick, tremulous motion. The blood was still oozing perceptibly from the wounds in the back of her hands, though the blood and serum which had flowed from them did not extend above two, or at most three inches. Her fingers were so firmly clasped, that to judge from appearances, she had not the power to loose them; but on the clergyman who accompanied us asking her to let us see the inside of her hands, she immediately opened them from underneath, without unclasping her fingers, as a shell opens upon its hinges, so that we distinctly saw the wounds, and the blood and serum quite fresh, and flowing down over the wrists. At our request he also asked the mother to uncover her feet, which she did, though with some small reluctance, when we found them in the same condition as the hands, with, however, this singular and surprising difference, that, instead of taking its natural course, the blood flowed upwards over the toes, as it would do were she suspended on the cross. We had already heard of this extraordinary deviation from the laws of nature, and were now happy to have an opportunity of verifying it in person."

Philip. Then that is quite clear.

Thomas. And that was Lord Shrewsbury, you say?

Frank. Yes. [*He reads :*]

“Understanding that she sometimes gave small prints of pious subjects to her visitors, we asked for some through the clergyman, who took them out of a drawer, and, at our earnest request, gave them to her to kiss before we received them from her. She took them between her forefinger and thumb, one after another, as presented to her, without unclasping her hands, kissed them with great apparent fervour, and returned them to us. She said a few words to the priest, but did not speak to us, though, by the intelligent expression of her countenance, it was clear that she understood all that was said. She often moved her lips, as if in prayer. She sometimes smiled, and her whole demeanour impressed us with the idea of a person of the most mild and amiable disposition. We solicited her prayers, to which she signified her assent, and then took our leave, with feelings of reverential awe, inspired by the presence of so supernatural a spectacle, and of gratitude to the Almighty for permitting us to witness so striking an evidence of the truth of His holy religion, and so singular a manifestation of His power.”

Mary. It is, as you say, the same Domenica that you saw. Poor thing ! and she suffered in that way for thirteen years. Oh, that could be no trick !

Philip. It would have been found out in less time than that ; besides, no human being could live that way for thirteen years.

Frank. Now I am going to tell you something new, and certainly very wonderful. [*He reads :*]

“One of our party had visited her on the previous

day, and found the blood only dotted over her face in large dry drops, though sufficiently thick. In other respects she was nearly as we had seen her.

“A German physician, whom we met on our return, and who had come into the neighbourhood expressly for the purpose of studying her case, assured us that he had seen her face perfectly free from blood, with the exception of a few drops on the forehead, just as she is represented in the accompanying print, which is copied from one sold at Capriana.”

Martha. Ah, that was some day they had washed her poor face. I was going to ask if they never washed the blood off?

Frank. That is just what I am going to read to you about. [*Reads :*]

“These changes are the more remarkable, because the face is never washed, she not being able to bear the use of water, either hot or cold; yet the blood disappears entirely, leaving the skin quite clean, and her countenance, as he expressed it, sometimes quite beautiful. He also testified to the singular circumstance of the sheets never being stained, not even from her feet, which are habitually covered with them, and from which the blood very frequently flows. To this we ourselves bore witness when her feet were shown to us.”

Jane Oh, that is wonderful!

Mary. Most wonderful! But how merciful! How that poor creature's sufferings would have been increased if it had been necessary to wash her poor face and hands, and change her bed-linen, as one must do for any sick person in general!

Martha. Ah, yes, indeed; and a sad trouble it is to poor invalids.

Frank. Let me read to you a little bit more. You wanted to know something of poor Domenica's early history. [*He reads :*]

"Domenica Lazzari," says her biographer, "was born at Capriana in 1816. Her parents were the proprietors of a mill and a small field, which afforded sufficient maintenance to a family of five children, of whom she was the youngest, and the mother's favourite, having been born to her in her fifty-first year. In common with most of the peculiar favourites of Heaven, Domenica gave early indications of extraordinary piety. She was frequently found praying in the most secluded parts of the house, and surpassed all her school-companions in her edifying demeanour and in her knowledge of the catechism. She received her first communion at the usual age of twelve with singular devotion, though she had expressed an ardent desire to do so at a still earlier period. She was ever a pattern of virtue in the village, yet without allowing her piety to interfere with her other duties; for she worked at the mill with exemplary assiduity till about the age of seventeen, when she was attacked with violent and complicated illness."

He lays down the book.] You see that Mr. Allies was quite mistaken in supposing that Domenica was a commonly good person, but not remarkable. I must read you one bit more if you won't be tired.

All. Tired! Oh, no, no.

Frank reads :

"Her sufferings were so great, that her screams were often heard to a great distance; still her patience was inexhaustible, and her resignation so perfect, that in the midst of her torments she continually expressed her gratitude and her love to God, and her sense of His mercy and goodness to her."

You see she was a very extraordinary person, setting aside her sufferings.

William. I suppose, Mr. Frank, you, Catholics, consider her a regular saint, and pray to her, now that she is dead.

Frank. If you ask my own individual opinion, I have no doubt that she is now one of the blessed Saints who surround the throne of God night and day, interceding for us, their poor brothers, who are still struggling in this world of sin and sorrow; but if by a *regular* saint you mean a *canonised* saint, one acknowledged by the Church, and in whose honour a service may be performed, then I must tell you that a long time must pass, and a great many inquiries must be made, before her name can appear upon that glorious list.

Philip. Is it, then, so hard to get a person "*canonised*," as you call it?

Frank. Yes, it is very hard, very difficult; such quantities of evidence are required to establish the *miracles*.

Philip. Miracles?

Frank. Yes, miracles; the Church never canonises any one (that is, declares him to be a saint,) unless several miracles can be clearly and distinctly proved to have been worked by the intercession of the saint after death. And you little imagine how much evidence is required to prove a miracle, what searching investigation it goes through, and how closely the

personal private character of the individual is inquired into also. And all this takes, of course, many, many years.

Philip. So that to get a saint canonised is as hard a job as to win a Chancery suit.

Frank. Much harder, I assure you. And I will tell you a story which I once heard, and I believe to be true. An English gentleman at Rome,—a Protestant,—happened to see some sheets of the examinations as to some miracle which was under discussion; and, after reading it with great attention, he said to a Catholic friend, “Why, if all your miracles were as well proved as that one, I couldn’t help believing in your saints myself.” “Nay,” said his friend, “that miracle was finally rejected, as not being *sufficiently* proved.”

Thomas. Then the man should have turned Catholic.

Frank. Yes, *should*; but generally, it is not want of evidence that makes people disbelieve particular miracles; there lies at the bottom a disbelief of all miracles; and, at the bottom of that, an *unwillingness* to believe, because of the disagreeable consequences that must in reason follow.

William. What disagreeable consequences?

Philip. Becoming a Catholic to be sure.

Frank. Most people have a sort of instinctive feeling, that the Church in which miracles are continually worked must be the true

Church. So thinks, so feels, my good friend here [*pointing to Thomas*]. He candidly said, that could he be sure that a miracle had been really worked in the Catholic Church, that would satisfy him that it was the *true* Church.

William. And then, of course, he will become a Catholic.

Frank. We will hope so. It would be sad to be convinced which was God's own Church, and keep out of it.

Mary. Sad, indeed! But, Mr. Frank, you were going to read us Mr. Allies' account of his visit to Maria.

Frank. A few lines more from Mr. Allies about Domenica. [*He reads :*]

“She has refused to allow any man to see the wound on the side, as it did not require to be medically treated; but offered that any number of women, of her own village, or the wives of medical men, might see it. She is a good deal emaciated, but not so much as I have seen in other cases. Nothing can be more simple and natural than her manner, and that of her sister. Their cottage is open at all times. Domenica may be closely seen; all but touched and handled. Indeed, around that couch one treads instinctively with reverence; the image of the Woe surpassing all woes is too plainly marked, for the truth of what one sees not to sink indelibly on the mind. No eye-witness, I will venture to say, will ever receive the notion of any thing like deceit.”

Philip. Clearly Mr. Allies believed it all true, and no trick.

Frank. Yes; and if you read by and by the accounts written by his two friends, you will see that they believed also in the facts.

Mary. And yet they all remain Protestants?

Frank. Alas, yes, as far as I know.

Jane. And yet they saw a miracle, and with *their own eyes*.

Frank. And were satisfied of its truth.

Philip. We must put the will in the scale to turn the balance, I suspect.

Frank. Ay, indeed, that is the effectual make-weight.

Jane. Now, then, for Marie.

Frank. No; one word more about poor Domenica. There is a note at the end of the chapter, to say that she died about Easter 1848, aged 33 years.

Jane. About Easter?

Frank. So says Mr. Allies. I have heard that it was on Good Friday.

Mary. Ah, most likely.

Frank. And you will observe her age, 33; the same as that of our Blessed Lord.

Mary. As if to complete the resemblance. It is very wonderful.

Thomas. Very.

Frank [*taking up Mr. Allies' book, and turning it over*]. I don't think there is much to read about Maria; for Mr. Allies saw less than we did, even on our first visit. But there is a passage in Lord Shrewsbury's book which I

should like to read, because it tells us something of Maria's early history. [*He takes up the other book.*]

Jane. Oh, I am glad of that. I was wishing to know how she came to be so wonderful.

Frank. What I am going to read was written by a very clever doctor of the name of Görres, who visited Maria in 1834; and she appears to have been then just what she was when we saw her so many years later. So I shall not repeat his description of her general appearance, but just choose out what will be new to you, and serve to complete her history.

Mary. Yes, thank you.

Frank [*reads*]:

“She was born on the 16th of October, 1812. As she grew up, she did not appear to be a person of lively fancy, nor was she at any time a great reader; but she was intelligent and clever; full of benevolence, especially to the poor; fervent in the exercise of prayer, to which she often gave herself up in a church near to her father's house.”

He then relates various attacks of illness through which she passed during her early years, always borne with the most exemplary patience, and ever ending in increased piety and devotion, and a more frequent approach to the sacraments, in spite of her increasing occupations; for when she was only fifteen, in consequence of her mother's death, the management of the family fell principally upon her.

William. I thought you said she was in a convent?

Frank. Yes, when we saw her; but that was much later, you know, and after her father's death, and when her own family was dispersed. Her Bishop, the Bishop of Trent, had her removed to a convent, that she might be carefully attended to. You will see presently, that such a precaution was very necessary. When about twenty years old, she first began to fall into ecstasy, always after receiving the Holy Communion; and she commonly remained entranced six or eight hours. But, upon the festival of Corpus Christi—

Jane. Oh, what is that?

Frank. The day on which the Church celebrates a feast especially in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.

Jane. We have no such day in our Church.

Frank. You don't think so much of the Blessed Sacrament as we do, you know. But with us it is a *very great* day; and abroad, in Catholic countries, it is kept with great solemnity. Well, on this day, Maria, having received Holy Communion, fell as usual into ecstasy; but, instead of returning to herself after six or eight hours, she remained entranced and kneeling up, just as we saw her, for thirty-six hours.

Martha. Thirty-six hours! Oh, were not her friends all frightened?

Frank. Yes, indeed; and at last they sent for her confessor, who called her to herself.

Jane. Just as Father Capistran did.

Frank. Yes; but as you may suppose, the news of what had happened spread far and near; and great was the interest excited amongst a religious people like the Tyrolese.

“All at once,” says Dr. Görres, “and in all directions at once, a general impulse seized the people, and they came in crowds to see a wonder, which, though often mentioned in ancient stories, had long ceased to be hoped for in these days.”

And by most people, no doubt, the reality of those old accounts was at least doubted, if not disbelieved and even scoffed at.

Mary. Ah, yes, indeed.

Frank [reads]:

“Whole parishes forming into processions, continued pouring into Caldaro, preceded by the banner of the Cross; and the concourse was immense. From the end of July to the 15th of September in that year, about two months that is, more than 40,000 persons of all ranks came to see the Ecstatic.”

Jane. Good gracious!

Mary. You might well say that she had been seen by thousands and thousands.

Frank. That is not all.

“The government took alarm at such assemblages of people, and put a stop to them. Upon which the Bishop of Trent went himself to Caldaro, and made inquiry upon oath into all the circumstances, of the case, to prevent the possibility of deception or fraud.”

William. Well, that is quite satisfactory.

Thank you very much for reading us that last part, Mr. Frank.

Mary. And thank you for reading us the first part, Mr. Frank: to my mind that is more satisfactory than all the inquiries. It seems to me utterly impossible to suspect that such a person as you describe Maria to be could be an impostor; and surely the God to whom she prayed so fervently would not allow her to be the dupe of others?

Frank. Would not allow her to be made an instrument in the hands of others to deceive a good and pious people. No, one cannot believe that.

Philip. So, as you make out, we have a double security against being deceived; Maria's own character, and the bishop's examination.

Jane. And the government interference. A triple security, Philip, please.

Philip. Quite right, Mrs. Quickset [*laughs*].

Frank [*closing the book*]. Well, I think you really know now all that is important about these two wonderful persons.

Mary. Yes, indeed; thank you very much for it.

Thomas. Thank you, Mr. Frank.

Frank. You are most welcome. It has been a great pleasure to me, I assure you. But now will you let me, before I say good night, remark to you one thing? You all allow that there is something—I will not say *miraculous*,

because the Church has not yet pronounced it so—but something above and beyond nature in all this.

All. Oh, certainly.

Frank. And I think you will allow that it could not come from any evil power; for its tendency is all to do good; to make people believe, and think seriously of religion.

Mary. Yes, certainly; “and a house divided against itself cannot stand.”

Frank. The least we can say, then, is, that Almighty God is calling loudly upon us to come, and see, and learn: and where are we to come, to see and to learn? To the bedsides of these two young women in humble life; in great poverty, one of them, at least, but rich in faith, and happy beyond all expression; for they are truly members of God’s Holy Church, of the *Roman Catholic Church*,—as poor *Domenica* marked it out,—taught by her teaching, nourished by her Sacraments, surrounded and supported by her emblems and ensigns, with the crucifix at the head of the bed, and the picture of our Lady at the foot. Looking upon the crucifix, they learned to love Him who died on it for them; and gazing upon His blessed Mother, they became willing to share His sufferings, as she did. Can we reflect upon all this, and doubt which is the true Church? Can we think that Almighty God would work all these wonders for a superstitious, idolatrous Church, and withhold them

from a Church *pure and reformed*? Can we bring ourselves to think this? And if not, what shall we say?

Jane. That we must all be Catholics.

Frank. God grant it! God grant it! [*He shakes hands with Thomas, and goes out.*]

DIALOGUE IV.

*A bedroom. Thomas Hartwell propped up in bed ;
Lucy Peters sitting by his side.*

Lucy. My dear uncle, I am sorry to see you suffering so.

Thomas [*putting his hand to his heart*]. Ah, my child, the pain is here—the pain is here.

Lucy. And can Dr. Black give you nothing to cure that pain?

Thomas. No, no, he cannot cure *that*; his drugs can't cure *that*; it is my soul, my poor soul, dear Lucy. I feel that I am dying, and what will become of my poor soul?

Lucy [*looking frightened*]. Dear uncle, you don't say so. Shall I call my aunt?

Thomas. No, my dear. Don't be frightened: I don't mean that I am going to die to-day, nor to-morrow, nor for weeks perhaps; but I feel that I shall not get well.

Lucy. Dear uncle, don't say so; oh, don't say so.

Thomas [*sighs*]. Why should I not say what

I think, and why should I be afraid? I have often been near death before, often, and often, and I was not afraid; but now, oh, Lucy, my child, if I did but know which was the true religion!

Lucy [*takes her handkerchief from her eyes, and, looking up eagerly, says:*] Oh, my dear uncle, is it that? Oh, believe in the Catholic religion; send for Father Evelyn, and then you will die as happy as poor Judy did. Shall I go to him when I go home, and ask him to come to you?

Thomas. I should not like to trouble him, unless—

Lucy. He would not think it any trouble, I am sure—I know; for he met me as I was coming out; and when I told him where I was going, he said, “Tell your poor uncle that if he would like to see me at any time, I will gladly come to him by day or by night.” And then, when I asked him to pray for you, he said, “I have not failed to remember him at Mass one day since I knew about him.”

Thomas. What should he know about me, and why should he pray for me?

Lucy. Ah, dear uncle, he knows how anxious we all are about you, and he helped in a novena that we have had for you.

Thomas. A novena—what is that?

Lucy. A nine days’ prayer. It is very common among Catholics, when they wish to obtain some great favour of Almighty God, for

a good many to join together, and agree to say the same prayers all of them every day, and if they can at the same time ; and that we call a novena.

Thomas [*speaking half aloud, as if to himself*]. Oh, I see ; “if two or three of you agree as touching any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them.” Yes, as Jane said, there is a wonderful reality in the Catholic religion ; they do *really* believe. [*Aloud to Lucy.*] But your prayer has not prevailed ; I am not recovering.

Lucy [*timidly*]. We did not ask for your recovery.

Thomas. What, then, did you ask for ?

Lucy. That you might come to see the truth.

Thomas. That was a good prayer, and I am much obliged to you all for it. And was that what your Father Evelyn meant ?

Lucy. Yes, and he said mass for us the first and the last day of the novena ; and we all went to Communion for you, my dear uncle.

Thomas [*his eyes fill with tears. After a short silence, he says :*] Do you reckon going to Communion, then, one way of praying ?

Lucy. Oh, yes, because then we have our Blessed Lord in our own very hearts, and we can ask Him any thing. And do you know, dear uncle, you are being prayed for all over the world ?

Thomas. What do you mean, child ?

Lucy. There is a large society on purpose to pray for the conversion of sinners, and Jews, and Protestants; in short, all who are not in the Church.

Thomas. As we pray on Good Friday for all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, I suppose.

Lucy. Oh, no, dear uncle, not so. This is a society on purpose, and those who belong to it pray every day—join together to pray, like in a novena; in short, it is a sort of novena always going on. Shall I tell you how it began?

Thomas. Yes, do; it will amuse me.

Lucy. Mrs. Godwin explained it all to us the other day, because we are going to have one here, I believe. It seems there was a very good man who was appointed to take care of a parish in Paris, where the people were very bad—oh, so bad, they were hardly like Christians at all, never went to church, never went to the Sacraments; so it was no use for him to preach, they wouldn't come to hear.

Thomas. Ah, I have thought of that sometimes, when I have heard Mr. Evans firing away at the sinners as he does.

Lucy. Well, so this good priest thought within himself, that he would set about and get good people to pray for them all.

Thomas. Prayer-meetings?

Lucy. No, not that way. He had service—a beautiful service that we call Benediction—

every Sunday evening in the church, and begged of all who were there to pray for these poor wicked ones; and then he used to tell them of any particular case that he knew; some poor wretched sinner that was just dying perhaps, and wouldn't let him come near him; or some infidel that had opened his eyes at the last, but was now despairing, instead of throwing himself upon God's mercy; and so on.

Thomas. Yes, I understand; and heretics like me. But I shouldn't like to be posted in that way, I think.

Lucy. Oh, but dear uncle, the names were not mentioned.

Thomas. Ah, that's different.

Lucy. God blessed the little society; a great many wonderful conversions were made, and the good priest used to tell the people about them, but without the names, as before; and all the people gave thanks to God for this great mercy; and of course they went on with more spirit, praying for the rest.

Thomas. And yet never knew who they were praying for?

Lucy. No, only that they were poor sinners in danger of eternal perdition. Well, by degrees the little society grew to be a very large one. In Paris alone there are thousands of members, I think Mrs. Godwin said seventy thousand; and it was spread about the world

from place to place. There is one in London, and in Dublin, and in Edinburgh, I believe ; and we are to have a little one here soon, as I told you.

Thomas. So I am to be prayed for every where as a poor heretic ?

Lucy. No, dear uncle. I know what was in the paper, for Father Evelyn read it to me. The prayers of the society were asked for "a sick person doubting as to the true religion ;" but even this does not go all over the world, it was only sent to London.

Thomas. How, then, do you mean that I am prayed for all over the world ?

Lucy. Why, in this way. Every member says certain prayers every day for the intention of the society ; that is, I pray every day for all the members of the society, and for all those who are recommended to the prayers of the society.

Thomas. So, then, as I said, you are all of you praying away for persons whom you know nothing about ?

Lucy. Except that they need our prayers, uncle. Don't you think it very beautiful ? It always makes me think of that text, "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it ; and if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it."

Thomas. Why, yes, it is like that, to be sure ; and it must be real disinterested Christian charity, for you have nothing to gain by the saving

of these poor souls. What difference can it make to your Father Evelyn, whether I go to heaven or to hell?

Lucy. Oh, yes, dear uncle. If he should be so happy as to help you to save your soul, then you will be one of the stars in his crown of glory hereafter. Think what happiness he will have in heaven to see all those whom he has helped to save. Ah, dear uncle, do let Father Evelyn come to see you, he is so kind and so good; and if he made you a Catholic, you would be so happy. You cannot think how happy we all are.

Thomas. I see that—I see you are all very happy; and I dare say I should be happy too, if I could once settle my mind.

Lucy. And the best way to do that is to send for Father Evelyn at once. Let me go home, and send him now directly.

Thomas. No, child, no; I am not ready yet; I must wait.

Lucy. Why wait to be happy?

Thomas. I know if I once get into Father Evelyn's hands, it is all over with me.

Lucy. Well, so much the better; then all your doubts will be gone, and you will be happy.

Thomas. Ah, if I were sure of that; if I could get rid of all my doubts, I should be happy. But what if, after I have been made a Catholic, my doubts should return?

Lucy. I don't think they would, because

when once you come to learn the Catholic religion, you find it all so plain and so clear, that you would not be likely to fall into doubts again.

Thomas. I must think more about it, Lucy. If I were sure I was going to die, I would send for Father Evelyn, and be a Catholic; but I am not sure. And if I were to recover, and then Mr. Evans and the people were to get about me, and bother me, and get me back again!

Lucy. Ah, yes, that would indeed be bad. To be an apostate Catholic, to be in God's Church, and leave it; ah, yes, that would be worst of all.

Thomas. That is a great difference between being a Protestant and being a Catholic.

Lucy. What is, uncle?

Thomas. Once a Catholic, we must not change again, but submit entirely. Now, if I don't like Mr. Evans, I can go to Mr. Lowe; and if I tire of Mr. Lowe, I can go to Philip's Mr. Meager, or even to Tim Long, and nobody would think the worse of me; and I might come back again if I liked. But if I turn Catholic—

Lucy. Ah, yes, it is quite different. You can go about that way among Protestants, because one sect is as good as another; but ours is the one true Church, and if you leave that, go where you will, you must be wrong. Ah,

my dear, dear uncle, pray to Almighty God to show you what is right.

Thomas [clasping his hands]. I do pray, I do pray. O Lord, give me light to see which is the right religion, and grant me to die in the true Church. Pray for me, my dear child; your innocent prayers will bring me help.

Lucy [kneels down, and prays earnestly ; Thomas coughs ; Lucy gets up, and gives him something to drink ; and she says :] Now I am happy, dear uncle; now I am sure you will soon be a Catholic. If once we pray to God to lead us right, if once we are *willing*, there is no fear.

Thomas. I do pray night and day, and I think I am willing; but I am afraid. Perhaps it would be better if I were to see Father Evelyn; but I don't like to give him the trouble of coming, unless I had made up my mind.

Lucy. Dear uncle, he would think nothing of the trouble; the whole business of his life is to save souls. Do you know Father Evelyn is the son of a very rich man—the eldest son; and he would have been very rich indeed, only he wished to be a Jesuit, and go out as missionary?

Thomas. Has he been out as missionary?

Lucy. Yes, he was out for several years, somewhere in America, I think; but at last he was ordered home because his health broke down, and they said he must die if he remained. And do you know, dear uncle, that a cousin

of his, who went out as a missionary somewhere in the East,—in China, I think, or near it,—was actually a martyr?

Thomas. A martyr! How do you mean?

Lucy. I mean that he was put to death by order of the king of the country for being a Christian?

Thomas. Is that true? How do you know it?

Lucy. Mrs. Morley told me first, and then she gave me the whole account to read in the *Annals*, a book all about the Catholic missions.

Thomas. Like our missionary reports.

Lucy. Yes, in a way; but, oh, so different! Such beautiful stories of persecutions, and martyrs, and confessors for the faith, just like the stories of the first Christians. This cousin of Father Evelyn's was a bishop in a country where there was a very wicked cruel king, who persecuted the poor Christians terribly; and so the bishop was forced to hide himself in the mountains and deserts and caves of the earth, as St. Paul said; and then in the night he used to go out among the poor Christians, to hear their confessions, and baptize the babies, and give the last sacraments to the dying.

Thomas. That is a great thing among Catholics.

Lucy. Oh, yes, please God, I hope I shall not die without receiving the last sacraments;

—[*she adds, in an affectionate tone*] nor you either, dear uncle.

Thomas. And they found the bishop at last ?

Lucy. Yes. One time he was lying concealed among some fishermen's huts, but he was afraid of bringing them into trouble for harbouring him ; so he determined to try to go off in a little boat, and get to a distant part of the coast. While the boat was getting out from the shore, one of the heathens observed that the rowers looked frightened, and it struck him directly that they had a missionary on board ; so, to find it out, he went up to some of the Christian fishermen, who were standing by, and pretending to be frightened for the boat because the sea was so rough, he asked them if they would not receive the poor priest who was on board. The poor Christians were taken in, and made signals for the rowers to come back, which they were very glad to do, because they could hardly get on against the wind and the waves ; and then, when the good bishop landed, the poor fishermen were so glad to have him among them again, that they took him into one of the huts to rest till the sea was quieter. As soon as the wretched pagan saw him safe inside the hut, he ran off to the nearest mandarin, who sent some officers of justice and five hundred men to take the poor dear bishop.

Thomas. Oh, the traitors ! Go on.

Lucy. Then they took him, and a native

Christian who was with him, one of his catechists; and they put the bishop into a sort of wooden cage, just big enough to hold him, but not large enough for him to stand up or lie down. So you may think what he must have suffered during the long journey which they took to carry him to the governor.

Thomas. Yes, I know that; I have seen poor wretches carried that way in China often. And the poor catechist?

Lucy. They put him on a large wooden yoke.

Thomas. Ah, I know,—a cangue.

Lucy. Yes, that's the word. A great piece of wood round the neck, isn't it?

Thomas. Yes, something like a man's hat with the crown out of it, but so wide that the person who wears it can't put his hands up to feed himself.

Lucy. Nor lie down, I suppose; and it must make the poor neck dreadfully sore.

Thomas. Yes; it is a horrid torture.

Lucy. Well, the cruel wretches made the poor fellow walk all the way in this; but the bishop they carried in his cage, upon men's shoulders. Then they had a long trial; they asked the bishop a great many questions; and he told them all about himself; but when they wanted him to tell them who were Christians, and who had taken care of him, then, dear good old man, he wouldn't answer.

Thomas. Old?

Lucy. Yes, he was more than seventy ; and he had been almost fifty years a missionary.

Thomas. Truly he deserved to die a martyr.

Lucy. Then they tried the poor catechist ; and they offered him his pardon if he would apostatise, and trample upon the cross. But he stood firm, and said he was ready to make the sacrifice of his life to God ; but he could never tread upon the cross.

Thomas. Fine fellow !

Lucy. So, then, they sentenced them to be beheaded ; and after some days came orders from the cruel king that the sentence should be executed ; and then they were led out from their prison, the holy bishop in his cage, and his catechist carrying his great wooden yoke, like St. Lawrence following St. Xystus ; and before them went a mandarin, proclaiming their sentence, and that they were going to be put to death, because they were Christians.

Thomas. So they were real martyrs ?

Lucy. Yes ; and isn't the story like one of the old stories ? Well, they marched on for three long hours ; the good bishop praying calmly all the time in his cage. When they came to the place of execution, the catechist knelt down, and having recommended his soul to Almighty God, with a sort of holy joy, he stretched forth his head, which was cut off in an instant, at a signal given by the mandarin. Then they took the good old bishop out of his cage, where he continued praying with great

composure, to the astonishment of the people, who expected to see him very much frightened, and then they beheaded him. Oh, blessed old man! Uncle, how happy he must have been when he opened his eyes in the other world, and found that he was out of all his troubles, and bearing his palm-branch to heaven!

Thomas [*sighing*]. Yes, indeed, all his troubles would seem light there.

Lucy. Oh, and that is not all, uncle. I must tell you something curious, and like the stories of relics that they laugh at us about.

Thomas. That is one thing I should find it hard to believe.

Lucy. Which do you mean? That you would find it hard to believe that our relics are true relics, or that Almighty God pleases to work miracles by them?

Thomas. Both.

Lucy. But, dear uncle, there are stories in the Bible of miracles worked by relics.

Thomas. What do you mean, child?

Lucy. Don't you remember, in the old Testament, the story of the dead man being put into Elisha's tomb; and as soon as he touched the dead bones, he came to life again.

Thomas. I don't remember that story.

Lucy. I will show it you by and by. And then, in the Acts, don't you remember that it is said that God wrought great miracles by the hands of St. Paul; so that from his body were brought handkerchiefs or aprons to the sick;

and the diseases left them, and the devils departed out of them?

Thomas. Yes, I remember that; but that was in the times of the Apostles.

Lucy. And, dear uncle, was not our bishop an apostle? He was carrying the gospel into a heathen country; and he died for the faith. And why, then, should not his relics work miracles?

Thomas. One thing is, you will never get any; for in China they say, that when a criminal is beheaded, his spirit will seize upon some one standing by; so, after an execution, every body runs off as fast as he can.

Lucy. Oh, you know that, do you, uncle? Well, the book said that too. But it said that it was different when the Christians were put to death; and especially at this time, the people all crowded round, and, in spite of the mandarin and his men, they contrived to carry away the clothes, and even the blood of the martyrs. But at last they were all dispersed, and the bodies were buried on the spot; but the bishop's head they threw into a river that ran close by; and what do you think, uncle? the Christians went to look for it, and after three days it was found, and not a bit changed; and the Christians carried it away, and have preserved it with great care.

Thomas. And by and by it will be said to work miracles: and then your bishop will be canonized, and you will say prayers to him.

Lucy. Dear uncle, don't you think my good bishop is in heaven?

Thomas. I hope so.

Lucy. And won't he continue to pray there, he who prayed so fervently to the last moment of his life here? and if he prays, why should he not pray for me, if I ask him? and he will pray for you too, I think, uncle; he will pray that his Cousin Evelyn may convert you.

Thomas [*smiles*]. And do your missionary reports contain many stories like this one, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes; a great many. I will bring you some to read; they are very interesting.

Thomas. You were right to say that they are very different from ours.

Lucy. I don't remember any of Mr. Evans' missionaries being martyrs.

Thomas. I once heard of a person named Williams, who was killed by some savages while preaching to them. I don't know whether he might be a martyr or no. But, generally, the missionaries are men with wives and families; and it wouldn't do exactly for them to be martyrs; who would take care of their children?

Lucy. True; so I think missionaries should not be married men, but, like my good bishop, without a wife; with neither scrip, nor purse, nor money to put in it, that they may wander from place to place, and when persecuted in one city, flee to another, preaching to the heathen; and at last laying down their lives for

their sheep—saints and martyrs, in short ; and then what wonder if their relics work miracles, my dear uncle ?

Thomas [*thoughtfully*]. Saints, martyrs, miracles ! Yes, the Church that has them must be the true Church. Yes, Lucy my dear, I am satisfied. I will see Father Evelyn, if he will come to me.

Lucy. Oh, uncle ! my dear uncle ! Thank God ! thank God ! [*She jumps up clasping her hands ; and kissing her uncle affectionately, runs hastily out.*]

DIALOGUE V.

Cottage in a village. Widow Somers sitting near the door in an easy chair. Mary North, Susan North, and her sister Betsy. A ring of bells is heard to strike up in the distance.

Susan. There they go !

“Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement’s.”

There they go ; and there is saucy Cousin Jane turned into demure Mrs. Andrews, with her straw bonnet and white satin ribbons.

Widow Somers. God bless them both !

Betsy. Well, I do think it was cross of Mr. Frank not to let her have the white silk bonnet just to be married in.

Widow S. I think he was quite right, and very sensible, as he always is. He said, his wife had better wear nothing on her wedding-day that it would not become her to wear afterwards.

Mary North. Yes, that is right and sensible, though he is a Papist; and in that I wish others [*looking at Betsy, who is dressed very smart,*] thought like him.

Susan. Heigho, I wish I had turned Papist when Philip wanted me; then I should have been at the wedding, and ate some of that fine big plum-cake that Lucy talked so grand about.

Betsy. I suppose her turn will come next.

Susan. Nonsense; Lucy isn't seventeen yet.

Betsy. Jane isn't much older than Lucy.

Mary N. Jane is a good two years older than Lucy, I can tell you; I ought to know, for I stood for them both.

Betsy. I don't know how that may be; but all the talk is, that Philip is to marry Lucy, as soon as he can get into Widow Hartwell's house.

Mary N. Oh, nonsense, nonsense; don't you know better than to believe all the gossip of this place?

Betsy. To be sure; I know Bridgend is a good place for gossip; and I never do believe more than half what I hear. But somehow I do believe this; and Susan and Aunt Somers

both look as if there was something in it. Come now, aunt, tell us what's the truth.

Widow S. Well, the truth is, there is something in it; but you may keep to your rule of believing half what you hear, and then you will be about right.

Betsy. What, Philip wants to have Lucy, and she won't have him, I suppose?

Widow S. No; Philip has not asked her.

Betsy. Ahem, I don't understand. Come, Susan, can't you help me puzzle it out.

Susan [*tossing her head*]. Not I, indeed; I know nothing of Philip Somers' secrets.

Betsy. He trusts none but Papists, eh, Susan? I suppose, aunt, the reason they didn't ask you to the wedding is, because you won't be of their set.

Widow S. Indeed, you are quite mistaken, Betsy. They did ask me, and very kindly too; and Frank offered to send his father's light easy cart to fetch me; but the doctor said I should throw myself back, and perhaps bring on another attack, if I did go; and so I made up my mind to stay quietly at home, and listen for the bells, and pray God to bless them. They are a nice young couple; and I sincerely hope they will live long and happily together.

Betsy. Yes, they are young enough; they might have waited a while, till poor old Thomas had been dead a little longer. Why, Jane

could hardly be out of her mourning, I should think.

Susan. Oh, you are mistaken there.

Mary N. It is fourteen months and more since poor Thomas died.

Betsy. That's little enough. I should think that poor aunt Hartwell wouldn't like such a hurry.

Widow S. Mary is very reasonable about it. She knew that, as Philip is to take his uncle's business, it is a great thing for us to get into the house soon.

Betsy. What, is Philip to have the hurdling and hoop-rending?

Widow S. Yes, it is so settled; and she is to live with Frank and Jane. So you see there is a good reason for their marrying as soon as was proper and respectful; and, as my sister says, she is sure poor Thomas would wish it to be so; and the best way of showing respect to the departed is to do what they would have approved.

Betsy. There is something in that, to be sure; and where is Jane to live?

Widow S. Down at the South Lodge.

Betsy. Which is that? the pretty Lodge nearest to the house, with the dairy and farm-yard?

Widow S. Yes, that's it. Frank is to be under-bailiff; so he will have charge of the farm-yard, and Jane is to look after the dairy and the poultry.

Betsy. Oh that sounds very nice. Yes, poor Uncle Thomas would have liked that marriage. It's a very good match for Jane. But, aunt, were you not astonished at poor Uncle Thomas dying a Papist after all? Who'd have thought it, so heartily as he used to abuse them? didn't he, Aunt Mary?

Mary N. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," Betsy.

Susan. Ah, you see he had no chance after Aunt Mary turned, and Jane got in love with Frank.

Betsy. But did he really turn Papist in his heart? because Nancy Jackson told me that when he got so ill, that he couldn't leave his bed, and didn't know much of one thing from another, they all got about him, and brought that Father Evelyn, and made him a Catholic whether or no.

Widow S. [*indignantly*]. That is not true, that is not true; it is just one of Nancy Jackson's spiteful lies. I know to the contrary. I know he was thinking of it when he was first seized. And the first week that he took to his bed I was sitting by him, and reading the Bible.

Mary N. Ah, if he would have kept to the blessed Word, he would have saved his poor soul, and never have turned Papist.

Widow S. I don't know about that; but as I was saying, I was sitting by him, and reading the Bible, and he desired me to read out of St. James's Epistle.

Mary N. Ah there it is. If he had listened only to blessed Paul, *he'd* never have made him a Papist.

Susan. La ! Aunt Mary, do you think one Apostle taught one way, and one another ? How Philip would laugh if he heard you ! But go on, Aunt Somers, with your story.

Widow S. I can't, if you interrupt me so often. Well, I was reading him the last chapter ; and when I came to the part about anointing the sick (the sixteenth verse, I think it is), "Read that again," he said in his sharp way. So I read it again. "Then I ought to be anointed," says he.

Mary N. Ay, he and Mary had always a hankering after those carnal ordinances.

Betsy. And what did you say, aunt ?

Widow S. Why, I told him that there was no anointing in our Church. "Then there should be," he said ; "that's plain, if the Bible's to be believed." I read on ; presently he went back to it again, and he said, "I should like to be anointed." "Then you must turn Papist," I said to him in a sort of joke ; "they are the only people ever I heard of that anoint." Well, he didn't laugh nor smile, but looked very grave, and said, "I know that ; and I know that among them it often happens that God does hear the prayers of faith, and raise up the sick." So it's plain he had been thinking and talking about it.

Mary N. Well, he had his wish; he did send for the priest, and he was anointed with oil; but I doubt if there was any prayer of faith to save the sick.

Betsy. No wonder, then, that he did not recover. But, aunt, do you suppose that people ever do get well that way, after being anointed by the priests? What virtue can the oil have to cure them?

Susan. You know it is not plain oil, but a sort of Sacrament with them.

Widow S. I can't say about the oil, but I did see poor old Judy recover in a most marvellous way certainly, after Father Evelyn anointed her; and Mrs. Morley told me she had known many such instances.

Susan. But old Judy died at last, spite of Father Evelyn and his anointing.

Widow S. To be sure; we must all die some time or other.

Betsy. But I thought they never anointed people till it was quite certain they would die, till they were at the last gasp as it were; because they are not allowed to take any thing afterwards; so they would starve, if they lingered long. It seems very cruel.

Widow S. Oh, that is all nonsense. I was with poor Thomas when he was anointed, and saw it all; and I can tell you, as soon as it was over, Father Evelyn said to me, "Now give him a little jelly, or something to take, because he is very much exhausted;" and so I

did : and he kept on taking that jelly, and all sorts of nourishing things, that they sent him from the Hall, till he died ; and that was three days afterwards.

Betsy. And it isn't true, then, that they are not anointed till the priest makes sure that they will die ?

Widow S. Quite the contrary. Philip told me that the priests always desire their people not to wait till the last ; but to send for them as soon as the doctor says that they are in danger.

Betsy. They must be in danger, then ?

Widow S. Yes, I know that, because poor Thomas told me that he wanted to be anointed directly ; but Father Evelyn said he could not anoint him till the doctor said he was in danger of death.

Betsy. I suppose he wanted it, because then he thought he might recover. But, dear aunt, do you think that poor Uncle Thomas did really die a sincere Papist at last ?

Widow S. I am sure he did, and very happy he died ; so willing to go, and yet so humble, it was a lesson to be with him. And then he turned so meek. It was wonderful to see how he mastered all his cross temper. I am sure nobody could have thought beforehand that his death-bed would have been so calm. Poor Mary ! it was a great comfort to her.

Betsy. No wonder she and Jane turned Papists too.

Susan. Oh, as for Jane, we all know what she turned Papist for; and she has got her reward. Ding, ding, ding, dong; ding, ding, ding, dong: there it is.

Betsy [*laughing*]. Well, a good husband's a good reason, to my thinking; better than your piece of bride-cake, Susan.

Mary N. Susan is worse than Esau.

Susan. Why, Aunt Mary? Bride-cake is better than broth.

Mary N. Esau was hungry, and wanted something to eat.

Susan. And I want the bride-cake. Ah, I wish I was a Papist!

Betsy. For shame, Susan! You are really too bad.

Susan. Why, what's the harm, if what Mr. Lowe said on Sunday is true? "It matters little what is our creed, if we are only sincere, and do our duty as well as we can." If that is true, it wouldn't matter much if I am a Papist, if only I could be a sincere one, whether it was to get a slice of plum-cake or a good husband.

Mary N. For shame, Susan; for shame! It is quite awful to hear you talk so.

Betsy. "Mocking's catching," they say; so take care, Susan, or you will really be a Papist one of these days.

Susan [*laughing*]. Any how, I should like to have seen it all. They say it will be a very pretty sight; much prettier and grander than

a Protestant wedding, though the bride does wear only a straw bonnet.

Betsy. What is there, then, so grand?

Susan. Oh, the new church is very pretty, and all full of pictures and gilding; and then they make marriage a sort of sacrament, and have Mass said; and, as Frank is sacristan, they are to have a grand High Mass, with music, and lights, and incense, and I don't know what.

Betsy. That does sound grand; but why did you not go and see it all? Nancy Jackson, and Susan King, and ever so many more of them, are gone up, and you might have gone with them.

Susan. Oh, indeed! If I'm not good enough to be a bridesmaid, I'm too good to go as a looker-on, I can tell you.

Betsy. Well, I am not so fine. I would have come over in time, if I had known of it. I should like to have seen the church and Mass and all. I never was inside a Roman place of worship.

Mary N. So much the better; the *outside* of those soul-traps is the *right* side.

Betsy. Oh, it couldn't hurt just for once. I certainly would have gone.

Widow S. I am very glad, then, my dear Betsy, that you were too late; for I am sure Mr. Simeon would be very angry if he knew you had been to a Catholic church, and you would perhaps lose your place.

Betsy. Oh, master and mistress would never hear it.

Widow S. That is a bad principle to go upon, Betsy. Servants should never do what they don't wish their master and mistress to know. It is sure to leak out somehow or other; and many and many a young servant have I known to lose a good place, and, worse than that, a good character too, from those deceits.

Betsy. Well, aunt, you see I am safe for this time; and it's to be hoped I may be wiser by the time Philip and Lucy's turn comes.

Susan. How you talk, Betsy, as if it was all a settled affair!

Betsy. Because from what aunt said, and what she looked, I think it is settled. Ain't I right, aunt?

Widow S. Half and half, as I said.

Betsy [*stooping over her, and speaking in a coaxing tone*]. Come now, aunt, tell me all about it. You know I was always Philip's great friend; I am sure he would tell me if he were here.

Susan. He could not do better if he wished it to go all over Newton, certainly.

Betsy. Nonsense, Susan; as if I couldn't keep a secret if I chose.

Widow S. Really there is no secret to keep; we all know that Philip is very fond of Lucy; and ever since he was a boy in petticoats, he always said he would have her for his wife, and

no one else; and Lucy, I think, likes him; and so, I suppose, it will end in a match by and by.

Susan. I thought that Catholics didn't allow cousins to marry.

Widow S. They are not really cousins, you know. Philip is properly only my step-son; but I am sure I love him as if he was my own, and he has always been a good and dutiful son to me.

Susan. Well but, aunt, is it true or is it not, that Mrs. Godwin sent for Philip, and taxed him with it, and rated him soundly for venturing to think of marrying his cousin?

Widow S. That is as true as Bridgend gossip generally is.

Susan. Well, there was something in it, because I know who met Philip coming out of the study, looking as red as a turkey-cock; and that was not for nothing, I suppose.

Betsy. Come, aunty, go on, and tell us all about it.

Widow S. Well, it is true that Mrs. Godwin did somehow hear of the matter; and she did send for Philip to talk to him about it. But it is not at all true that she rated him soundly; she is too much of a lady to do any such thing. On the contrary, she talked very kindly to him. He soon satisfied her that Lucy was not really his cousin; and then she told him that it was early days for him to think of such a thing, and that Lucy was too young to manage a family yet. And so she advised him to wait for a year

or two before he even mentioned the matter to her ; and meantime, that he should begin to put by all that he could spare, week by week, so as to have a little something to the fore when he does marry.

Mary N. And very good advice too. " When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," says the old proverb. If young people would wait a little, and not marry till they have laid by a few pounds, there wouldn't be so many unhappy homes in Bridgend, I fancy.

Betsy. And Philip consents ?

Widow S. What can he do better ?

Betsy. And you think he will really keep the secret, and say nothing to Lucy ?

Susan. Believe that who can. Depend upon it, Lucy is up to it all.

Betsy. I dare say not ; she always was so innocent, you know. I dare say she will never think of falling in love till Mrs. Godwin tells her it is the right time. Well, dear aunt, I must run away, or I shall miss the coach, and have to trudge all the way home on foot.

Widow S. And your mother will be sadly disappointed ; I'll be bound you'll find her waiting at the corner of the lane.

Betsy. Ah, yes, I dare say ; so good-by, dear aunt. I hope you will soon be better ; and I wish I mayn't find you turned Papist next time I come.

Widow S. I shouldn't wonder if you did. They are all so good and so happy, that it makes me long to be like them.







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